WOMAN'S HOME
Companion

JULY 1934

Fifteen Cents IN CANADA

TEN CENTS

Mickey Mouse *by* ALVA JOHNSTON

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

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WAKE UP THE HIDDEN FLAVORS
WHAT makes a salad sheer delight to eat on a summer day? Luscious, ripe fruit? Firm, fresh vegetables? Crisp, lively greens? A perfect salad-dressing recipe? . . . It takes all these. And then, to wake up all the good fresh flavors, it takes perfect vinegar. Strong, cheap vinegar, made in a hurry and unaged, can ruin both dressing and salad with its harsh, acrid flavor. But *Heinz* Vinegar, skilfully processed from superb ingredients and aged many months in wood, can *emphasize* the goodness of a salad and make each fresh, keen flavor taste *better still!* . . . So to make a delightful salad use Heinz Vinegar. Your grocer has four kinds: Cider Vinegar; Malt Vinegar; Tarragon Vinegar; Distilled White Pickling Vinegar . . . Also use Heinz Olive Oil. It's pressed from superb olives at the Heinz plant in Seville, Spain.
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
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Thousands of requests are coming in daily for the new and thrilling Heinz Salad Book. Full of new, enticing recipes for salads, salad dressings, canapes and sandwiches. Please enclose ten cents to cover mailing costs. Write Miss Josephine Gibson, care of H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. 65, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Heinz Pure Vinegar
AND HEINZ IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

What a FOOL *She is!*

She GETS A GRAND COAT OF TAN . . . BUT REVEALS DINGY TEETH! HER GUMS ARE TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

THIS young woman should look at her teeth in a clear mirror in bright sunlight! Then she would understand why the dental profession lays so much stress on massage of the gums. Her teeth are dingy because her *gums* need attention!

Dental science explains that, since coarse, raw foods have given place to soft, creamy foods, the gums suffer. They tend to become sluggish, and often so tender that they bleed a little—a condition known as "pink tooth brush."

If you want to make certain that your teeth shine out brilliantly, *try massaging your gums every time you clean your teeth.* Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in rousing circulation through the gums. And as your gums become firmer and healthier, not only do your teeth look brighter, but you are safer from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. You need have no worries about "pink tooth brush." And your teeth *themselves* are safer.

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a work on dental health*
  "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *By a director of a dental clinic*
  "A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- *From a dental authority*
  "Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NRA

AT "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Bldg. No. 4 — Chicago, June — October, 1934

WOMAN'S HOME Companion

JULY 1934

VOL. LXI • NO. 7

Our Freedom

THROUGH a century and a half of American history the Fourth of July has been the heyday of orators. So much so that the phrase "Fourth-of-July oratory" has come to signify bombast and demagogic speech and particularly the excesses of patriotism.

Although in the past year we have had a maximum of noise, perhaps, the shouting has not fallen on deaf ears. In a radio address President Roosevelt has said: "It is, I believe, true that the events of the past ten months have caused a greater interest in government, the problems of government and the purpose of government than in any similar period in our history."

Our grandparents did not know very much about their government at Washington, and seldom heard from it. When the Civil War was fought there were people living in this country who never knew of it until it was over. In comparatively recent times there were homes for which the arrival of an R. F. D. route was the first link with the country as a whole. Slowly, through the income tax, through the activities of county agents in rural areas, through conscription and the Liberty Loan drives in wartime, through federal questionnaires and regulations and prohibitions and services, one class of people after another came within reach of the long arm of the nation, came to know that we are all parts of one great whole.

Now the spread of that knowledge has become infinitely more rapid. You drop into the lunch wagon at the crossroads and see an N. R. A. sign showing that the man in the checkered apron is one of a national organization and is serving his hot dogs under a code. In the deep forest you hear the sound of the C. C. C. axes. Dwellers in slums must move out because the government has financed new building. Farmers must agree to grow less, clerks must stop work at closing time, shopkeepers must not sell below cost.

Whether you like or dislike the encroachment of government into a hundred departments of life that were formerly quite private, it does make our period exciting. Some feel that we are losing our freedom. Others believe that we are gaining new forms of freedom. Clearly it is a time for vigilance. We shall do well to curb our old bad habit of excess in oratory and look coolly at what is going on.

At a meeting in London Albert Einstein spoke, not as an American but as a citizen of the whole world. He said: "If we want to resist the powers which threaten to suppress intellectual and individual freedom we must keep clearly before us what is at stake and what we owe to that freedom which our ancestors won for us after hard struggles. Without such freedom there would have been no Shakespeare, no Goethe, Newton, Faraday, Pasteur or Lister. There would be no comfortable houses for the mass of the people, no railways or wireless, no protection against epidemics, no cheap books, no culture, no enjoyment of art for all. There would be no machines to relieve people from the arduous labor needed for the production of the essential necessities of life. It is only men who are free who create the inventions and intellectual works which to us moderns make life worth while."

In those words lies a glimpse of what freedom has already given us. We still have that freedom. And freedom has still more to give.

Not freedom to gouge your fellows, to exploit child labor, to cheat and steal and kill, not the freedom of "tooth and claw." This is not freedom. It is slavery. It was not for this our ancestors fought.

There is danger in so vast an experiment as this country is now trying. Mistakes will be made, have been made. Wild steps will have to be retraced. Efforts begun will have to be abandoned. New expedients not yet thought of will have to be tested. But we must not doubt the purpose or lose sight of it, and it is this:

Freedom for all our people to work, to earn, to eat and be clothed and sheltered, to learn and play and be healthy, to invent and discover and improve the means of living, to develop to the full their own personal powers and to share fairly in the good created by the powers of the whole community.

Forest Values

IN THE old days the crude law of the man with the ax was "cut out and get out." More than ninety-three per cent of the privately owned forests east of the Rockies was cut over. Great portions of these lands were left bare, without new growth and unfit for any other use. West of the mountains the tendency has been in the same direction, though the damage has not gone so far. Now the slow march of conservation, begun a generation ago, is beginning to catch up. And in the new code of the lumbermen there is an almost revolutionary clause. E. A. Sherman, of the government forest service, points out that "for the first time the industry as a whole has publicly committed itself to a policy of conservation and sustained yield of its basic resource, the forest. Henceforth forest destruction is to be recognized by the industry as an unfair practice."

Every lumberman well knows that it is to his own interest to keep the forests alive, but as in so many other industries, the individual has had to be ruthless in the face of unchecked competition. Now the code gives him the chance to cut wisely and with decent regard for the future. And the public interest is involved for forests, as Mr. Sherman says, "serve to ameliorate the climate. They hold the soil on hills and mountainsides and along streams. They modify extremes of run-off and protect the sources of water for domestic use, irrigation, power and navigation. They furnish a habitat for multitudinous species of birds, game animals, fur bearers and other wild life." These are their services also.

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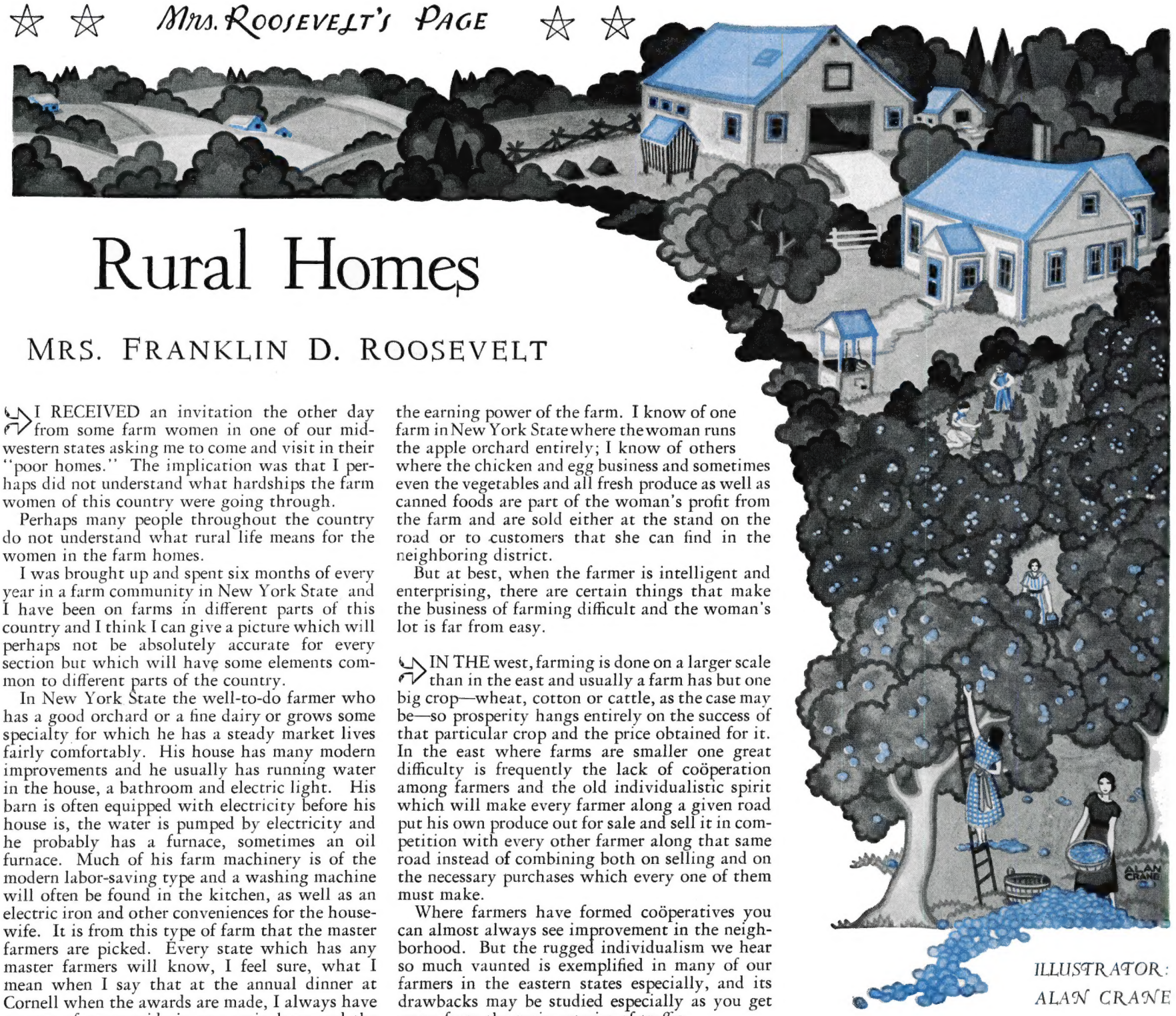
SO MUCH A PART OF *charm*

Attractive wives whose husbands seem always to be attentive . . . stunning young enchantresses ever able to captivate men . . . mature women whose many friends look forward to their presence . . . what is their secret? Such women, you will almost invariably find, give as much attention to their breath as they do to their hair, their skin, their teeth, and their clothes. Never would they be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Conscious always of the possibility of offending others, they regularly take this simple and sensible precaution: Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Before Social Engagements, use

LISTERINE

The Pleasant Deodorant



ILLUSTRATOR: ALAN CRANE

Rural Homes

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I RECEIVED an invitation the other day from some farm women in one of our mid-western states asking me to come and visit in their "poor homes." The implication was that I perhaps did not understand what hardships the farm women of this country were going through.

Perhaps many people throughout the country do not understand what rural life means for the women in the farm homes.

I was brought up and spent six months of every year in a farm community in New York State and I have been on farms in different parts of this country and I think I can give a picture which will perhaps not be absolutely accurate for every section but which will have some elements common to different parts of the country.

In New York State the well-to-do farmer who has a good orchard or a fine dairy or grows some specialty for which he has a steady market lives fairly comfortably. His house has many modern improvements and he usually has running water in the house, a bathroom and electric light. His barn is often equipped with electricity before his house is, the water is pumped by electricity and he probably has a furnace, sometimes an oil furnace. Much of his farm machinery is of the modern labor-saving type and a washing machine will often be found in the kitchen, as well as an electric iron and other conveniences for the housewife. It is from this type of farm that the master farmers are picked. Every state which has any master farmers will know, I feel sure, what I mean when I say that at the annual dinner at Cornell when the awards are made, I always have a sense of great pride in our agriculture and the fine men and women who make a go of it.

ON THE other side of the picture, you will find the farmer on some marginal land who cannot produce enough to feed his family or to nourish his few scrawny head of cattle, whose house has few conveniences, whose barn is much in need of repair, whose children are unkempt and unwashed and miserably dressed, who tills an unproductive soil and who tries to eke out a miserable living by working part of the year on roads or at anything he can get to do in the neighborhood. His wife is old before her time, she has no medical care, her work is hard and unending and her life drab beyond description. This type of farmer either lives on a rented farm or carries a mortgage on his property so big that he usually loses it in hard times.

Of course one of the dangers of well-to-do farmers is that they will buy additional land when farm products are selling high and then, when prices go down, they too are left with heavy mortgages which sometimes will entail the loss of a very good farm. I think the past years, however, have taught many farmers that it is better to increase productivity of the soil and not to buy much land which they cannot pay for in cash.

Nowadays farming has become more of a partnership than it used to be. This has come about in places where women have become an asset in the earning power of the farm. I know of one farm in New York State where the woman runs the apple orchard entirely; I know of others where the chicken and egg business and sometimes even the vegetables and all fresh produce as well as canned foods are part of the woman's profit from the farm and are sold either at the stand on the road or to customers that she can find in the neighboring district.

But at best, when the farmer is intelligent and enterprising, there are certain things that make the business of farming difficult and the woman's lot is far from easy.

IN THE west, farming is done on a larger scale than in the east and usually a farm has but one big crop—wheat, cotton or cattle, as the case may be—so prosperity hangs entirely on the success of that particular crop and the price obtained for it. In the east where farms are smaller one great difficulty is frequently the lack of coöperation among farmers and the old individualistic spirit which will make every farmer along a given road put his own produce out for sale and sell it in competition with every other farmer along that same road instead of combining both on selling and on the necessary purchases which every one of them must make.

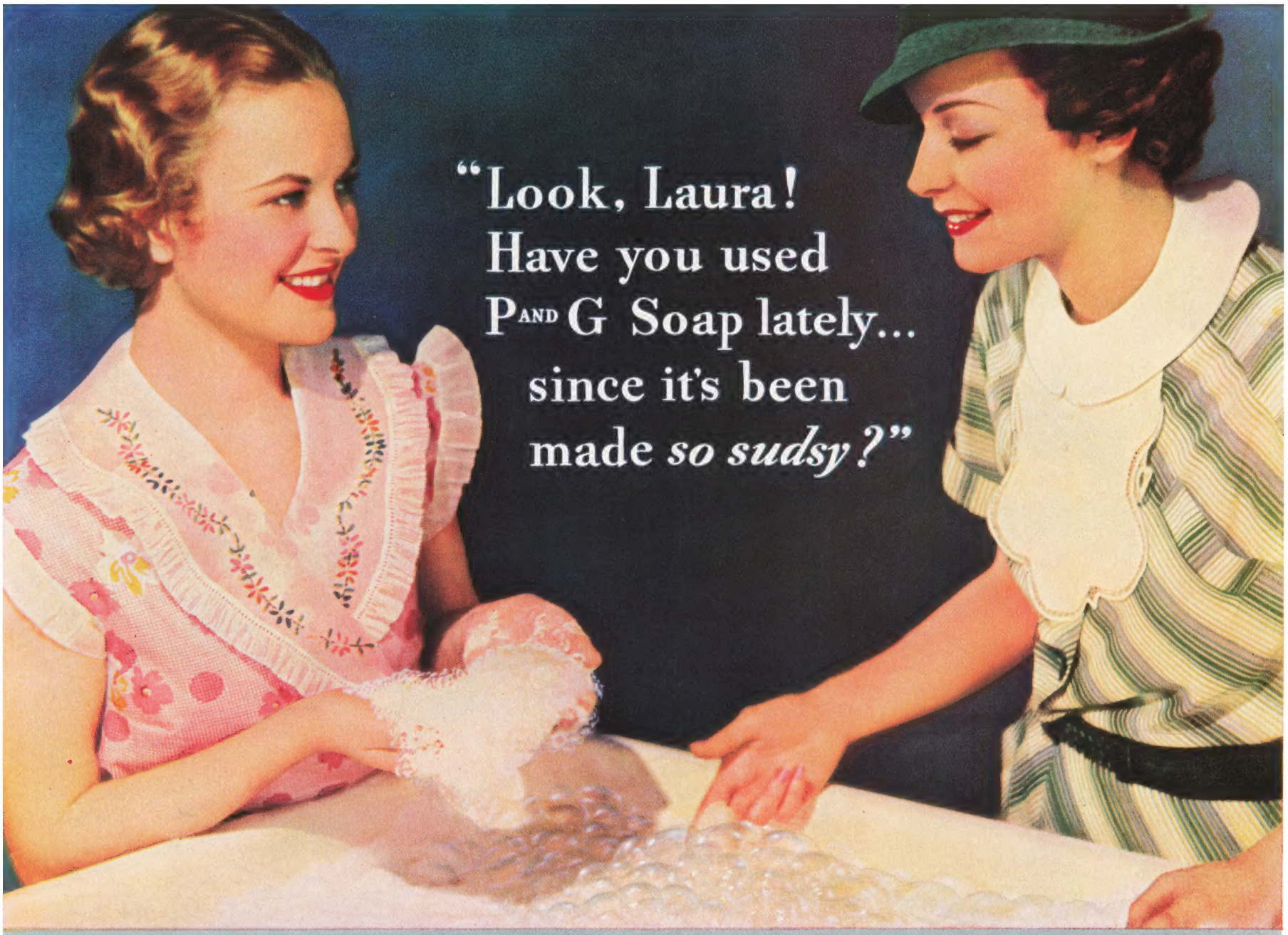
Where farmers have formed coöperatives you can almost always see improvement in the neighborhood. But the rugged individualism we hear so much vaunted is exemplified in many of our farmers in the eastern states especially, and its drawbacks may be studied especially as you get away from the main arteries of traffic.

The farmer has been expected to work successfully with his hands and at the same time be a clever and successful business man seeking markets for his produce, watching prices to buy when things were low and knowing how to hold his products until the price was high. Sometimes I think that when we developed this complicated financial and industrial civilization we forgot what a tremendous added burden we were putting on the farmers. We certainly did not put enough emphasis in our rural schools on the type of education which our countrymen should have if they were successfully going to carry on the most difficult business we have in the country today. There are successful farmers but they are nearly always large-scale farmers and men with some capital, who have been able to try an occasional experiment, who have been able to take advantage of all the education available, and who know what the government, both state and national, can do for them. Frequently the men and women who need the help that the government offers are at a loss to find out how to get it.

I look forward hopefully to the revival of handicraft work which is coming gradually in many rural districts because I feel that it will add much interest to community life in the development of artistic appreciation and pleasure in handicraft projects. With the radio and the automobile and the telephone the loneliness which was one of the hardships of farm life can be removed. If we can make farming sufficiently profitable to afford security, if we can bring rural life into contact with the outside world and supply that element of adventure which everyone must have at times to keep life from becoming too dull a routine, then I believe more and more people will turn with pleasure to rural life.

If we can make the rural school of the future a really useful community center as well, we shall be on the road toward making rural life really pay dividends not only in money but in other types of satisfactions now almost forgotten because the hardships are usually uppermost in our minds.

Anyone who has lived in the country knows that there is nothing comparable to the feel of the early hours of the morning, or to the view of a sunset over a familiar landscape, and these are joys that nourish the soul. The contacts of simple living give one the real values in life, but people must have economic security. We are largely a country still of open spaces, and rural homes: let us give careful thought to every measure which may affect these homes. But the success of these measures depends on the thought and the work of rural people themselves who must in turn learn to understand the needs not only of their own communities but of the urban communities, as the prosperity of both is closely tied together.



"LOOK, here's the new BIG cake of P AND G. Isn't it as smooth and white as a toilet soap? And the suds really are wonderful—so big and rich!"

"NOW LISTEN—those big whipped cream suds dissolve dirt right out of clothes—even out of the dirtiest spots like Jimmyboy's collars and cuffs."

"And P AND G is so nice on my HANDS. Stays nice too—never gets hard or frosty. I got 10 cakes and the last was as fresh when I used it as the first."

Alone, or with box soap, new P AND G saves work!

Even when you use a packaged soap, there's always some hand rubbing to do on collars and specially dirty spots!

Here's a P AND G way to save this hand rubbing: Even if you're going to pop your clothes in a washing machine, first find the extra-dirty spots, dampen them and slather on P AND G. Let stand for a few minutes in a little water before the clothes go into hot suds! There'll be no hand rubbing to do later!

Here's why—P AND G dissolves the grease that holds the dirt! For a special reason: P AND G is NOT made of "ordinary laundry-soap" ingredients. P AND G Naphtha Soap uses the very same *special oil* that goes into fine liquid shampoo soaps! This oil makes a LATHERY, grease-dissolving soap!

No matter how you wash, P AND G's grease-dissolving suds save rubbing... and are easy on hands. P AND G stays *fresh* too—it comes to you just the way it was made—full of suds and easy to chip for your machine. And P AND G gives you *more* value for your money, no matter what you're paying for soap now—because P AND G is such a BIG cake of such a FINE soap for such a LOW price.

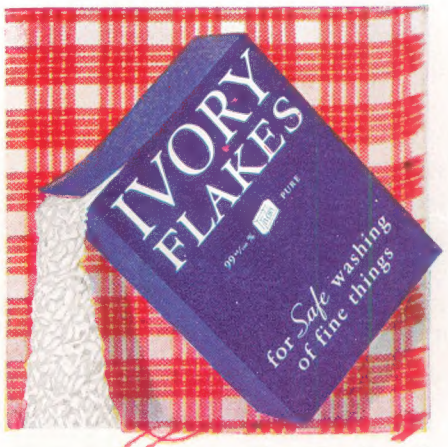
"Oh, this silk gingham ensemble isn't new!" says Dee. "I've washed it so many times with Ivory Flakes. I guess that's why you think it's new—Ivory's so marvelous for colors." True, Dee, but aren't *you* glad the salesgirl advised you to use *only* pure Ivory Flakes?

"Do you use Ivory Flakes, too?" asks Peggy, the wide-eyed witch in rosy-red. "I guess everybody does who knows. I wouldn't buy this silk shirt-dress until I knew it was washable. Then the salesgirl told me just how to squeeze it through lukewarm Ivory suds!"

"Mother Molly," jaunty in checked sailcloth, joins in, "You can't tell me *anything* about Ivory, dears. I *live* with it. I never tremble over soap spots when I use Ivory Flakes—they melt so fast—you *couldn't* make me use another kind of soap flakes after what a salesgirl once told me!"

"Small Molly" appears in an Ivory-bathed skin and an Ivory-washed frock—even her organdie bonnet is Ivory-cleaned. Now you know why fine stores favor pure Ivory—it's safe for all fine things because it's safe for a baby's exquisite skin!

Save 20% . . See how much bigger the IVORY FLAKES box is than that of any other fine-fabrics soap flakes. More soap for your money!



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What You Need

ELIZABETH TROY
ILLUSTRATOR: FREDERICK CHAPMAN

She saw Sylvia smile and close her arm still more closely around his neck

YOUNG Mrs. Matthew Farrell's suspicion that she was not going to have a good time over this fateful week-end became a definite conviction just before leaving home. Quite early in the morning Matthew's tortured anticipation began to wear her down.

For the fifth time he asked her jerkily, "Did you put in both the bathing suits? And the citronella? And that inner tube I bought for you? I don't want to be fishing you out water-logged all the time."

"All packed," said Mrs. Farrell briefly. She sank down upon a suitcase. "I think I'm not going," she said hollowly. "All night I had premonitions. I dreamed of white mice. I can't swim and if I go I'll drown. And you'd rather I'd stay home than go and drown, wouldn't you?"

"No," said Matthew unthinkingly. The very young Mrs. Farrell's lips quivered. Rather hastily he added, "Anyway I'm going to teach you to swim this time."

"You can't," said Binks gloomily. "No one can. People have tried for years. But there's something in my legs or some place. So I think I won't go."

Matthew, not listening, opened out on his bureau one of those wonderful leather things girls give men for Christmas. He fitted his razor into the razor compartment and his toothbrush into the toothbrush compartment.

Binks watched him moodily.

Wouldn't you think, she inquired silently, that an advertising man, after years of studying human psychology, would know better than to flaunt before his bride of only eight months a present out of his girl-infested past?

"I bet she could swim," muttered Binks darkly.

"Who?" inquired Matthew vaguely.

"The girl who gave you that leather thing. I bet she was a regular Eleanor Holm."

"Sylvia," murmured Matthew zippering the thing shut. "Name's Sylvia. Anyone," he added testily, "can learn to swim. What you need is—"

"Don't say it," Binks warned him. "The last time anyone said that to me something in me begged me to scream. And if you're going down to Dune Highlands just to swim and see a man about a soup I think I won't go."

THE REITERATION of this statement began to take on some of the attention-getting character of a slogan. As a member of the advertising firm of Mercer and Farrell, Matthew was sensitive to slogans.

He looked upon her grimly.

"I suppose your being grown up enough to be married and all," he said, "makes people expect too much of you. They ought to remember you are only twenty years old. You couldn't, I guess, be expected to realize the importance of getting to know Tyler Howard."

Binks sighed. "I don't believe Tyler Howard exists. He's just a voice sending out word he isn't interested and how can he tell he isn't interested if he doesn't let you show him the memorandum?"

"Now," said Matthew witheringly, "we are getting somewhere. After this week-end with the Gerards at Dune Highlands we'll have met the man, eaten with him, swum with him—we'll *know* him and he can't refuse, the next time I try to get into his office, to see me. All you have to do is keep mum and be decorative—"

"Say that again," said Mrs. Farrell hungrily. "The part about being decorative."

But Matthew, his jaw set, his eyes fevered with dogged ambition, was pacing the rug.

"If just once—just one single time," he muttered, "Tyler Howard reads that memorandum on his entire line of soups I'll have his advertising. And then the depression will be over and it will be 1928 again."

"I wish," Binks said wistfully, "I'd been married to you in 1928. Maybe I'd have been a well-kept bride, lolling around being worshiped like Madame Récamier or somebody. And I wouldn't have had to try things out. Like face creams and mineral salts and soups. In two

"I wonder why people who are not tanned feel inferior to people who are"

weeks I've eaten twenty-five different kinds of soup."

"I told you," snapped Matthew, "it was part of my duty as an advertising counsel to make a personal as well as a general test of the fundamental salability of a product. How otherwise could I have drawn up that memorandum with a clear conscience?"

"You couldn't have," admitted Binks. "Not even afterward. Because Howard Home Method Soups are too concentrated. They're like you—too concentrated. If I'd been married to you ten years, I couldn't be treated less like a bride. I think I'm not going."

"We ought to be leaving in about ten minutes," said Matthew.

THE GLOW of an August sun lighted the path of their ancient ferry to Dune Highlands. Matthew relaxed in its warmth and held Binks' hand and she felt wonderfully cheered.

But not for long. Fred and Laura Gerard, with a tall sun-gold girl she had never seen before, met them at the wharf.

"I wonder," mused Binks, suddenly depressed, "why people who are not tanned always feel inferior to people who are."

The tall girl, who wore a bathing suit under a beach robe, was pumping Matt's hand fervently.

"It's wonderful seeing you again," she said devouring him whole with her gray-green eyes and her flashing smile.

"Great," agreed Matthew. He remembered Binks. "M'wife," he said. "Sylvia Karnan."

"You cute little thing," said Sylvia shaking hands and Binks felt at once like a six-year-old girl who took a four-year-old size in everything. A pale little girl too, of a shade resembling the under side of a mackerel. In her mind she was seeing Matt stowing his razor into a leather case given him by a girl named Sylvia. More than ever she knew she was not going to have a good time.

"Tyler Howard," Fred was telling Matt as they walked toward the cottage, "isn't here yet. He wasn't sure what time he'd arrive so we're not to meet him. And I did what you said, Matt—didn't mention any business angle—"

"Good," said Matt. He looked immediately relieved that the longed-for yet dreaded opportunity was to be delayed for a little while. And when Sylvia said, "There's time for a swim before luncheon, Matt," he responded joyously, "Wonderful!"

In the cottage he raced upstairs to change. Miss Karnan detained Binks for a moment.

"You're going swimming with us of course, Mrs. Farrell?"

Binks thought she might as well get this over with.

"I don't swim," she said.

Miss Karnan nodded kindly.

"We'll have to teach you," she said. "It's so simple. Anyone can learn. What you really need is—"

"I know. Confidence," said Binks. There was an odd light in her eyes that drew Miss Karnan's attention rather sharply. "In my case," added Binks sweetly, "it doesn't work."

The tall young woman smiled. Confidence was a comforting virtue which she, plainly, had in great measure.

"Matt," she remarked carelessly, "always loved swimming."

The blue eyes of Matt's almost brand-new wife and the gray-green eyes of a blonde who had once given him a traveling kit met for a brief instant.

Binks said pleasantly, "Matt will love every minute of the holiday," and went upstairs.

Matt, dashing out of the room in his swimming suit, almost fell over her.

"Hurry up—dip before luncheon," he said.

"I—I'll just sit on the beach," said Binks.

Matt insisted. "Binks, darling, please. There's nothing else to do here." He frowned a little. "You ought really to make the effort for my sake to—to like it."

Binks lowered her eyelashes over the look that told him he darned well knew she'd die for his sake. She said, "All right," and he patted her hurriedly and dashed off.

"You'd rather I'd stay home than drown, wouldn't you?"

In an age of female amphibians a person appearing on a swimming platform with a blown-up inner tube on her arm can't feel exactly happy. Still, several men rallied round. They wanted to teach her to swim. Fred Gerard told her that if she expected to get wet all over before luncheon she'd better get into her spare and drop off. Binks did and several amazed crabs explored areas around her toes. Fred fished her out.

"Look here, Binksey," he said, "you don't need that life-preserver. You've got that crawl stroke down fine. Leave it off next time."

Binks shook her head. "I'd only sink," she told him. Matt apppeared, the amused eyes of Sylvia looking over his shoulder.

"LISTEN, Binks," said Matt breathlessly. "Sylvia's got a great tip on onion soup. When you get the fish dried out of your hair you hunt up the memorandum and make a note on the page where there's a reference to onion soup that it's a great pick-up for a hang-over. Got it? 'Cuts through that feathery tongue'—something like that."

Binks swallowed. "But the memorandum—it's all finished. It's—it's so perfect just the way it is."

Matthew said, "Don't be silly, Binks. This is a real idea."

Binks nodded, but in her room she had to fight tears. The memorandum, over which she had watched and prayed. With her own fingers—two on each hand—she had typed it, red ink beautifully here and blue ink with dignity there, until the completed work looked more like an illuminated manuscript of an ode to spring than just a plan for advertising soup.

Binks went over to the long mirror and looked at the image of herself in the wet white bathing suit. The image had curves where curves ought to be and was smoothly beveled off where a lot of girls had just edges. She lifted her arms, peaked her fingers and stretched herself upward.

"That's the way I'd look," she murmured wistfully, "if I could dive."

At luncheon she tried not to look at Matt and Sylvia who were laughing over things that began with, "Do you remember the time we—?"

Young Mrs. Farrell didn't eat anything.

Afterward Binks took the memorandum and walked down to the beach. She sat down in one of a pair of chairs under an umbrella. Presently she sighed and then a man's voice near-by said, "That's exactly the way water on a day like this affects me. May I sit here? There doesn't seem to be another chair—"

Binks waved a hand vaguely.

"Restful, isn't it?" said the man.

"No," said Binks.

THERE was a short silence. The man's gaze turned to the neatly bound manuscript in her lap.

"Writers, they tell me," he remarked, "have their off days when everything they've written looks poisonous to them. I often think that maybe if they talked things over with someone they might feel a lot better."

Binks looked at him. He was a long rather tired-looking man with excellent clothes on and nice hands.

"I'm not a writer," said Binks. "I'm not anything in the world but a soup-taster."

The man coughed. "A soup-taster, did you say?"

"Soup," said Binks icily, "out of cans. Concentrated. So concentrated that everybody and everything else in the world is forgotten. N-neglected."

"I can see," he murmured, "how it might pall."

"Morning, noon and night for weeks. This," she said touching the papers in her lap, "is why. I gave up party after party for this. I stayed home from tennis matches and bridge luncheons. I fed the man who wrote this black coffee and sandwiches night after night while he worked on it. I ate twenty-five different kinds of soup. To test," she explained, "the fundamental salability of the product."

"Gracious," said the man.

"I drew charts for him. Look." She leafed over a few pages rapidly. "Look at that one—well, that's a chart showing the rating system evaluating the factors affecting the sales of soups."

"Beautiful," he said adjusting his glasses.

"Is—isn't it?" moaned Binks. She stiffened. "It was a very difficult and tedious piece of work and after it had just about ruined my whole summer, the old frozen-face—the soup man, I mean—wouldn't read it! He said he wasn't interested."

"Simply incomprehensible—a person like that," her companion said firmly.

"Insane," said Binks. "And not very good soup anyway."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

"I'm not a writer. I'm not anything in the world but a soup-taster"

A Sense of Security

FRANK HOWARD RICHARDSON, M.D.

ILLUSTRATOR: EDWIN A. GEORGI

AS WE cast about for an explanation of some of the puzzling things that our children do we are confronted with the fact that every child has certain innate cravings, or urges, that greatly affect his conduct. One of these basic urges—drives, or trends, the psychologist calls them—is the child's desire to be physically comfortable; not hungry nor fatigued nor in pain, neither too hot nor too cold. Another is his craving for recognition by his associates and for respectable standing in the group to which he belongs. Another one yet is the wish for achievement, success and mastery, that builds up and gratifies his ego.

There is still another of these fundamental urges that is one of the most potent of them all. This is the craving for a sense of security; for the assurance of being loved and desired by the rest of the family; for the freedom from anxiety for the future as well as the present that goes with the confidence that things are all right and quite as they should be. Lacking this sense of security, any child is bound to be wretched, no matter what other good things he may possess.

These urges are not confined to children. We all know that men will endure fatigue and hardship, risk danger and death, in order to be secure and happy in their homes. They will make great sacrifices in order to purchase the economic security for themselves and their loved ones that life insurance gives. Confronted with the destruction of this sense of security in their homes through the loss of employment, the sweeping away of accumulated savings or the betrayal of their love and trust, we have seen some men lose their reason, while others have actually taken their own lives.

NOW WHEN a child is deprived of this sense of security he does not become insane, nor does he take his own life, except in rare instances. Instead, he is prone to experience a strange impulsive craving to commit some form of wrong-doing, which he and his parents never connect with the emotional shock he has suffered.

This conduct is particularly puzzling because he seems to derive little or no satisfaction from it. He may even admit that it is making trouble for himself as well as for his parents; yet he is driven to continue it just so long as he suffers from the lack of security that brought it about.

Here for instance is a girl who suddenly began to steal, bringing grief and humiliation to parents whom she loved and nothing but trouble to herself. No cause could be found for this pilfering, which frequently concerned articles for which she had no use. Sympathetic study finally traced the cause to her recent discovery that she was not the actual daughter of her supposed parents, but an adopted child—a discovery, by the way, always fraught with grave emotional peril unless dealt with in the wisest manner.

And here is a boy, previously quite tractable, who suddenly began to be mischievous at school and unmanageable at home. It required patience and keen powers of deduction to relate this misconduct to the development of serious friction between the boy's parents. This had recently come to the stage at which they were openly discussing a legal separation.

These two children were suffering from damage, either done or threatened, to their secure status in the home. Yet it required experience with the devious ways that these frustrated urges take, to discover what was wrong. Boarding-school teachers recognize and dread the conduct disorders presented by children from homes broken by divorce and hence offering no security.

But even in the home where the child is assured of love and affection, he may suffer from a feeling of economic insecurity through hearing financial worries discussed. Children take things literally and can paint very gloomy pictures indeed when we thoughtlessly furnish them the pigments. The little daughter of a clergyman of comfortable means said to her schoolteacher just before Christmas: "I shall be thankful if I get a doll's comb in the toe of my stocking, we have so many poor people in our church to be taken care of."

Her fear was groundless, as a wealth of presents on Christmas morning showed; yet it was the result of what she had heard discussed at the table. Finances should be discussed freely; for if there is need for economy, the children ought to help in the saving. But the need should not be exaggerated; and there should never be an emotional tone of worry and apprehension. Children face financial reverses with remarkable poise if they do not see their parents overwhelmed by them.

A family discussion of the failure of the authorities to punish crime has given rise to a feeling of personal insecurity in many sensitive children. The moving picture, with its glorification of the gangster and the racketeer, has enhanced this feeling and a more careful selection of the films our children see is most desirable. Sometimes a frank explanation of the small percentage that unpunished crimes bear to the vast number that are promptly detected and eventually punished will do much toward reëstablishing the sense of security that comes from confidence in society's ability to give protection through the forces of law and order.

THE THOUGHTFUL child finds the threat of impending war, made more vivid by the newsreel with its close-ups of rioting crowds and demonstrations threatening existing governments, a most disturbing threat to his sense of security.

War used to be a romantic happening, remote in time and place, with gaudy uniforms and gayly marching bands, which affected the soldier alone. The World War changed all this and showed what a terrifying unromantic dirty business war has become, involving civilians as well as soldiers, women and children as well as men. And we have been willing to have screen and fiction keep this conception before our children with the laudable hope that it may discourage future war-making. Yet we are constantly being warned that another war is imminent; and many a child shivers with dread over the thought of the horrors he has seen so vividly portrayed.

A new factor that threatens the sense of security of our older boys and girls today is the uncertainty of their economic future. College and professional school training, once taken for granted, has in many cases become impossible. And even those young people whose parents can afford such training see little prospect of earning a living at the end of their period of study. For vast numbers of them this means an indefinite postponement of marriage.

How much of the lowering of youth's moral standards, how much of the nomadism of adolescent hoboes, how much of the restlessness and inability to settle down to any sort of work is due to this dread of an economically insecure future, it would be difficult to say. We do know that unemployed leisure has a devastating effect; yet society has as yet evolved no adequate plan for utilizing the time of its idle young people.

WHETHER or not home study, or the development of hobbies, or such volunteer social work as Boy or Girl Scouting, or settlement teaching, is anything more than cold comfort for a hopeless situation, can be argued either way. Yet nothing more constructive seems to have been suggested for us to do until the hoped-for return of better times restores the sense of a secure future.

How can we parents combat this frustration of a fundamental urge that the psychologists tell us is responsible for so much misconduct in our children? Not by cloistering them, even if we could do this; for they would succumb to the first attack as soon as our sheltering influence was withdrawn. We can meet the situation in no other way than by building up such a strong sense of security in the home that it will ward off and deflect all these outside adverse forces.

Nothing can take the place of the home where real love is the dominant force—love between parents and love for each child, not silly and affected but deep and strong. Give the child the sense of security that emanates from this as a center and threats of the sort we have been describing are powerless. After all, nothing can take the place of the genuine fine American home as a builder of sound conduct in America's boys and girls, through the creation of an unassailable sense of security.

"Let me be proud of you my way"

MORE THAN courage had gone into the undertaking. Work. And worry. A kind of blind hope had directed the execution of this elaborate plan that now, when it was about to materialize, filled her with keen apprehension.

Twelve fifty-five. Any moment the guests would arrive.

And Bill was not due back until Saturday. Two days more. She was safe. She had made a play for Bill's happiness. The rest was on the lap of the gods.

The cateress and her assistants had done themselves proud. The exquisitely wrapped bridge prizes had left vacant spots on the shelves of the most expensive jeweler in town.

It had been a thrill to write the invitations. On big cream vellum cards she had copied a sample form from a book of etiquette in her small even hand:

Mrs. William Jeremiah Walton
Luncheon
Thursday, August twelfth
At one o'clock

R. S. V. P. Contract

And there had not been one note of regret! For the thousandth time she fingered the three acceptances she had received. It was evident that the social customs were not so religiously observed as the book of etiquette led one to believe. Thirty-seven had failed to reply. Perhaps they were busy, or just careless.

Tonia remembered that the impulse precipitating the whole affair had been the way Bill said good-by that morning. Off to Philadelphia on a two weeks' business trip for the Spencer Porcelain Company, Bill had remarked carelessly, "Believe it or not, I'm hopping the same train with the gang that's headed for the golf tournament at Evanston. Maybe you'd better polish up my clubs." And he had grinned at her boyishly. As if this clowning about Lindley Stevens and Horace Mott and Lucien Perry was a huge joke that they both enjoyed immensely.

As if Bill weren't as good as those men—every inch! Hadn't the Spencer Company sent a scout down to the enamel factory in Jersey and lured him away, greedy for a chap whose new theories on ceramics were so profitably applicable? As good? Didn't old Mr. Pelletier, president of the Spencer Company, constantly verify his approval of Bill?

But Mr. Pelletier was a recluse, outside of business. The social activities of his expert accountant, Lindley Stevens, were of small interest to him; and of Horace Mott, the local chair manufacturer. And of Lucien Perry, the prosperous Cottingham coal merchant. That they represented the nucleus of a group which had things its own way socially in Cottingham mattered not a jot to the company president.

But Tonia had begun to suspect that they mattered considerably to Bill. His smile had grown a bit wistful when he joked about them. It made Tonia fairly ache to think that he might secretly want anything in the world that was denied him.

It wasn't a matter of money. They could live much more luxuriously if they chose. She still had plenty of her money left—but Bill was funny that way. He thought that a fellow who spent his wife's money was something unmentionable; even a fellow like Bill Walton who had married Antoinette Saulles because—so he said—she was game. Bill, who had been the catch of the street back in Trenton, even if it was a dingy street.

And the funny thing about it—Bill had married her instead of Annie Burke or Jenny Lucas. And they used to look pretty special. Tonia Saulles was always a sight. Tomboys usually are—and Tonia's father didn't have a regular job, either, like other girls' fathers. Why, there were weeks at a time when he stayed away and she would have to stay with the Geussenhainers on the floor below in the dingy tenement, because she was terrified of the darkness.

Not much companionship between Tonia and her dark brooding father. He had always been that way after her mother's death. And yet—there had been something too. A need for each other, inarticulate concern.

THAT DAY they had found him dead in his hotel room in a little western mining town. The end then. And Tonia—

Alone. Except for the Geussenhainers. Her father had always paid them for her keep on his return from these mysterious trips. Now with nothing forthcoming— She was eighteen and something had to be done.

And something was done. Bill came by. He put his arms around her and held her there against his heart. "What do you say, kid—wedding bells?"

"You're sorry for me, Bill."

"Cut that!" had been Bill's elegant comment. "We can make out on what I earn. Think you'll like it?" That was Bill's way of making love.

"Wherever you are, Bill—"

Nothing had ever been able to compare with that moment. Nothing ever would. He had loved her for herself, wanted her, instead of all the other girls who were crazy about him. Bill wasn't just a husband. He

The three women gave her the compliment of rapt attention

was a lover, an idol, a religion. He said she was the charm he carried around with him—in his pocket—when he used words to try to express his emotions.

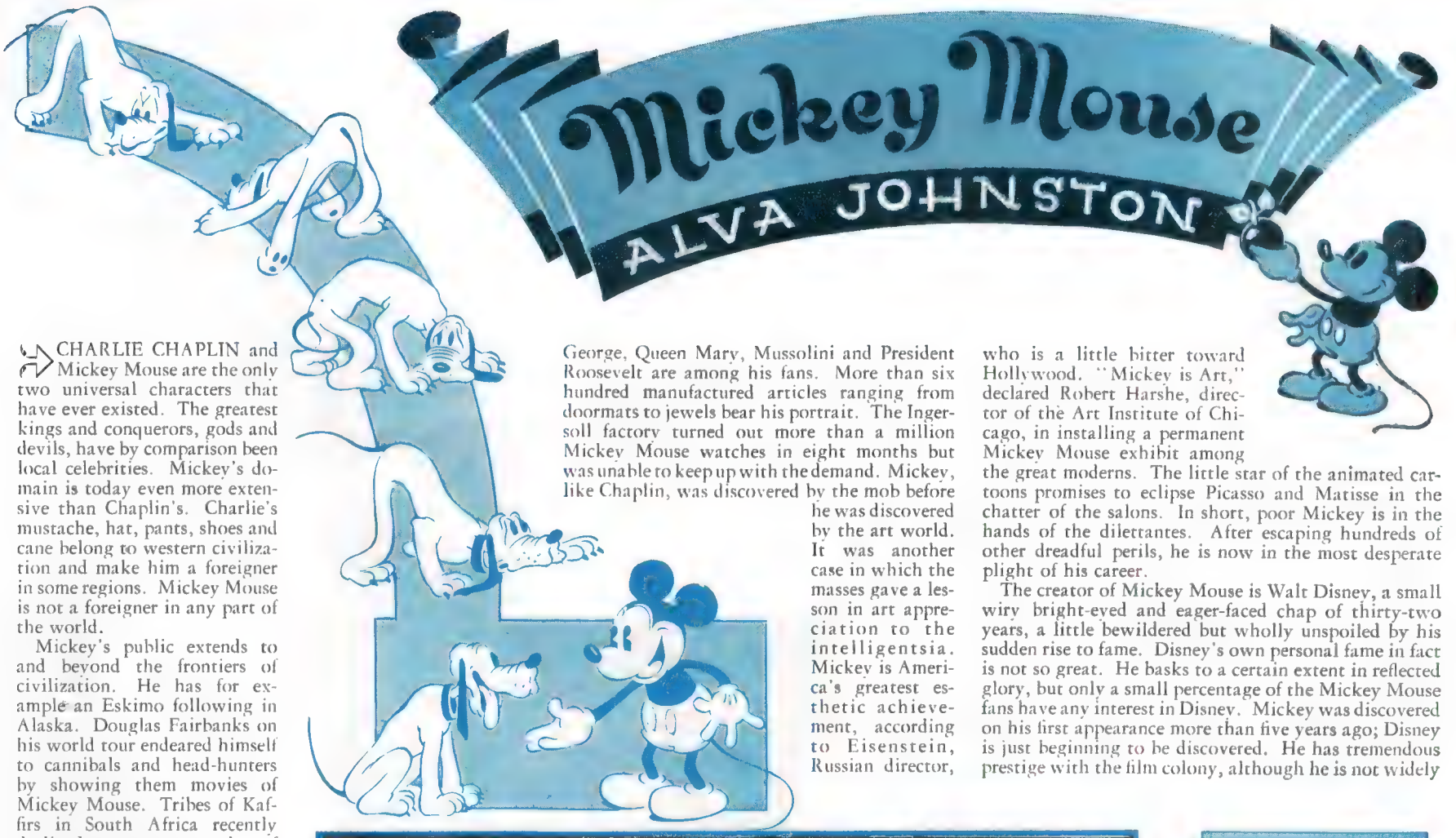
And then out of a clear sky came the astonishing news. Antoinette Saulles Walton was an heiress. Her father's erstwhile mysterious trips were no longer mysterious. Tony Saulles had stored away his share in a profitable mining venture, never betraying his secret by the slightest expenditure. Tonia, it seemed, had some seventy or eighty thousands to her credit.

It was incredible. It was preposterous. But it was true.

"Salt it away," Bill told her. "It's yours. But keep it. I'm looking out for you. I've got a little news for you, myself. There's a rumor that some people out in Wisconsin are going to offer me a lot more than I'm getting here. Big porcelain company. They manufacture bathroom supplies. I figured out some tricks about enamel that they're interested in. So you'd better look out, Tonia Walton, because I'll catch up with you some of these days." He grinned at her.

And some of these days it had happened—to be exact, when little Bill was just a year old. And they went to live in Cottingham, off in Wisconsin.

To her pleas for travel and luxury Bill had been adamant. He had a job. Maybe she was rich, but he was not. He compromised on the pretty English cottage she bought, because she craved beauty and loved her home, and she wanted it while little Bill was a baby. And in her secret soul she determined [CONTINUED ON PAGE 66]



Mickey Mouse

ALVA JOHNSTON

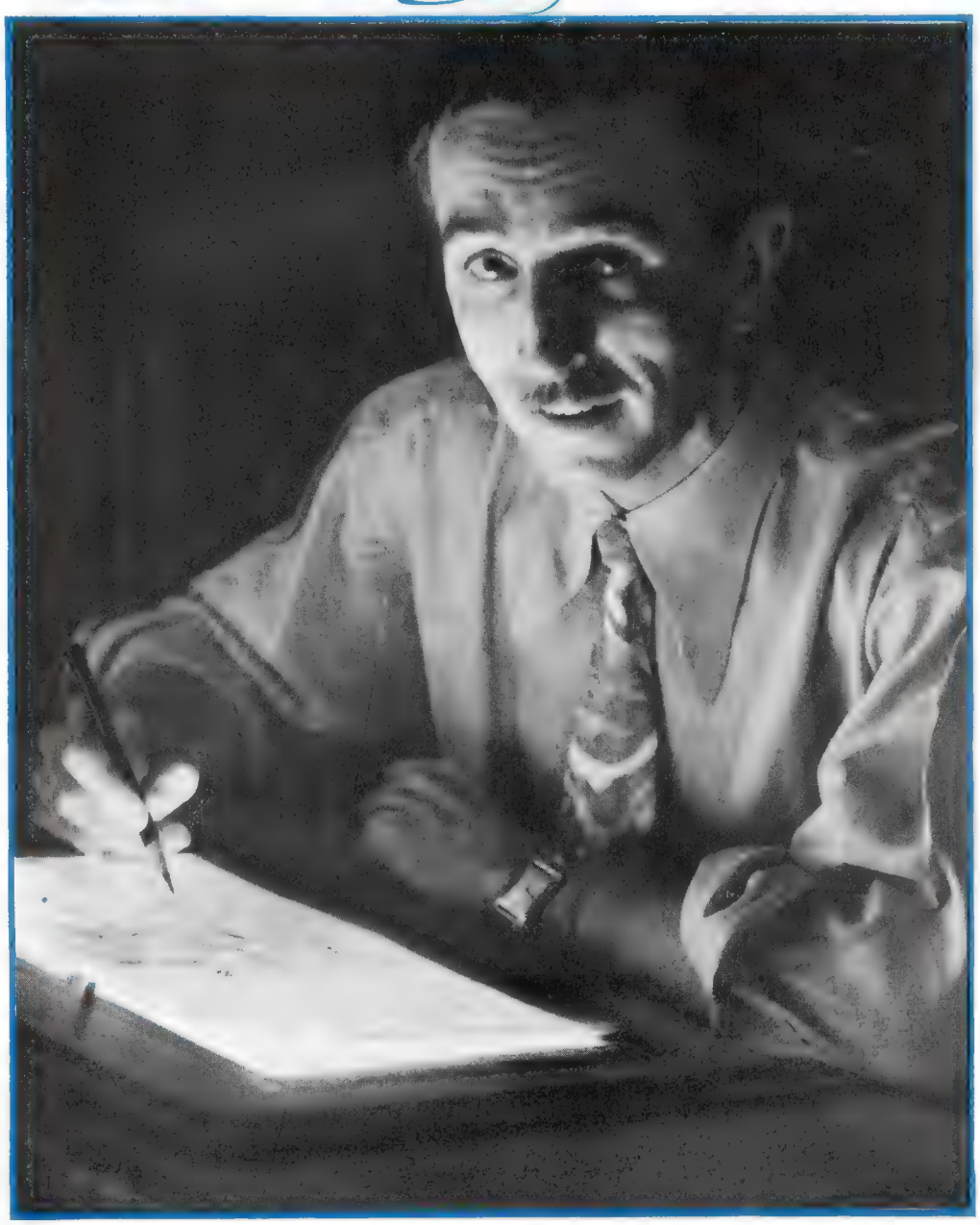
CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Mickey Mouse are the only two universal characters that have ever existed. The greatest kings and conquerors, gods and devils, have by comparison been local celebrities. Mickey's domain is today even more extensive than Chaplin's. Charlie's mustache, hat, pants, shoes and cane belong to western civilization and make him a foreigner in some regions. Mickey Mouse is not a foreigner in any part of the world.

Mickey's public extends to and beyond the frontiers of civilization. He has for example an Eskimo following in Alaska. Douglas Fairbanks on his world tour endeared himself to cannibals and head-hunters by showing them movies of Mickey Mouse. Tribes of Kaffirs in South Africa recently declined to accept any cakes of soap which did not bear the image of Mickey Mouse, just as formerly they declined to accept coins which did not bear the image of Queen Victoria. Tribes of connoisseurs in the big cities have taken up Mickey Mouse and lorgnettes are focused on original drawings of him on the walls of fashionable galleries.

MICKEY has received greater honors abroad than at home. He was recently created a citizen of France at a carnival in Granville. His fifth birthday, on September twenty-eighth last, was almost unnoticed in America, but was the occasion of impressive column-long editorials in newspapers in England. Mickey's greatest triumph in Germany was Hitler's denunciation of young Nordics who were wearing Mickey Mouse emblems instead of the swastika. Since Stalin ordered the young people to laugh and be gay, Mickey Mouse films have been smuggled into Russia in considerable numbers, although there is no authorized distributing agency there. There are theaters in Sweden and in India which run seven or eight Mickey Mouse epics one after the other as their main programs. The animated cartoon is the life of the movie business in Japan where the feature picture is often cut to pieces because of the prejudice of the Orientals against scenes where lovers are shown frying in the deep fat of passion.

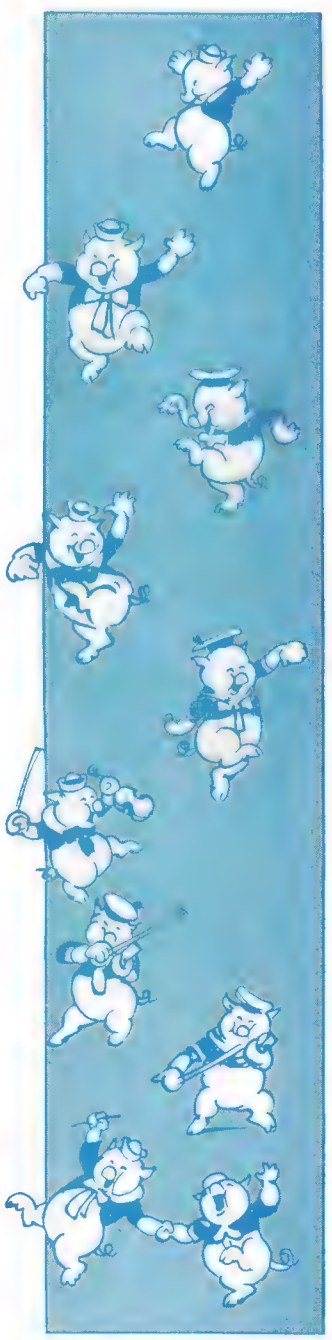
The little hero is billed as Miki Kuchi in Japan, Michel Souris in France, Miguel Ratoncito in Spain and Micky Maus in Germany. The number of admissions to theaters where Mickey Mouse played last year is calculated at four hundred and sixty-eight million. King George, Queen Mary, Mussolini and President Roosevelt are among his fans. More than six hundred manufactured articles ranging from doormats to jewels bear his portrait. The Ingersoll factory turned out more than a million Mickey Mouse watches in eight months but was unable to keep up with the demand. Mickey, like Chaplin, was discovered by the mob before he was discovered by the art world. It was another case in which the masses gave a lesson in art appreciation to the intelligentsia. Mickey is America's greatest esthetic achievement, according to Eisenstein, Russian director, who is a little bitter toward Hollywood. "Mickey is Art," declared Robert Harshe, director of the Art Institute of Chicago, in installing a permanent Mickey Mouse exhibit among the great moderns. The little star of the animated cartoons promises to eclipse Picasso and Matisse in the chatter of the salons. In short, poor Mickey is in the hands of the dilettantes. After escaping hundreds of other dreadful perils, he is now in the most desperate plight of his career.

The creator of Mickey Mouse is Walt Disney, a small wiry bright-eyed and eager-faced chap of thirty-two years, a little bewildered but wholly unspoiled by his sudden rise to fame. Disney's own personal fame in fact is not so great. He basks to a certain extent in reflected glory, but only a small percentage of the Mickey Mouse fans have any interest in Disney. Mickey was discovered on his first appearance more than five years ago; Disney is just beginning to be discovered. He has tremendous prestige with the film colony, although he is not widely



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILL CONNELL

Walt Disney is the creator of Mickey Mouse—world celebrity and honorary French citizen



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

Walt Disney and his staff study live penguins as part of the preparation for a new and antarctic Silly Symphony, Peculiar Penguins

known there personally. He seldom attends Hollywood parties and premières, but in the last two years he has gone Hollywood to the extent of taking up polo, a game in which he has an official rating of zero.

Will Rogers and other stars praised him to the skies and Chaplin did a Chaplin walk in his honor at a dinner tendered to Disney last fall by the Hollywood Writers' Club. Disney, who is as shy as Chaplin himself, was quite overwhelmed.

An example of Walt's high standing in Hollywood occurred when he visited the studio where Rasputin was being made. The Barrymores are not ordinarily given to effusiveness toward strangers, but when Ethel was asked whether Disney could come on the set she said, "I'll go home if he doesn't." She introduced him to John who threw both arms around him and then demanded that a group photograph be taken of the three Barrymores and the creator of Mickey Mouse. On being told no camera was available for taking still pictures, John exclaimed, "There are thousands of them around every time an Iowa politician comes here. Do you mean to tell me there is no camera when Disney visits us?" Barrymore clamored about this until a still camera was found and the Barrymore-Disney group taken.

The only part of Disney's sudden renown which disturbs him is the art appreciation. He is apprehensive that his studio will become art-conscious. Even now a few of Disney's able cartoonists worry over their work and ask themselves, "Is this art?" When the publicity department receives a magazine or newspaper article discussing the dynamics, the rhythm, the fluidity of line, the symbolism and the expressionism of Mickey Mouse, Disney orders the publication taken away so that no one in the studio can read it.

DISNEY is a product of the system of child rearing which, although it has developed more than its share of American notables, is seldom recommended in modern treatises on education. This is the system which regards a boy as an economic asset who should at least pay for his keep and, if possible, pay dividends. Elias Disney, the father of Walt, had been reared on this plan and he believed in it for the sake both of the child and of the family. The philosophy of it is summed up in one of Frank Sullivan's simplified adages, "All work and no play makes jack." First as a chore boy on a farm in Marceline, Missouri, and later as a newsboy in Kansas City, Walt carried on the old Disney tradition. His father had been a building contractor for twenty years in Chicago, but moved to the farm when Walt was an infant.

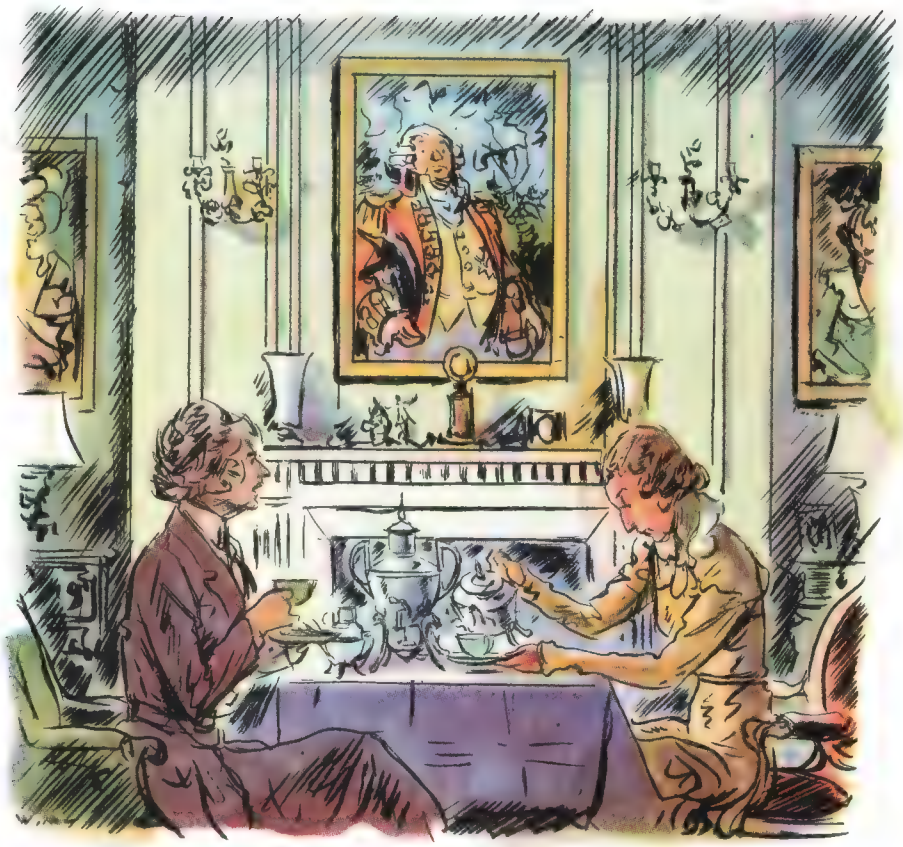
The chore boy in Disney still manifests himself both in Mickey Mouse and in the Silly Symphonies. One of his earliest farm assignments was that of feeding the pigs. He had hardly outgrown infancy when he became an expert milkman, and the cow has always been a leading Disney character. Both Walt and his brothers fed their kittens by shooting streams of milk directly from cow to kitten. Twenty years later this became one of the Mickey Mouse gags. Flying streams of milk figured in the early Disney work as custard pies figured in the glorious Mack Sennett days. The censors of Ohio and some other states held that Disney's milking scenes were improper and that the sight of a cow's udder was indelicate. Disney met the issue by putting a brassière on the cow.

The family moved from the farm to Kansas City when Walt was almost eight years old. From the age of nine to fifteen he delivered newspapers, getting up every morning at three-thirty, finishing about six and then selling papers on a corner. He repeated this routine after school in the afternoon. At times he floundered through three feet of snow with his papers and in bitter cold weather he warmed himself now and then in hallways of apartment houses. His earnings went into the family funds. When he wanted pocket money he had to take on extra tasks. Responsibility and hard work at an early age gave him his drive and industry; his talents for fun and pictures were inborn and insuppressible.

Disney began to draw almost as soon as he began to walk. He was an old hand with crayons before he was of school age. His first art patron was a veterinarian who lived near the Disney farm in Missouri. When Walt was seven the old horse doctor held a stallion by the halter and compelled him to pose for his portrait. All of the important early Disneys were acquired by this connoisseur. When Walt was nine years old his ambition shifted; he now wanted to become an actor instead of an artist. His first two roles were those of Abraham Lincoln and Charlie Chaplin. In the fourth grade he recited the Gettysburg address at school exercises, his make-up consisting of penciled lines of care, a wart made of putty, a tall hat of cardboard blackened with shoe polish and a solemn coat belonging to his father, who was an official of the Congregational church. Disney played Abraham Lincoln at school for five years. This was tempting fate, for the hardened Lincoln actor usually spends his whole life playing Lincoln both on and off the stage. The plight of the professional Lincoln was summed up by Gene Buck who said, "That guy will never be happy until he is assassinated."

LUCKILY for Disney, he soon became a better Chaplin than a Lincoln. He perfected himself in the art of springing a cane into the air with his feet and catching it nonchalantly. Sneaking out of the bedroom window he would attend amateur nights where he won several small cash prizes and became known as the second best Chaplin in Kansas City. He still believes that he was jobbed, as the winner of the first prizes broke the rules by departing from pantomime and singing songs. Amateur nights in Kansas City had a great influence on the career of Disney.

Chaplin was a kind of godfather to Mickey Mouse. It is now and always has been the aim of Disney to graft the psychology of Chaplin upon Mickey. The two universal characters have something in common in their approach to their problems. They have the same blend of hero and coward, nitwit and genius, mug and gentleman. The emotional subtleties of Chaplin, his repose, wistfulness and pathos are not for the animated cartoon; the action is too rapid for effects which must be gradually developed. Laughs can be produced in the fraction of a second; tears require time. Disney has, however, succeeded in introducing occasional heartthrobs. Once for example when Mickey Mouse was elk-hunting, he shot his dog which happened by a curious set of circumstances to be [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



"Cyril has most unfortunately become entangled with a chorus girl"

THE TELEGRAM came during lunch.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Mandeville. Not that she was particularly surprised. One might have known it of course. For had there ever been a time within the memory of the household when Miss Piper, with consummate nonchalance, heralded merely by an announcement of the hour of her arrival, hadn't managed to drop into their midst when her presence there was least to be desired?

Miss Piper was a sort of cousin. No one seemed able to establish the relationship more specifically than that. When, some twenty-five years before, Mr. Mandeville had brought his fiancée (aggressively virginal in white) to Mandeville Hall, he had said, "You must know the whole place, Charlotte, every inch of it—" and he had shown her the gardens and the stables, the cellars, pantries, linen closers—everything. "And that," he had said at last, indicating a small curiously chaotic chamber on the top floor separated from the servants' quarters by a narrow passage, "that is Miss Piper's room."

"Miss Piper?" Mrs. Mandeville had repeated alertly.

And Mr. Mandeville had said, "She's a sort of cousin."

Miss Piper's next visit had neatly coincided with their return from the honeymoon.

While, with the elder Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, they were moving in stately procession across the hall to their first dinner as man and wife under the family rooftree, Miss Piper had come spanking down the beautiful curved stairway, wearing a dilapidated gown of red velvet and an air of cheerful expectancy. She had eaten a great deal of food with frank enthusiasm, and stared a great deal at the bride; then after gulping down her coffee in the library she had seemed suddenly to lose all interest in the household and had gone off for a walk across the meadows in the moonlight, munching a banana and followed by a troup of adoring dogs.

In due time Cyril had been born; the elder Mr. Mandeville had died; Margaret had been born; Elinor had been born. And all through the years Miss Piper had been arriving and departing with airy ease, without a shred of explanation. Sometimes she stayed three days, occasionally three months. No one knew where she came from or where she went to. Once as she was leaving she had said, "Could anybody lend me a floppy hat? I'm going to Nyasaland." Once when he was sixteen Cyril had come across a picture in a magazine captioned, "Lands Giant Tuna," and there, wearing a mackintosh, with a dead fish at her feet, had been Miss Piper. And once they had seen her in a newsreel, marching in a parade (in another country) with a banner that said, "Protection for Our Pets."

FOR SOME time Mrs. Mandeville had been rather bitter about these erratic intrusions. "But why?" she had demanded. "Why should she be free to enter our home in this extraordinary fashion?"

No one had been able to advance a coherent reason; everyone had repeatedly agreed that something should be done. Miss Piper must be spoken to. The very next time. But somehow or other she never had been spoken to.

For one thing it was so difficult to decide upon a suit-

"It's all right," she shouted. "They seldom bite"

"What do they take me for? A despicable gold-digger?"

able occasion for the attack. She pelted up and down stairs; she played the piano (atrociously); she squatted in the kitchen garden, eating raspberries and writing at a furious pace in a yellow notebook; she sat sketching the horses in the pungent gloom of the stables; she milked the tenants' cows; she walked for miles, very fast, in all possible directions. Her busyness was unflagging—impregnable. Her eyes were pale gray and bright as water under a moon; her mouth was large and flexible, her hair perpetually in disorder; and she went about at all times of year in ancient tweeds with deep sagging pockets that were apt to hold anything from sticky masses of butterscotch to a rescued infant bird.

Mrs. Mandeville said, "Oh dear," and passed the telegram to Mr. Mandeville.

They were lunching alone in the long white-paneled dining-room. No sound but the faint click of silver against china, the faint creaking of Churton's starched apron as she moved about the table. Old Mrs. Mandeville had remained upstairs, lying down, with a damp handkerchief on her brow; Margaret and Elinor had been packed off for a day's tennis with the Ferrymans; and Cyril—

Ah, what was Cyril doing at this moment? Mrs. Mandeville's eyes darkened in her pale immobile face. How was he managing the crucial interview? How would it end?

AT A QUARTER to three Cyril returned from town and was immediately closeted with his parents in the library; at a quarter past three Hunter left to meet the next train; and at four o'clock punctually Miss Piper arrived upon the scene.

As usual she was sitting chummily next to Hunter on the front seat; and as usual, the instant the car halted she shot to her feet, thrust two fingers into her mouth and let out upon the calm autumn air a long thin curling whistle.

Almost instantaneously, almost miraculously, the dogs came. Round the corner of the stables, across the gravel yard: one after the other—Fanchon, Passenger, Berkley, Colonel. Mrs. Mandeville, hearing them, felt, as she always felt, a vague sense of irritation. It was really absurd the way the dogs carried on. Even Lady Shayne, the new cocker puppy, who had never set eyes on Miss Piper before, seemed to be under the impression that she was greeting a lifelong friend.

When, half an hour later, summoned by the gong, she came down into the drawing-room, she found only Mrs. Mandeville at the tea table.

"Hello, Charlotte," she said and embraced her hostess vigorously. "What's up?" Mrs. Mandeville pinched her lips together slightly. It was of course inevitable that Miss Piper should sniff out any sort of disturbance: they had discovered that years ago. One might as well make a full breast of the situation at the very start. So, pouring tea into the thin green cups and speaking with careful composure, she said, "As a matter of fact, Miss Piper, we're in a rather distressing predicament. Cyril, I regret to say, has most unfortunately become entangled with a—chorus girl."

MISS PIPER said, "Good gracious!" Her mouth fell open; her eyes popped.

Mrs. Mandeville felt a familiar sting of annoyance. She said, "We do not of course wish to exempt him from blame. He has been foolish, but he is very young, Miss Piper. And these women, as one knows, are apt to be quite unscrupulous. We believe, most strongly, that he has been trapped into his position. We believe—"

She went on for several minutes in an orderly fastidious fashion. Cyril apparently had encountered the girl in a more or less casual manner some time ago; he had been out with her a great deal since—for rides, on river picnics—without his family's knowledge; and at last, the day before yesterday, in an off-guard moment, in a spasm (one could only conclude) of acute irrational emotion, he had brought the affair to a catastrophic climax by asking her to marry him.

"I presume," said Mrs. Mandeville, "that we are both sufficiently sophisticated to recognize this type of —ah—situation."

Off she went, leaving behind a small motionless group of moping dogs

"In the toils of a siren," Miss Piper contributed promptly.

Mrs. Mandeville overlooked the insertion. "But Cyril unfortunately doesn't seem able to do so. Although I think we've made him realize—to a considerable extent at any rate—what such a marriage would mean, both to himself and to the entire family, he refuses to question the girl's integrity. Unless she voluntarily frees him, he feels that he is irrevocably bound to go through with the thing. Nothing seems to alter his stand. His father and I have asked her to come here tomorrow morning in private. We are prepared," for the first time her voice sounded shaken, "we are prepared, should arguments fail, to pay her for his release."

MISS PIPER got up early and ran around the big meadow three times. And after that she rushed down to breakfast.

Mrs. Mandeville was just beginning, and Mr. Mandeville just ending, the meal; Margaret and Elinor, two pale-haired delicate-featured girls in dark jerseys and pleated skirts, were eating porridge; and Cyril was standing at the serving table helping himself to bacon—a rather harried-looking young man of twenty-two, with the thin-lipped mouth of one parent and the pinched nostrils of the other.

"You know," Miss Piper announced affably, "I never see you all together without thinking how beautifully well-bred you look. Like Russian wolfhounds or something. One feels you must have been flawlessly sired and damed for generations—"

After breakfast Margaret, Elinor and Cyril, at Mrs. Mandeville's suggestion, changed into riding clothes and went cantering off; at ten o'clock Hunter left for town; at a quarter to eleven he returned; and a few minutes later Miss Piper ambled into the library.

"Morning," she said.

Miss Rosalie Ross, sitting wary and alert in a capacious leather chair, said, "Good morning."

"Oh, you needn't be guarded with me. I'm only Miss Piper. A sort of cousin."

She surveyed Miss Ross with a calm eye. She was decorative, undeniably; with a taut fragility of person, with a small seductive face unexpectedly strengthened by the decisive line of the jaw.

"I suppose," Miss Piper told her, "you realize that the whole household is rocked with emotion. People are lying down with damp handkerchiefs on their brows. Young sisters are rushed off on horses. Fathers are pacing floors and mothers beating their bosoms. Probably the servants are huddled in the cellar, weeping. Let's go outside," she suggested. "If you're fated to be the future chatelaine of the place you'd better have a look round."

ON THE terrace in the wind and sunshine they met three of the dogs.

For a minute or two they were too wildly occupied with adoring Miss Piper to investigate the new figure; then they began sniffing about her. Suddenly they came to a decision: Colonel planted his forepaws on her shoulders and butted her cap off; Berkley, something of a sentimentalist, kissed her throat; and Lady Shayne, seizing a glove out of her lap, tore over to the edge of the terrace at a terrific rate, turned round, tore back again and, quivering with excitement, presented the glove to its owner.

Miss Piper looking down approvingly said, "All right. That'll do. Come along," and with the dogs careering about them they struck off across the green slopes of the garden toward the river.

Miss Piper sat down on the bank; then she lay out flat on her back, with her hands locked behind her head.

"Of course," she remarked, "I'm rather for it myself. New blood, you know. A healthy upheaval. All that sort of thing. But perhaps you'd rather have the money."

"The money?"

"Of course. If you stick your ground the distraught parents will try to buy you off."

Miss Rosalie Ross stiffened abruptly. "Well—of all the—"

"Outrageous impertinence," said Miss Piper. "What do they take me for? A despicable gold-digger? An unprincipled trull? Me—or I, rather—I who would give my very life to make Cyril happy." She paused. "Well, if you don't want money, what do you want? Cyril?"

"Yes."

Miss Piper mulled this over. "You don't mean—you don't by any chance love him, do you?"

Miss Rosalie Ross, still sitting erect, said, "I am very fond of him."

"Good gracious! Are you really?" Miss Piper appeared quite impressed. "I mean—confidentially, you know, between ourselves—Cyril's a nice boy of course, but I've always found him so excruciatingly dull."

There was another pause; then suddenly Miss Rosalie Ross spoke.

"See here," she said, her voice curt, "what are you trying to do? Whose side are you on really, theirs or ours?"

"Alas," Miss Piper deplored, "not theirs or ours, but theirs or yours. He's been recaptured, you know. He practically belongs to them now."

"Because they've bullied him! He didn't before! Not two days ago—"

For several moments Miss Rosalie Ross regarded Miss Piper in silence; then, "This is the first decent break I've ever had. And I'm going to fight for it! I'm not a fool—I know what I'm landing into with a family like this—but it'll be a sight better than—"

Miss Piper said brightly, "Enough! I grasp it. You're Tired of It All!"

"Exactly," said Miss Rosalie Ross.

"Why?" Miss Piper asked after a while. "Aren't you any good?"

"I don't know." She lifted her head in sudden anger. "Yes, I am! But what's the use of being good when you never get a chance to prove it?"

"Quite," said Miss Piper; then, "What are you in? What do you do?"

"Treasure Trove. Chorus work and understudy for Hermione Nettle."

"Good gracious!" Miss Piper seemed arrested. "That woman!"

"Healthy as the devil," Miss Rosalie Ross pronounced bitterly. "Never missed a performance in her life. And never will. Never, never."

Miss Piper said, "But she absolutely butchers it. Anyone can see that. My song, you know."

"Your song?"

"Yes. The 'Will you, won't you' one. I did it last year. In the Pyrenees. I always bear fruit in the Pyrenees. And now she's butchering the thing."

Miss Rosalie Ross had become all at once animated. "But of course she is! She simply drones it out! Like—"

"A consumptive bee. Yes, doesn't she? When a suckling babe could tell that it ought to be sung—"

"Like this," said Miss Rosalie Ross; and sang it.

AFTER a long silence Miss Piper spoke. "And so you're going to marry Cyril."

"And so I'm going to marry Cyril."

"Forever and ever, amen. It will be forever and ever, you know. Entering a convent's nothing compared to entering Mandeville Hall. You come, and you stay. Until you're called home to heaven. All the Mandevilles of course automatically go to heaven. There's that much to be said for embracing the family."

Miss Rosalie Ross shrugged her shoulders, her eyes hardening again. "It's a break. The first, and probably the last. I might as well—"

"Grab," supplied Miss Piper, "while the grabbing's good."

"Well, why not? I suppose you think love—whatever that is—is the only sane reason for getting married."

"You embarrass me," said Miss Piper. "I once almost married a man because he had such lovely horses." She sank into silence for a few minutes. "You see," she said confidentially, "it's like this. My honest heart compels me to warn you of what you're letting yourself in for. Nobody else will, that's certain. Take your choice. Sunk in the manor, or struggling on the stage. Marry Cyril and you know precisely where you are and where you'll remain for the rest of your days. Nice little committee meetings with the local nincompoops; family dinner parties; bed at ten-thirty. Go on the way you're going and you've got a fighting chance to come out on top. You say you're good; maybe you are."

Miss Rosalie Ross was staring at the river; suddenly she spoke—fiercely, impatiently. "Oh, it's no use pulling that line!" she said. "I'm sick of waiting around! Suppose I am good! Who knows it besides me—who's ever going to know it? Have I ever had one single decent chance to prove what I can do? Even to myself! Maybe I'm not good. How can I be sure? Thanks for the warning, but I'll be safe anyway; if I can't have what I want I may as well have that!"

"Ah," said Miss Piper, "I see. The next best thing. Cyril in lieu of what you really want. You're falling back on him, as it were."

"Exactly," affirmed Miss Rosalie Ross. She suddenly laughed. "You don't suppose," she said, "that if I had a chance, even now, to make good—"

Miss Piper looked dreamily into space. "Ah," Miss Piper said again, "I see." Then she got up. "Well, come along. We'd better go back."

"Of course," Miss Piper continued, "they won't let me in on the fray. But you'll be all right, won't you? Hold your ground, any way you want to, but don't let anyone persuade you to do anything definite until Friday morning."

"Friday morning?" Miss Rosalie Ross said blankly.

Miss Piper had bitten largely into an apple and was now staring down at it with a thoughtful eye. "How degrading," she said. "I believe I've eaten a worm."

THAT afternoon Miss Piper, thoroughly in disgrace ("We can't understand it!" Mrs. Mandeville had said. "When you knew what depended upon the interview—you knew, Miss Piper!"), helped herself to the largest and glossiest of the three cars in the garage and, with Lady Shayne, Colonel and Passenger all agog on the front seat beside her, departed for town at a breakneck speed.

In due time she drew up in front of a leading hotel.

A uniformed attendant opened the door of the car and the dogs promptly fell forth, wildly excited. "I'm afraid, Madam—" the attendant began; but Miss Piper swept him majestically out of the way, strode through the entrance and up to the desk.

"Miss Piper," she announced, "to see Miss Hermione Nettle. By appointment."

In the elevator the dogs, their tails wagging, their ears up, stood in a row gazing raptly through the grilled doorway; and at last on the eleventh floor they charged after Miss Piper out of the elevator, down the corridor and into the suite of Miss Hermione Nettle.

It was a large suite, liberally garnished with taffeta cushions and yellow roses; and Miss Hermione Nettle was seated in the center of the main room on a chaise longue having her nails manicured. She let out a shriek as the dogs hurled themselves toward her.

"It's all right," Miss Piper shouted reassuringly. "They seldom bite. How do you do? I'm Miss Piper. I told your secretary that I—"

Miss Hermione Nettle cried: "Take them away! Immediately! Take them away!"

A young woman in a black dress came into the room. The telephone rang. A boy arrived with an armful of pale green packages tied with thin silver twine. The dogs seemed to be everywhere, becoming more and more exhilarated. Passenger butted sociably into the maid; Colonel rushed from person to person, presenting his paw; Lady Shayne was stepped upon and burst instantaneously into an ear-splitting heart-broken wail.

"Oh!" Miss Hermione Nettle cried in an anguished voice. "For heaven's sake—"

But Miss Piper was off ahead of her. Miss Piper had flung her hand theatrically to her brow. "I must go," she said. "Forgive me. This noise, this confusion—I cannot think. You are an artist—you will understand."

Miss Hermione Nettle, abruptly quieted, said, "But you wanted to talk to me. About Franz Wertzell—"

Miss Piper made a second dramatic gesture. "Not here, not now! You must excuse me. I cannot speak in such a disordered atmosphere. We will drive into the country. Somewhere peaceful. I will call for you tomorrow at five-thirty. We will have something to eat at a little inn and talk together there. Come, Passenger; come, Colonel."

"But look here!" Miss Hermione Nettle exclaimed. "I—"

Miss Piper turned for a moment. "Unfortunately," she said, "I am leaving the country at the end of the week. I shall be in Austria next month with my dear friend Franz, so naturally if you are interested in the matter we must discuss it without delay. I don't know of course, definitely, if we can persuade him to adapt the operetta for you—but we can go into it all tomorrow. At five-thirty. And you will forgive me now. You are an artist, you understand. One cannot force oneself—"

Outside again she hustled into the car and the dogs hustled in after her onto the front seat. And then with a magnificent (if illegal) turn in the middle of the street, she started back top speed for Mandeville Hall.

IN DUE time the events of the following evening achieved a certain fame.

To begin with, they drove a considerable distance. "We'll come back," Miss Piper said, "by a different route. So don't worry about the time." Then they had tea at a small and isolated inn where Miss Piper, cup in hand and feet on the fender, embarked upon a complicated enthusiastic description of the operetta which, it had but recently occurred to her, her dear friend Franz Wertzell might be persuaded to adapt for the special use of Miss Hermione Nettle.

At seven o'clock, having covered a great deal of ground but come to no specific conclusions, they left the inn and started back by the different route for town.

Twenty minutes; half an hour passed.

"But look here!" Miss Hermione Nettle exclaimed in sudden consternation. "This is still country!"

Miss Piper peered through the windshield. "Good gracious! So it is."

Another ten minutes passed; and the country continued.

"Isn't it peculiar?" Miss Piper said. "You don't suppose—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

"The bad news for Miss Taft is that I'm here for three years"

Maiden Voyage

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATOR: MATT CLARK

ANTOINETTE TAFT, lovely, high-spirited, is delighted with her job, society editor of the Morning Call in San Francisco. Every night when she goes home to the shabby comfortable apartment, her adoring family gather round to hear the details of the day's work—her elder sister Brenda; her brothers, Cliff and Bruce; and Aunt Meg. Frequently they are joined by Barney Kerr, whose advice Tony seeks when invited to a party by Bessie Cutter, whose lavish salary, given by the managing editor, is not justified by her work at the Call. Barney proposes to Tony, much to her distress. "He isn't in love with me," she tells Brenda, "and I'm not in love with him. I know the real thing when I meet it, Bendy. One day in a newspaper office I met a man—something flashed between us that was nearer love than anything Barney's ever made me feel!"

One day, on an assignment, she meets Ruth Bellamy and is astonished and thrilled to find that her husband, Larry, is the handsome editor of the Journal whom she had met one day in her search for a job. Ruth, ten years older than her husband, melancholy over the death of her seven-year-old son, responds to Tony's zest for life; tells her, "You've been good for me, my dear."

Tony scoops an engagement story; expansive under the approval of Greenwood, the city editor, she says: "Here's something that may interest you: Lawrence Bellamy is going over to the Examiner with the Journal. I know him and his wife quite well. I saw him today and he told me." Greenwood headlines what she has told him about Bellamy, and "Larry's frantic," Ruth phones. "We both know that it wasn't you. Can you find out who gave it to the Call?" Tony is heartsick over her careless indiscretion, and over a call-down from the assistant manager about the methods she'd used in getting her scoop. Finally she goes to Larry's office and sobs out her unhappiness. He is kind, absolves her of any blame; they have dinner together. Tony's spirit soars once more.

The Bellamys take her to Santa Barbara for her vacation; it is a glorious unforgettable week. Monday, at dawn, Tony and Larry start for San Francisco by motor; a truck crowds them off the road; the car overturns. After a moment of sickening horror Tony finds herself suddenly safe and tight against Larry's heart—"Tony, my darling, my darling—you're all right?"

Larry becomes the business and financial editor of the Call. Whenever he encounters Tony, he is pleasant but studiedly casual; Tony, unable to bear it, asks him what's wrong. "Perhaps there's something I ought to say about all this," Larry tells her. Tony, emotionally shaken, bursts into tears.

IV

THE burst of tears ended almost as suddenly as it had begun and Tony felt ashamed of herself, felt that the situation had suddenly gone flat. What was she doing up here in Larry's office making a ridiculous scene, she who despised Mae's obvious methods with men and pitied poor Bessie?

Sniffling and gulping, not looking at him, she fumbled for her handkerchief, blew her nose and wiped her eyes.

"I don't know why I did that," she apologized, swallowing.

Larry was sitting facing her, his big hands on the arms of his chair. The expression of his face was completely non-committal; his fine gray eyes were narrowed and fixed on space. Tony's heart sank as she looked at him; he was not going to help her out.

"You knew I felt that way," she said sullenly.

It was all like a dream. The sense of wearing a new dress and a smart new hat, the odor of gardenias, the setting of the cheaply furnished temporary office, and Larry sitting opposite her with a troubled and stubborn look on his face. The girl had a desperate sudden feeling of suffocation; a desperate need to awaken, to be away from here, somewhere else, somewhere alone in the dark.

"However, if you don't understand me, Larry," she began with broken dignity. And with hands that trembled she gathered up her bag and the new soft white gloves.

"If I did," Larry said suddenly, "then what?"

For a second she stared at him, paling. Then dully, hopelessly she looked away.

"I don't know," she said.

"Exactly," Larry added briefly. There was silence again.

"Don't think I'm glad about it," Tony said standing up. And then confusedly: "I had no idea of—of saying all this—"

After a pause he said a little unnaturally in an everyday voice: "Oh, that doesn't do any harm."

Tony was fitting on the soft new white gloves. "And you'll give my message to Ruth?" she said trying for an ordinary tone.

"I will indeed."

"I'll telephone her and make a tea date." Tony walked to the door, looked back, nodded a good-by and went out, closing the door carefully behind her.

BACK AT her desk in the city room again Tony found herself inclined to talk aloud. From her bag she tumbled out on her desk several odds and ends of paper upon which social notes were scratched. Bendy's wedding was over now and she must get down to business.

"Oh, you fool!" she said under her breath. She ranged the little notes before her without seeing them; slipped a sheet of yellow paper into her typewriter. "What of it—what of it—what *of* it—" she said fiercely. "What do you care what he thinks? He knows I'm crazy about him. What of it? I wish I hadn't gone up there! I could have sent a note. Darling Bendy—she looked so sweet. I wonder how it would feel to be married to a man who made you feel completely crazy, nutty, the way I feel now. Going off with him in a car to Monterey—oh, I wish I hadn't gone up to his office! What did he say? Did he say anything at all? No, he didn't. He just sat there and was sorry for me."

She brought her mind to her notes: the bridesmaids for the di Milano wedding had been chosen. Mrs. James Lee Fairchild and her daughter Miss Janet were leaving for the east, where Miss Janet would be placed in a girls' school. Mrs. J. Kane Kelly was entertaining for her niece Miss Barbara Fairchild.

Tony felt broken and sick; her head ached. She could not seem to keep her mind on what she was doing. At six o'clock she walked home. The walk seemed nothing tonight. The nervous energy that drove her would have carried her on for miles without fatigue or even consciousness. Reaching her own room she changed from her wedding garments jerkily, spasmodically; sometimes hurrying as if driven, sometimes stopping short to fall into restless and feverish thought. There was a telegram; blood rushed into her face and her fingers trembled as she opened it. It was only a few words

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of love and gratitude from San Jose, signed "Brenda and Alvin Atwater."

"They don't care who knows they're bride and groom," Tony thought. "Oh, Larry—Larry!" She put her hands to her head and squeezed her palms against her temples.

In the sitting-room Aunt Meg, Aunt Sally and her daughter Violet, still in their wedding regalia, were upon the inexhaustible subject of Brenda's marriage. Tony sat down, handing the telegram to her aunt.

"See that? She couldn't wait to sign her new name."

"The place seems perfectly forlorn without her," Miss Bruce said tremulously. "It's just the time she usually came home every night, so sweet and amiable always, and so interested!"

THE TELEPHONE rang and Tony sprang to it. Her heart was beating so hard and her senses were in such confusion that it was difficult for a moment to identify the speaker at the other end of the line. Ruth—it was Ruth—

"Hello, Tony! Did you know that I was home? We got home yesterday."

"I did. I telephoned just before I left the office but you were lying down. And I didn't get your dinner message until today."

"We made the run in ten hours! From Los Angeles!" Ruth was happily exclamatory. "I went down there to see my Cousin Ethel and her three delicious girls. I was so tired— Well, Tony, this is what I wanted. Any chance of your coming up to dinner tonight? Just the three of us, and Larry won't be here until half-past seven."

"I'd love it. I can't. My Aunt Sally's here and we're all talking wedding."

"And did Brenda look pretty?"

"She looked lovely. She was awfully pale this morning but when we got to the church—"

"I thought it was yesterday!"

"No, this morning. . . . I suppose I'm saying words," Tony thought, "but I don't know what it's all about."

"Oh well, then, my dear, of course they want you at home. But Tony, I've got to see you," Ruth protested. "What are you doing for lunch tomorrow; can you meet me at the Palace? I've got to go look at a desk for Larry. This is a profound secret, by the way; it's for his birthday. And you come along!"

"Tomorrow's Thursday—I'll be down at the office in the morning," Tony mused aloud. "Yes, I could do that. But I'll have to be back about half-past two."

"One o'clock, then."

Tony went back to the women in the sitting-room.

"That was Mrs. Bellamy."

"You could have gone to dinner, Tony."

"I know, Aunt Meg. But I really didn't want to." She began to straighten the books in the cases; every muscle in her body seemed inclined to jerk and tear; it seemed impossible to go on quietly stacking books; it seemed impossible to speak quietly rather than to shriek. The fever in her soul was like a pain, more dreadful than any pain she had ever known.

Tony stood by the window looking out. The city was mantled in fog now. It was moving softly, stealthily in; she could telephone Larry. About what? About anything. "Larry, I made an engagement with Ruth for tomorrow and now I have to break it, and she doesn't answer her telephone." But she would answer her telephone of course. Chevalier was there to attest that Miss Taft had not telephoned; Ruth would say that he had been there all afternoon.

Oh, was anything ever so dreary as twilight on a cold windy foggy September afternoon! Brenda wouldn't think so, though. She and her Alvin had an apartment of four rooms waiting: little gas stove, little fireplace, cheap little white curtains that Brenda had made, cheap little china set—and Ruth's lovely silver. The bare little sitting-room would be lighted tonight with Bruce's lamp, furnished with Tony's and Clifford's gift: the two fat chairs and the davenport in ribbed dark green corduroy, the narrow long table whose black walnut surface was so cleverly nicked and stained, the "extra" chair with its tavern back and molded seat in dark fruitwood.

TONY WONDERED tonight how much real ecstasy and passion had gone to Brenda's marrying. Love was there of course, but what sort of love? She had been tremendously pleased at Alvin's adoration; she had been maternal and amused; very sure of herself. All her phrases for Alvin were motherly.

That was one way of loving; perhaps the most satisfying of all, to Brenda. But there were other ways. There was the way of a woman of twenty-three and a man nearly ten years older; a way that included admiration, all the respectful homage that a girl loves to give a man, and this tearing agony of physical need too. Brenda had been the first person to discover the charm of Alvin; but everyone adored Larry. There was not a man in the office who had not felt the stimulus and inspiration of his coming. He was forceful, dynamic, an instantly impressive and memorable personality. Alvin had taken his completely happy wife to four rather ordinary rooms in Monterey; Larry—ah, what wouldn't he do—what couldn't he do for the woman he loved!

While she thought her odd restless disconnected thoughts, Tony had been staring out of the window. Now without being exactly conscious of what she did she went into the kitchen, propping the swinging door open so that she could go on with the general conversation.

"How's potatoes Suzette, Aunt Meg, and a salad, and the custard?"

"Oh now, listen," Miss Bruce said with an awakening face. "If you're going to have potatoes Suzette, count your poor old aunt in. We haven't had them for months!"

"Just as easy to do six as four, Aunt Sally."

"Well, my dear, now that you mention it—"

TIME DRONED on; it would always be like this now. Dishes and toast and the foggy view of southern downtown from the window, and the voices of stupid sweet affectionate aunts. Tony's body writhed; she felt as if her soul were writhing.

After a while the Cravens were going, with many weary good-bys. Then Tony was making up Cliff's bed in the sitting-room, touched by Bruce's clumsy help, by Cliff's opening of windows and straightening of chairs; they didn't want her to miss Brenda too much. Aunt Meggy had retired into her room and Tony suspected that she was crying as she got ready for bed.

Everything seemed very quiet and lonesome without Brenda, but as she lay awake that night looking wide-eyed at the angle of moonshine that came down the shaft and kept the room bright, Tony was not thinking of her sister. Her body seemed on springs; there was no sleep anywhere; there was no lying still.

Toward morning she fell into uneasy dream-ridden slumber; Ruth was a small gray mule, Ruth had always been a small gray mule, it seemed, inexplicably married to Larry. It was all quite natural and taken for granted in the dream. They were all going to China on a large ship with newspaper presses crashing and crashing punctually on the deck—

Aunt Meggy waked her at ten. Wasn't there a very important club meeting to settle the question of clean

"Is it who I think it is, Tony?" Brenda said, very low

vegetable markets, that she had to attend at eleven?

"At half-past ten!" Tony ejaculated, out of bed before the apologetic pleasant voice had stopped. "No, no coffee, Aunt Meg. I'm lunching with Ruth; I'll make it up then!"

She was putting on her wedding garments with all possible speed as she spoke: dark blue suit, white frill, dark blue and white hat and the resuscitated gardenias pinned carefully on her shoulder.

She walked two brisk blocks in morning fog, got on a street car, transferred. At twenty-nine minutes to eleven she casually entered the imposing clubhouse, ascended in the elevator with a score of well-dressed middle-aged murmuring women. The chairwoman and a few satellites were already grouped about a little table in the center of the platform and the press women were seated at their own table below. Tony slipped into a chair, laid out yellow paper, murmured to her associates.

OVER THE city the autumn morning brightened into crystal splendor; the fog was gone and the shopping streets were thronged in the warm clear noon. In the clubhouse matters dragged on. Would someone please make a motion? It is moved and seconded—

Tony came out into the street at quarter-past twelve, went down to the empty office and typed a few notes, went out again and walked down to the long cool restful arcade of the Palace. Ruth was there—not a gray mule at all, but quite smart in pale gray cloth, with a gray hat and gray slippers, with violets fresh and fragrant on her coat collar and a gray fur about her shoulders.

"What are you grinning at, you absurd girl?" Ruth asked as they kissed.

"A ridiculous dream I had about you last night."

They followed the head waiter between tables, were established in a quiet corner of the arcade; there were menus, music.

"Crabs are back. Let's have something crabby."

"I always have sand-dabs at the Palace," Tony laughed. "I think I've been here five times in my life," she confessed.

"We used to stay here, Larry and I, and Mother and little Pete, when we first came to California," Ruth said with a little change in her voice. She did not often speak of her son and when she did it was always with this little drop in tone, this flattening of expression.

Tony's own bright face clouded. As her own being, her senses and soul responded to the sweeping first chords of passion, it was becoming increasingly difficult to think of Ruth as anyone's wife, much less the wife of tall dark handsome Larry, or as anyone's mother. It was incredible that there had been a child, a dark handsome eager boy like his father—

"I had no breakfast," Tony said filling the gap. "So you may imagine how food smells to me. I've been at a dull club meeting all morning. The women are going after the wholesale markets down on Jackson and Washington Streets, and they've got the mayor interested. We're going in for it in a big way because the Examiner scooped us on that milk scandal and we think—Fitch said so, anyway—that a lot of that property belongs to them."

"How's Mr. Fitch's lady love?"

"Hanging around. She hasn't written anything for months, but she's always trying to work up something. It's pitiful, I think," Tony said warming to her subject. "Bess will try to get everyone enthusiastic about some picnic, or some party at the Press Club or Solari's, and it's sickening to see that the boys don't warm up to it at all."

"It's horrible. But isn't it just what a woman like that ought to expect?"

"I know, Ruth. But you feel sorry for her just the same."

"He doesn't pay attention to her any more?"

"He's got religion—*and* Mae Muzzy," Tony said simply. "What makes me wild is to see Mae so sure of herself, typing away as if we could ever use a word the way she writes it, and having to consult with him every hour or so."

RUTH WAS not listening. Her alarmed eyes had crossed the big room; now she murmured in annoyance:

"Oh, heavens, did you ever know it to fail! There's Larry! Not a word about the birthday, Tony. Who's with him?"

Larry had been about to seat himself at a near-by table. Now he saw them and came smilingly over to stand with the proud air of an exhibitor beside the round-faced squarely built blond young man who was his companion. Ruth blinked for a minute, half rose with a delighted cry.

"Joe! My dear! Joe Vanderwall! Where on earth did you come from?"

The newcomer stooped to kiss her; was presented to Tony. Tony saw pleasant blue eyes and liked the simple friendly smile. What could he be—Danish, Norse?

"This is—what?" Ruth explained, her faded face a flush of excitement and satisfaction as they all took their places. "Joe, you're my half-brother's son, what does that make me? Step-aunt? Anyway," she said to Tony, "this is Mother's adored grandson, and Carry's brother—you've heard us talk of Caroline?"

"I knew there were children but I thought they were the sandbox and romper size," Tony said. "I didn't know they were grown up. The picture of you, Doctor Vanderwall," she said to the man beside her, "is in uniform."

"Military prep school," he explained, his eyes drinking her in.

The room, that had seemed to rise and turn and waver as Larry came up, settled into place and they were all easily talking together.

"This feller got in on a boat this morning," Larry said. "I tried to telephone you, tried to telephone your mother. No use. So I thought I'd take him to lunch and then try again."

"Well, Joe, you darling," Ruth kept saying happily. Her face was radiant. Tony furtively studied the nephew of whom she was evidently very fond and proud. He looked nice. Fair hair somewhat rumpled; fine big lean brown hands; age perhaps thirty. A doctor? Probably a surgeon. She gathered presently that he was interested in biologic research.

"I'm human, you know," Larry said, breathless. "I'm—human"

She had often heard the names "big Joe" and "little Joe." Big Joe was Ruth's half-brother; Mrs. Patterson was very proud of him. He was a—what was it, an engineer of some sort? Anyway, they had always lived in East Africa, big Joe and his wife, and there were children. Caroline was one of the children, evidently, and this nice Joe another. But somehow Tony had never connected the reputedly fascinating Caroline with the Joes; Ruth had so many relatives and they were all vague and far away to Tony.

IMMEDIATELY Ruth was deep in hospitable plans. Joe must stay with them of course and she would get just a few nice people for a dinner that night. Joe couldn't come that night. He had to dine with a scientist in Berkeley. Tomorrow night, then? Swell. And Tony too? But Tony would have to run away to the Friday Night.

"What is the Friday Night?" asked Joe.

"A dance," Tony explained smiling.

"Could I go?"

"I could certainly get you a card for the dance," Ruth told him. "I'm one of their patronesses. But Tony goes—"

"As the social reporter of the Call," supplied Tony as Ruth hesitated.

"Don't you like to dance?"

"I adore it. But there's a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

All on a Summer's Day

WILLA ROBERTS
ILLUSTRATOR: JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

SOME ARE born to rule, as some to be ruled. Mrs. John Sampson Taylor belonged to the first group and had notably and enjoyably achieved her destiny. She had all the attributes of a natural despot: she was quick, perceptive and decisive; she had energy and persistence and most important of all she knew when to give way. As a child she had ruled the nursery in which she had been the eldest, and now at seventy she was the family oracle.

Yet she was aware of her place in the general scheme of things without being complacent about it—for she was a woman of many and diverse interests. Mrs. Taylor had passed a part of her youth in Paris and had studied with one of the obscure painters of her period. Her studies had borne no fruit on canvas but that obscure artist who had been driven by poverty to give lessons to an idle and fashionable young American had not remained obscure; and that period had long since been recognized as belonging to the great days. At twenty Janet Nason had been no fool and if her talents were dynastic rather than creative she had even then the touchstone that distinguishes fine gold from pinchbeck. She had recognized almost at their true value the gifts of her sardonic and bitter teacher and her days under his tutelage had given her for all her life a respect for achievements outside her own orbit. It had given her as well a lively and abiding interest in what the catalogues call the graphic arts—a taste that her family bore with but did not share.

So when her favorite nephew wrote her a long and confused letter saying he wanted "your advice or I ought to say suggestions as advice should never be asked in my opinion unless I am going to take it. That I cannot say I will do," she replied succinctly, and more grammatically, informing him that she would be in New York on the following Thursday and would be glad to see him at four o'clock in her apartment. She was quite honest in her willingness to advise and help him (synonymous terms) but she was equally pleased to be able to attend a private sale of some prints in which she was interested. So James found her poring over a bright trophy which lay on the table. He gazed at it indifferently while she praised it.

"People are always talking about how times change and how things are different nowadays. I must say I can't see it. Just look at this! And she was Monet's mistress but I can't see that anyone ever stopped buying her pictures on that account or thought much about it either."

JAMES got up and looked at the picture. It seemed to be some sort of nursery scene with a rosy baby leaving its bath for the arms of a mother who was as rosy and benign as the baby. Innocent and felicitous and indescribably winning.

"Who was the French hussy?" said James, fascinated by the contrast of the lady's free life and her domestic drawing.

"She was Mary Cassatt," said Mrs. Taylor, "and she was an American, ignorant boy. What did you want to see me about? Don't tell me you're in love."

Evelyn was conscious of a warm rush of feeling as she turned toward him

"Rich people don't have any fun"

James started. "How did you know?"

Mrs. Taylor looked pleased. "Oh, I'm psychic," she admitted modestly. "You know I always know things before people tell me."

This was true. Years of shrewd observation had taught the genial despot that people will always tell you more than you can ever learn by question and that an attentive ear will rarely go unused.

"Ah," said his aunt, "if it isn't one thing it's another. But I did think you'd had enough. Still, people never learn. *I* never learn that! Come, tell me about it. I hope at least she's not so disagreeable as Louisa."

JAMES looked pained, but before he could speak his aunt answered him.

"You needn't looked so shocked. I've never held with this idea of speaking no ill of the dead. It would be a lot more to the point to spare the living, it seems to me. And you can't deny Louisa was a disagreeable headstrong woman."

"Perhaps she was, Aunt Jenny, but I've come to think I was to blame too. I let her have her own way too much. After all we were both pretty young when we married and I can see now—"

"You're pretty young still—"

"I'm thirty," said James with dignity.

"And how old's your girl?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"That's it, exactly. You see she's only twenty-two and I think this time everything would be different. I'm older and I know a good deal more about how important it is for a man to be master in his own household. And Evelyn is young and—" he hesitated.

"Docile?"

"N-no, I wouldn't say docile, exactly—"

"Well, what seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know," said James dejectedly. "She seems to like me but I can't pin her down to anything. And then we quarrel a good deal. Not quarrel exactly but disagree and argue and never get things settled."

"Oh," said Mrs. Taylor again. She was silent a moment. Then, "Have you told her about Louisa?"

"Yes. I told her I hadn't finished college because I got married my senior year, and that Louisa's family were furious with her for marrying me and you were furious with me for marrying her and that we had gone around the world on some money Louisa had and then when we came home you gave us a house in Cambridge. And I told her Louisa was terribly attractive and I was jealous and we both acted very foolishly. I told her about Louisa asking me to deed her the house and then selling it; and how I hated the car she drove and the way she was always getting arrested for speeding."

"You seem to have covered the ground. Did she gather that your wife was an obstinate creature? Did you tell her Louisa killed herself by her own headstrong foolishness?"

"But, Aunt Janet, she didn't."

"Yes she did, James. I always thought that. I don't doubt she had the right of way, just as the court said, but if she hadn't been so bound and determined not to yield an inch of her rights I don't believe the car would ever have gone over the bank. She was killed by her own character. What did your girl—what's her name?—say?"

"She didn't say anything except she was sorry I'd had such an unhappy marriage and she thought such a painful experience must make the idea of a happy one very remote. It's Evelyn Ware."

"And you said?"

"That's just it. I couldn't say anything. She changed the subject or the peanut man came up or she gave some child a ride on a pony. That's always happening. We were in the park, talking. She likes to go there. She says there's so much to look at and she enjoys the pleasures of the poor. She says rich people don't have any fun."

Mrs. Taylor began to see how it might be hard to keep on one subject.

"Is she poor?" she asked practically.

"I don't know. I guess not. I don't know really. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"No. I'm just trying to get some idea of her and what your difficulty is. It seems elusive."

"That's it. That's just the trouble. She is elusive. I thought if you could just see her and talk to her you might find out what the trouble is."

He looked at her, not like the quiet and self-contained Mr. Brandigo of today, but like the small child she had cherished after her own flock had grown up. She consented, though oddly she felt a little doubtful.

"She's a librarian," said James as if to clear everything up. "She knows about all these things," and he waved at the colored etching with the colored history.

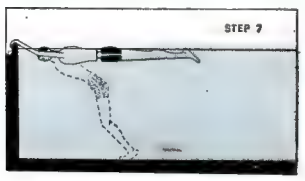
Mrs. Taylor looked unconvinced but as James entreated her with another appealing glance she nodded. "I'll write her a note," she promised and, such was her power, a quarter of an hour later he went off contented.

EVELYN WARE looked at the correspondence on her desk. A letter from the Burns society of an upstate city saying that two of their members would be in town the following Tuesday and would appreciate the privilege of seeing some of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 89]

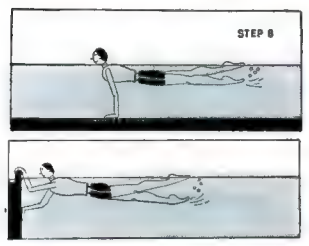
A RECIPE FOR SWIMMING

SANDERSON SMITH (Diagrams by the Author)

Taking hold of the water

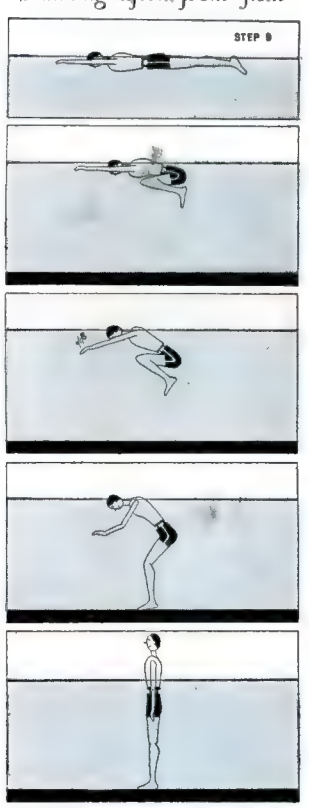


Front float holding rail

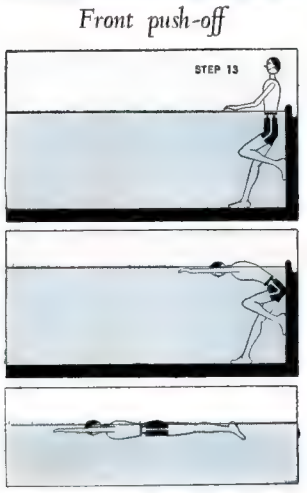


Learning the kick

Standing after front float



Front push-off



A TEACHER of swimming must have three qualifications: experience, intelligence and trustworthiness of character. The need for experience is obvious. Intelligence is essential because he must vary his teaching methods according to the pupils' needs. Character is necessary because the instructor must handle his pupil with the most painstaking care; he must be both gentle and firm. Many people who have the last two requisites lack experience; this article is meant to help them.

This recipe, prepared from my experience as a professional instructor, is for teaching the most efficient method of swimming so far devised, the one which gets the swimmer the greatest distance in the shortest time with the least effort, the American crawl stroke. No one could learn the whole stroke at once; here one simple feat is added to another until the total sum is the crawl. Both children and adults can be taught from this recipe; you need not know how to swim in order to use it (the instructor doesn't have to get into the water unless he prefers to); in fact, from it you can teach yourself to swim.

The most important fundamentals of teaching the crawl are: (1) The pupil must stay in water no more than shoulder-deep. (2) The pupil must learn to relax; this will be the greatest asset.

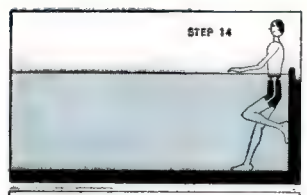
EVERY city and large town has its municipal pools of salt or fresh water where the beginner may practice; and no small community is so far away from some lake, river or shore as not to make the trip worth while for both teacher and pupil. In general, twenty minutes are a good length for each lesson; but make them longer or shorter as seems best at the time. Don't hurry past any step before the pupil has learned what it teaches; it is a good idea to recheck the various steps now and then, in order to master all preceding ones. And don't force the pupil; maneuver him into the mental state of wanting to learn and you'll both fare happily.

Step 1. Ducking. The pupil holds his breath and submerges his face in a basin or tub of cool or lukewarm water. He does not hold his nose; to keep water from entering he can expel air slowly but steadily through it. He should learn to keep his face under for ten or fifteen seconds at least. This step may be done at home before going to the pool.

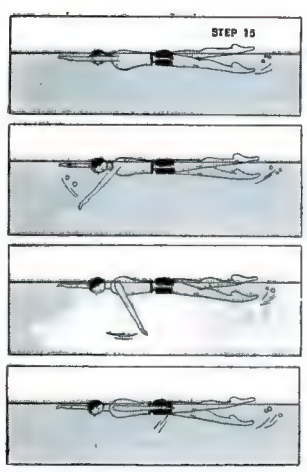
Step 2. Exhaling Under Water. The pupil submerges his face and while it is under exhales vigorously through his nose. He must not of course inhale water. This too may be done at home.

Step 3. Taking Hold of the Water. The pupil walks back and forth in waist-deep water and assists himself by using his hands as oars. He presses the water with the palms, not the backs, of his hands, and takes long sweeping

FIGURES ON DIAGRAMS REFER TO THE STEPS IN THE TEXT

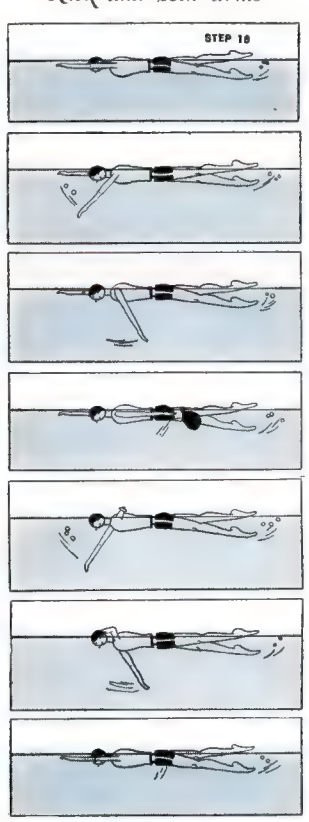


Push-off and kick



Kick and left arm-stroke

Kick and both arms



strokes, moving his hands either simultaneously or alternately. His wrists are straight and his hands very slightly cupped; it is very important that he keep his fingers pressed together. This exercise helps the pupil get used to the water and teaches him to grip the water with his hands. It should be repeated at intervals until step 10.

Step 4. Ducking. The pupil holds his breath and ducks under water in the pool. He may hold on to the railing or overflow trough.

Step 5. Opening Eyes Under Water. The pupil ducks under water, holding one hand several inches from his face. While he is under he opens his eyes and looks at his submerged hand. Learning to keep his eyes open under water will heighten his confidence immensely.

Step 6. Exhaling Under Water. The pupil submerges his face in the pool and then exhales vigorously, as in step 2. This should be repeated at intervals until step 17.

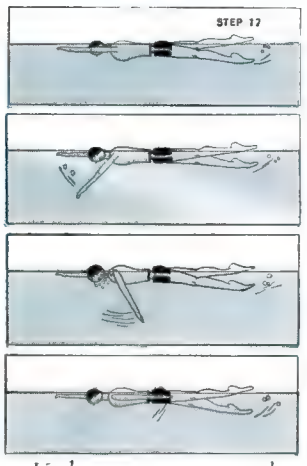
Step 7. Front Float Holding Rail. The pupil stands in chest-deep water facing the pool wall. He grasps the pool rail or trough with both hands, then takes a deep breath, puts his face in the water, lies down, straightens his body and relaxes. He has only to remain in this position for a few seconds and he will be floating at the surface. He must not support himself on the rail. He must *not try* to float. If he will relax and simply allow himself to float, he will do so.

Step 8. Learning the Kick. For this the pupil must be in the swimming position, floating face-down in the water. There are two easy ways for him to maintain this position: he can rest his hands on the bottom at a spot where the water is as deep as the length of his arm, or he can use his arms as a bracket, gripping the rail or trough with his left hand and bracing his right hand against the wall about eighteen inches under water and directly beneath his left. For this exercise he keeps his face out of water so he can breathe.

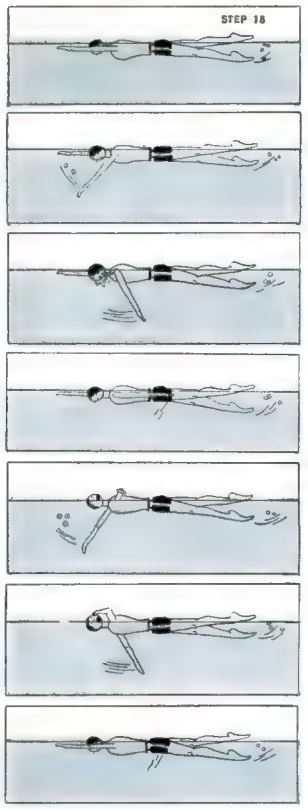
WHEN HE is in position he beats his feet alternately down into the water about twelve inches and returns them to the surface. His knees are straight, his toes are pointed and slightly pigeon-toed and he kicks from his hips rather than from his knees. He kicks in the tempo of a fast run, and he kicks rhythmically—the exact speed is not important; it is very important that the kick be rhythmic, and that each foot kick as hard as the other. He does not push the water with the soles of his feet. He gets all his power from the pressure of his insteps and the tops of his toes against the water on the *downward* beats. The up-beats do nothing more than return the feet to position for more down-beats.

In order to swim crawl, one must be in a horizontal position in the water. The crawl kick has two functions, keeping the feet near the

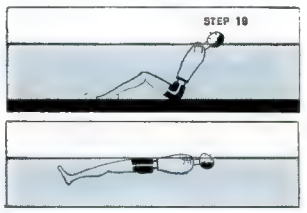
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]



Kick, use one arm and exhale

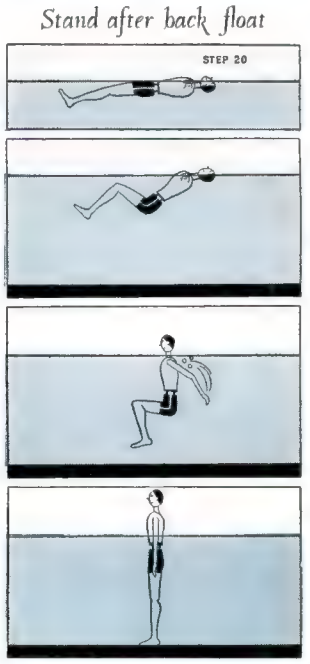


Kick, use both arms and breathe



Back float

Stand after back float



Love and the Lieutenant

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATOR: NORMAN PRICE

"Herr Lieutenant, do you really think you care for me?"

AT THE outbreak of the Rebellion Grey Seadrift had remained loyal to England and had joined His Majesty's army. Later Lieutenant Seadrift was a member of George the Third's mission to Germany to hire troops. This did not prove easy for in spite of the cupidity of most of the German princelings, they were reluctant to sell their subjects. Some said this was due to the opposition of Baron von Lessing prompted by his American wife and her sister.

Grey was appointed to spy upon the Lessings but unfortunately for his duty he at once fell in love with the charming baroness. As the months passed although she did not encourage his love she did not send him away. Finally the first regiments sailed for North America under the command of General von Riedesel. In spite of Grey's vigilance the baroness, a close friend of von Riedesel's wife, slipped away when she and the general's children followed him. Grey sailed at once for Canada only to find that the baroness had remained in England.

By the summer of 1777 the English army under General Burgoyne was ready to march south to meet General Howe who was supposed to be moving toward Albany from New York. Lieutenant Seadrift was present at the capture of Ticonderoga but the pleasure of his first action was somewhat dimmed by his desire to return to the baroness who had finally arrived in Canada a few days before the campaign began. After the retreat of the American troops, General Burgoyne called a staff meeting to try to discover how his plans had become known to the Americans and why so many Germans and Canadians had deserted. Nevertheless no one was able to offer an explanation and the meeting broke up with Burgoyne's decision to go to Albany by Skenesborough and Fort Anne rather than by Lake George.

III

THE DRY crackle of rebel rifle fire broke out ahead in the dense woods, followed by solid volleys from General Fraser's leading battalions of light troops.

As I forced my startled horse forward to come up with my baron, I rode near to some of General Fraser's troops who, entangled in thick brush and swamps, were floundering there in something like a panic while the rebel rifle bullets whistled among the trees.

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Sweating British officers, trying to check the flight of their bewildered men, bawled hoarsely at me that they were being outflanked and that I should find General Riedesel and report the critical situation of General Fraser's entire command.

I shouted back to them that I would do so; and even as I wheeled my nag to spur out into the main road, I could see scores of dead or wounded redcoats lying in the swamp and could hear the rebel riflemen cheering.

Before I reached General Riedesel I passed more than a score of our poor Brunswickers lying hurt or stone dead under the heavy belt of musket smoke. I saw Cleve cheerily conducting a bewildered German battalion toward the right.

When the baron noticed me he said calmly: "I know that the British advance is outflanked. We are remedying that very nicely. Remain near me, if you please, Mr. Seadrift."

Indeed his diversion in Fraser's favor already had begun and its effects very quickly became apparent. Rebel cheering ceased; nothing now came from their riflemen except a distant dropping shot here and there.

"They fight their rear-guard action very fiercely," said the baron. "You are right, Seadrift; these people are not cowards."

That night we made a most miserable camp. St. Luc's savages got drunk with rum and prowled about our outer pickets so fiercely and persistently that the general gave orders to shoot any Indian approaching a German outpost.

That night more than a dozen furtive Canadians deserted with their arms and accoutrements—God help them!—for I do not doubt that the Hurons got them before they reached the nearest rebel outposts. Two more Brunswick soldiers also went to the enemy—or, more likely, to their German *Gott*.

At daylight our jägers resumed their pursuit of the retreating light infantry of General St. Clair; and I saw

the rebel prisoners we had taken—a sorry ragged starved-looking set. And again it gave me a strange sense of satisfaction to see how defiantly they regarded us—none among them seeming afraid or even disheartened, but bearing themselves in their rags and blood like very men.

About noon a terrible commotion occurred somewhere ahead of us. A British regiment came into view presently in full retreat, but retiring in some sort of order, and their rear ranks blazing away at an unseen enemy which we could neither discover nor even hear.

We marched forward, however, to the sound of musketry; but the enemy had gone off after driving this British battalion away from Fort Anne; and had burned the fort and set fire to the forest.

THERE IN this fearful and smoking forest were a few clearings, roads, rough farmhouses and fenced fields. And I am very sorry to say our Germans began marauding and plundering and brutalizing these remote and unhappy people.

General Johnny was in a fine rage when he heard of this and sent Sir Francis Clerke to our baron with instant representations. Our good baron, who thought plundering a legitimate part of war, was both irritated and mortified at the message. But he issued strict orders; and after several Hessians and Brunswickers had been caught marauding and had been severely whipped, things went better. But the mischief had been done; every man, woman and child in the entire northern region began to fear and detest the very sight of a German or British uniform; and the excesses and brutality of our jägers and grenadiers promised to prove a bad business for this army.

I cannot properly describe to you the shaggy wilderness in which our regiments, artillery and wagons had now become inextricably entangled. The enemy ax-men had felled huge trees on both sides of the roads so that they lay across lengthwise, their vast limbs and branches intertwined in an almost impassable barrier.

Our wretched sappers and pioneers were obliged to bridge half a hundred swamps and creeks; one corduroy road alone was two miles long and ran through a morass. Our horses began to give out; scores of army wagons broke down; General Johnny warned all officers to reduce their baggage; and many among the line officers retained only a tent and a knapsack. And yet there were nearly four hundred women and children in the army, plodding along afoot, or a-horse, or in wagons.

It took us twenty days to march from Skene's house south to Fort Edward—which was at a rate of about a mile a day, artillery and wagons bumping, jerking, scarcely seeming to move at all between dawn and dark.

There was little firing during our painful march and no real fighting; but every day rebel scouts and rebel Indians, slinking on our laboring flanks, took a few murderous shots at us.

Our flour and salt beef, out of England, were nearly gone. We had news out of Canada, however, couriers and runners arriving and departing almost daily. But the news they fetched told us nothing about our other two armies, or whether General Howe was coming up from New York to meet us, or whether Colonel St. Leger had as yet stormed Fort Stanwix and was possibly already marching east along the Mohawk to join us.

There was a man who called himself "Colonel" Skene of Skenesborough—which is now Whitehall—who joined General Johnny's staff after our fierce little fight with Colonel Warner's light troops.

He was the most talkative man I ever met, one of those gentlemen who know everything and everybody and are generously prepared to give good advice to God himself.

His vast acreage was a property including all that wilderness we had traversed, and dotted with settlements where his frontier tenantry were trying to make clearings, sow grain and till a few stump-ridden fields.

This Skene saw in his fatuous brain as vast broad acres yellow with phantom wheat and corn, teeming with ghostly sheep and cattle! He saw, in his mind's eye, an increasing and prosperous population, devoted to him as overlord and loyal to their King.

And this vain deluded incredibly stupid man—this "Colonel" Skene of Skenesborough!—so cocksure, so plausible, so ingratiating, was received by our General Johnny, admitted to intimacy, listened to, believed and his half-crazed advice not only seriously considered in council, but followed!

And this—when that honest wise brave experienced soldier, General Baron Riedesel, was excluded from British councils of war!

THE FIRST time I saw Skene of Skenesborough, he and General Johnny, Sir Francis Clerke and my Lord Balcarres were at table, laughing, singing, cracking bottle after bottle of claret and champagne; and the handsome Mrs. Lightways sat beside our General Johnny with one fair hand dropped over his gilded shoulder.

Well, I did my errand at headquarters, was treated handsomely, even affectionately, by these gentlemen in their merry cups and received a few languishing looks from Mrs. Lightways.

Then back again to our German camp where our worried baron sat fighting mosquitoes and poring over the unreliable maps furnished us, silently cursing every quarter of an inch which represented some agonizing mile along our endless road.

"There is an express come in from Three Rivers with German mail," said he lifting his anxious perplexed eyes. "My wife torments me in several letters to permit her to join me; and God knows I want her; but, Seadrift, I can't let her join me in such a situation as this!"

He took the letter which General Johnny had scribbled at table and had handed to me to transmit.

"There's mail for you also, Herr Lieutenant," said Riedesel, motioning toward the table.

I seated myself on a camp-chair and broke the seal of a thick letter—the second missive that ever I had received from the loveliest lady in the world:

"My gay and engaging Friend,

"I promised you a letter. I perform my promise. I fulfill all prescribed forms and formal courtesies by inquiring:

"First—Are you in health?

"Second—Are you alive?

"Third—Are you victorious?

"Believing that you have not completely forgotten your extremely timid correspondent, I venture to give you a brief history of myself since I said farewell to you at Chambly Fort.

"I traveled to Three Rivers with Madame von Riedesel, where I left her nicely lodged. I then continued on to La Chine where I found a lodging prepared for me.

"However, I languish and am restless and impatient to get on to Albany; and can scarce endure to await General Burgoyne's permission to join his army and travel thither—as Madame von Riedesel expects to do.

"She writes to me that her husband has promised to let her join him as soon as the Americans are in retreat from Fort Edward; and that then it will be an easy matter to take boat and drop down the Hudson to Albany where General Howe is to meet General Burgoyne and end the war by the end of August.

"So you may expect to see me at no distant date.

"Well, sir, here ends my promised letter; and I hope it pleases. For, although you may not quite believe it, I really am desirous of pleasing you, Herr Lieutenant.

"Therefore, sir, believe me to be your obliged and faithful friend who perhaps one day may sign her name to so rash and tender a confession of friendship, but who now merely bids you to think of her not unkindly.

"Good night, Herr Lieutenant!"

OUR GERMAN division left the ruins of Fort Anne and lay for a while near Castleton, watching for an enemy who never appeared; and early in August General Johnny called our whole contingent back to the main army.

The column was done for; a bitter day for the British army

Their drums struck up accompanied by the cracking of rebel rifles; the grenadiers burst into song

Baron Riedesel confided to me that he had dispatched Captain Willoe of the brigade staff to go to Madame Riedesel in Canada and conduct her, her children and servants, and the Baroness von Lessing to his headquarters.

"I am sorry I did it," said he, "but I thought, when we arrived at Forts Anne and Edward, that we were at least on the edge of civilization."

WHILE he was still talking to me, General Johnny, followed by General Phillips, General Fraser and Colonel Baum, came in with Sir Francis Clerke in attendance and followed by that chattering jackass "Colonel" Skene.

After salutes and bows all around, our orderlies laid a cloth on headquarters table and there was a smoking pot-pie of wild pigeon, cold venison and several dozen of claret.

"General," said General Johnny to Riedesel, "your dragoons ought to be mounted!"

"I know that," said Riedesel with a shrug; "but I cannot mount them on the wild deer of these forests."

There was a general laugh.

General Johnny laid his hand on the shoulder of "Colonel" Skene:

"Sir," said he to the baron, "our military intelligence officer, who has lived long in these regions and who knows the temper of the settlers better than anybody else, assures me that the entire region beyond Fort Miller is loyal to His British Majesty; that the peasantry only await our appearance among 'em to rise and join us; and, best of all, that these honest settlers are ready and eager to furnish us with fresh provisions; and, more than that, that they will fetch us enough horses to mount your regiment of dragoons!"

There ensued a sort of charmed and happy silence, broken dryly by the baron: "And where, sir, is this Arcadian Utopia and its celestial inhabitants who are going to do all these things for us?"

Then that empty-headed Philip Skene let loose like a squirrel: "The rebels are badly scared! Believe me, gentlemen, all they dare hope for is a little plunder from our abandoned camps—a bone here—a rag there—for they've scarce a pair o' breeches or a crumb o' bread among 'em! All we have to do is to march out to Fort Miller. They all know me; I can furnish you five hundred recruits in a day! I can furnish cattle, horses, forage, provisions.

"All you need do is to send Colonel Baum with the dragoons to Bennington where the rebels have a vast depot of supplies; and I pledge you my honor, every dragoon will return on horseback driving before him enough fat cattle to supply the entire army with beef on this campaign!"

He stopped his gabble from sheer lack of wind and General Johnny clapped the garrulous idiot on the shoulder and said gayly to Colonel Baum: "Do you hear, sir, what Colonel Skene tells us?"

"*Ja*," grunted the stolid colonel, his little pig-eyes fixed stupidly on Skene.

"A detachment is sufficient," continued General Johnny, beaming effulgently with hope and wine.

I alone heard our baron's guttural but smothered: "*Herr je! Gott bewahr uns!*"

Toward evening I was standing before my tent, sorting letters which had just arrived by Quebec courier and sealing in a single packet such as should be carried forward to General Riedesel who, with Lieutenants Cleve and Dufais, and escorted by Colonel Baum's dismounted cavalry, had pushed on toward Fort Miller—wherever that might be. The plan was General Johnny's; Riedesel dissenting; Skene urging. So my baron started.

JADED couriers continued to arrive with certain news that Colonel St. Leger had invested Fort Stanwix and that the main rebel army was at Stillwater near Albany.

German and British infantry were still marching out of Fort Edward toward Fort Miller when I sealed the packet for German headquarters and sent the express galloping off to my baron; and with it, a dirty noisy body of Canadian Indians went off yelling and flourishing hatchet and gun, followed by the Canadian battalion, now shrunk to half its numbers by incessant desertion.

Just then Lord Petersham rode up. I gave him the mail sack for General Burgoyne. Some of St. Luc's savages, loping along, paused to stare at Petersham's brilliant scarlet uniform; and one of them even had the impudence to finger his polished silver spurs.

"Get out, you greasy dog!" said Petersham kicking at him with stirruped boot.

St. Luc, in his gaudy buckskins and fringes, heard him and shouted, in fury, "The commander-in-chief shall hear of this! I'll have you to know, Monsieur, that I and my Indians are to be respected and not insulted in this manner!"

"Be pleased, Monsieur, to go to the devil," said I, "and take your savages with you!"

AT THAT he pulled at his belted hatchet and I took my horse pistol by the barrel and started toward him with every determination to knock his painted face in; but our German chaplain, Brudenel, seized me, and Monsieur Langlade grabbed St. Luc and fairly dragged him away among his excited savages who immediately resumed their trail, yelling and capering their derision and defiance.

Petersham said to me: "We are certain to hear of this, Mr. Seadrift."

"These Frenchmen and their savages will abandon us at our first reverse anyway," said I. "Let them go now, if they choose."

"Yes," said he uneasily, "but General Johnny has been at some pains to placate them; and if St. Luc runs to him with loud and Gallic cries, you and I may be sent home in disgrace."

That wasn't a pleasant prospect. But I very soon

forgot the matter, being burdened with more important business incident to my baron's recent departure toward Fort Miller.

But now that empty-headed ass Skene came to interrupt me and inquire for his own private mail.

Captain George Pausch, the competent Hessian gunner, particularly disliked Skene; and when the latter went galloping off with his mail, broke out into guttural curses.

"*Ach*," said he, "that *dummer Kerl* will be the ruin of the army yet!"

FREEMAN of our staff came up and, overhearing us, said with a hearty oath: "The trouble with this army is that we have been underestimating the ability of the rebel officers and the courage of the Continentals."

"Always and ever since I drew sword," I replied, "in the cause of King and Government, I have protested against the contemptuous attitude of British officers and soldiers toward my misguided American countrymen. But it does no good. And sometimes, gentlemen, I almost wish I believed what such honest folk as Generals Greene and Washington believe—that my King really is a tyrant, and that British government is a failure! So exasperated do I become sometimes by the silly talk I hear—"

"Oh, stop your prattle," said Freeman. "I have plenty of trouble myself with those thirty wagons."

General Johnny had thirty wagons for his own personal baggage; and these, with the enormous train of supplies, battery after battery of artillery, herds of cattle, horses, oxen, and more than four hundred women, were becoming a terrific strain on the resources and movements of this army.

Pausch remarked bitterly that the plan was to cut down the artillery but not General Johnny's thirty wagons.

As I turned away and entered the marquee to superintend the packing up of my baron's more personal baggage, one of General Phillips' orderlies rode up to inform me that some ladies had just arrived in one chaise and a big calèche and were inquiring for Baron Riedesel and for me.

You may believe that I left the marquee in a hurry and at the lintel almost stumbled over Baroness von Riedesel and her children. The little ones cried out joyously at sight of me and ran and clung to my arms and legs and sword so that I could scarce make out to kiss the kind plump hand the baroness extended to me.

Then, looking anxiously around, I caught sight of my beautiful Baroness Lessing, lovely beyond words.

That was a heavenly moment! I called a courier and sent him galloping to Fort Miller to find my baron.

WE SEATED ourselves on the trunk of a felled maple tree facing the river. Delicate tints of sunset illumined her face; she sat motionless, her narrow clasped hands resting on her knee.

"Are you truly rejoiced to see me, Mr. Seadrift?" she asked smilingly.

"Life is a very miserable affair when you are absent!" I said so earnestly that she seemed a trifle disconcerted.

"I hoped you had been cured by this time of any ardent intent toward me."

"I am long since beyond the aid of any physician save one, Madam."

"Do you think your case so desperate? Wait, my friend, until you encounter the next and newest demoiselle whose pretty but mindless features stir your inflammable fancy to romantic flame!—and I don't mean Bettina Follaire, either," she added somewhat hastily as a handsome fresh-faced girl walked past.

"It is of real love I speak, Madam."

"Oh, what is 'real love,' after all?" said she with gay impatience.

"Madam, you speak like one disillusioned. But that cannot be, because all know you are happily married."

"Do you also believe it, sir?"

"I—have been sorry to suppose so."

"Oh. And, supposing so, you have dared tell me that you are in love with me?"

"I can't help being in love with you, Madam."

"But you can help making love to me, can't you?"

"No," said I sulkily, "I can't."

Just then we caught sight of some ladies walking with General Phillips. Two of them were handsome—one, on the arm of Lord Balcarres, particularly so; and caught my eye again—for she was that same fresh-faced damsel who had just passed.

"Who are they?" I asked curiously—already guessing.

"The taller is Captain Foy's wife. The other mi—" I thought she was going to say "minx," but she said "person"—and went on coolly—"the other person is Mrs. Foy's younger sister, Bettina Follaire. And the three others, with Sir Francis Clerke and Major Acland, are Mrs. Harnage, Mrs. Reynall and Major Acland's lady. . . . Will you be pleased to show me my tent?"

We rose and walked toward the tent which stood next to the Baroness Riedesel's quarters.

The Baroness von Lessing demurely gave me my congé with a low-murmured thanks; and I went over to General Burgoyne's headquarters, all a-tremble with adoration.

The general-in-chief, it appeared, was supping privately with the lively Mrs. Lightways. So I continued on to the tent of his aids-de-camp, where I discovered them also at supper and engaged in excited conversation.

They bade me welcome, making room for me to sup with them, and I seated myself and listened in some surprise to what they were saying.

It seemed that General Johnny had just come back from the advanced corps beyond Fort Miller and was to return this same night in order to continue in touch with Fraser's light troops and Indians who had crossed the river to Saratoga.

"We are packing up," said Sir Francis Clerke to me. "Breymann has marched over the Batten Kill; and it seems that Colonel Baum, with the dragoons, has been in contact with a body of rebel riflemen somewhere near a mill of some sort, on the Bennington road. He has sent back word that he needs more troops and General Johnny intends to order Breymann to reinforce him if necessary. We're all going on tonight. By the way, your baron is on his way here to meet his wife and children."

It had grown so dusky in the tent that candles were lighted. But I remained only long enough to taste a glass of wine; then made my adieux and walked back toward German headquarters where the Baroness Riedesel and the children anxiously awaited the baron's return.

I WAITED upon Madame Riedesel; the children were abed and asleep; our plump baroness was eating sausage.

"*Ach*, dear Herr Lieutenant," said the pretty blue-eyed lady, "do you really believe that my husband will arrive tonight?"

"Yes," said I, "General Burgoyne's staff officers say he is on his way. But it is a long ride, Madam, and he may not arrive until very late. You should lie down and try to sleep a little."

Toward ten o'clock she finished her supper and consented to lie down on her husband's camp bed; and I went out into the still star-spangled night. And, passing the unlighted tent of the Baroness von Lessing, saw her standing there

When she noticed me she merely gazed at me without any greeting; but suffered her hands to remain in mine as I bent and covered them with kisses.

"Herr Lieutenant," said she, "do you think that you really do care for me? I mean gently and generously?"

"In every way, Madam, as God listens to me—"

"I beg you not to be perpetually kissing me. I need counsel, not kisses, Herr Lieutenant. . . . Very well, you may keep your sword arm around me if you think it necessary. . . . I have to tell you that I've just received a very strange letter from General Burgoyne. He writes me that he has received from Colonel Faucitt in Germany a letter which troubles him; and that this letter concerns me."

A CHILL crept through me. I had quite forgotten that this charming woman was considered dangerous; and had proved to be so; and that I had been detailed to watch her behavior if she came to the army and to arrest her if she attempted to stir up discontent among the German troops or incite them to desert to the enemy.

I said with an effort: "Madam, your sympathy with the rebel cause is known to Colonel Faucitt. It is known in England also. Naturally your actions are watched. But personal opinion is one thing and personal conduct another. And I cannot believe that because in Germany you and your husband bitterly opposed the hiring of German troops, you now would attempt to sow discontent and mutiny among them here in America."

"And if by any unfortunate chance my innocent behavior should displease General Burgoyne? Or you?"

"Whatever your opinions," said I, "you would be mad to meddle. You would be stupid! And God knows you are not that."

She gave me a shyly humorous look: "God knows, sir, that I have all I can do to defend my person and my virtue without attempting to seduce an entire German army to misconduct!"

She stepped nearer and laid her hands against my breast.

"Moreover," said she, "I have a very desperate business to occupy me—which is to keep you faithful to the romantic passion which you say you have conceived for me. And not permit some other woman to ensnare you."

"Madam, I love you madly—"

Her uncontrolled laughter interrupted and exasperated me, and the next instant I had her in my arms and covered her face with kisses.

Fragrant, flushed, dumb, she endured the embrace as though hopeless of avoiding the tender storm which her mockery had evoked.

God knows what my broken words and sighs were telling her or what she replied; but of a sudden the drumming of heart and pulse was stilled as the heavy gallop of horses dominated their tumult.

She sprang back into her tent, as I, torn from my mad dream, released her and turned, dully confused, to be blinded by the red glare of torches in my eyes and found myself surrounded by a whirlwind of Hessian horsemen.

I SAW Baron Riedesel pull in his big sweating battle horse, swing his bulky body to earth, hold out his arms to a plump white barefoot figure at the door of his own tent.

"Thou, Seadrift!" called a familiar voice from a spangled saddle—and I recognized Ensign Count von Guilder, astride a madly dancing horse.

"From where do you arrive, Kurt?" I asked.

"From the Moulin de Sainte Croix where our dragoons are in noisy touch with the enemy! Our baron goes back there in the morning. Have you heard what Breymann is doing this side Batten Kill?"

I had not heard. Sir Francis Clerke touched my elbow: "Better go to bed, Seadrift, for I think Baum is making heavy weather of it out Bennington way. We'll all be in the saddle again by sunrise."

I slept fitfully but waked before daybreak and got up. A driving mist dampened the air. It was Friday, the fifteenth of August.

When at length I was dressed, and had swallowed a cup of coffee, I went out.

My orderly whispered that an express had just ridden in from Colonel Baum and that the officer of the guard had taken the packet to General Burgoyne.

Even as he spoke I saw Sir Francis Clerke coming toward me.

"Where is General Riedesel?" he whispered.

"Asleep."

"Well," said he, "you must awaken him. General Burgoyne wishes him to order Breymann to join Colonel Baum."

"Very well," said I, "come on."

At the door of the marquee I saw the chasseur, old Rockel, fussing about and sent him in to call the baron.

He came to the tent door in his nightshirt, blinking, troubled, squinting at us through the candlelight.

"Read it," said he to me bluntly.

The note from General Johnny said that Breymann was to be ordered to Bennington in consequence of good news received from Baum.

"Good news!" grunted my honest baron. "Strange orders for good news, gentlemen." And, to Sir Francis: "I thank you, Herr First Adjutant. Have the goodness to make acceptable my compliments to General Burgoyne, and say to him that his orders shall be obeyed!"

It was raining hard when George Pausch rode out with his Hessian guns, ammunition and wagons.

"No," said he leaning from his wet saddle to shake my hand, "I am not going to Breymann. He moves with his guns from the Batten Kill."

As the artillery jolted by, General von Riedesel in full uniform came out of his tent and took our salutes impassively.

"Damnable weather," he grunted. Then, gutturally, in my ear: "Let General Burgoyne give his own orders. I sent a Brunswick staff captain to him so that it might be plain that the orders go directly from him to Breymann. . . . What a cursed idea! And plenty of British light troops for the job. . . . I wash my hands of the whole business. I am ordered, but never consulted. Or, if consulted, I am bullied and overruled!"

ON THAT gloomy Friday, under sagging skies and through a heavy rain, the rear guard, train, baggage, beef herd and troops of our strange army marched for the Batten Kill.

I don't exactly know when General Johnny departed; he and his staff were already gone before our headquarters moved cumbrously out over a flooded road nearly hub-deep in mud.

That distressing and ponderous German march to the Batten Kill was a heart-breaking and miserable affair. Lieutenant Willoe and I were detailed to assist the ladies; and so, through the driving rain, I sometimes had an opportunity to ride beside the rickety old chaise of my inamorata.

A war party of savages in their rain-bedewed paint kept pace with us; and though St. Luc had gone off with the bulk of the Indians, I did not like to see these ferocious warriors loping along like wolves.

Twice we had to slash at them with our riding whips to drive them away from our [CONTINUED ON PAGE 36]

Which Campbell's Soup will you select today?

Each one has its own special delight to the appetite!

ASPARAGUS
Purée of luscious asparagus, enriched with butter, garnished with tender tips. Strictly vegetable. Makes delightful Cream of Asparagus.

BEAN
Substantial, old-fashioned Bean Soup—purée style—made from choice beans thoroughly cooked with bacon pork.

BEEF
A thick, hunger-satisfying soup containing hearty diced meat, vegetables and barley—blended in beef broth and deliciously flavored with purée of tomatoes.

BOUILLON
A clear soup, made from choice beef, blended with herbs, vegetables and aromatic spices. Invigorating!

CELERY
A smooth purée with celery garnish. Made from the choicest quality celery and the finest of creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Makes delicious Cream of Celery.

CHICKEN
Not just a *broth*—it's the real Chicken *Soup* with tender pieces of chicken meat and rice. Deftly blended with celery, onion and seasoning.

CHICKEN-GUMBO
A famous Southern Creole chicken and vegetable style soup—flavored with okra and tomato. Unusual!

CLAM CHOWDER
A hearty soup of the sea. All the broth and meat of juicy clams—flavored with tomatoes—and garnished with potatoes and onions.

CONSOMMÉ
The formal soup. Beautifully clear. A rich beef broth, lightly seasoned—and delicately flavored with vegetables.

JULIENNE
Dainty, clear, sparkling consommé, garnished with whole peas and shredded vegetables.

MOCK TURTLE
Closely resembles the famous and expensive Green Turtle Soup (thick). Beef broth, tomatoes, celery, herbs, toothsome pieces of meat, richly blended with sherry.

MULLIGATAWNY
An unusual Oriental style chicken soup. Laden with flavorous vegetables, herbs and seasoning. Combined with East India chutney and curry. Very different.

MUSHROOM (Cream of)
A purée made from choicest cultivated, whole, fresh mushrooms blended with fresh, double-thick cream—liberally garnished with mushrooms.

MUTTON
Mutton broth garnished with diced mutton, barley and vegetables—splendid for children and invalids.

NOODLE with chicken
Good old-fashioned style Noodle Soup—rich in chicken. A full-bodied chicken broth containing hearty egg noodles and delicious pieces of tender chicken meat.

OX TAIL
Vegetables, barley and sliced ox tail joints in an ox tail broth. A famous English soup. Delightfully flavored with fine sherry.

PEA
Purée of delicious, nourishing peas blended with finest creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Even more nourishing served as Cream of Pea.

PEPPER POT
A man's soup! From an old Colonial recipe. The real famous "Philadelphia Pepper Pot" with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasoning and meat. Just try it!

PRINTANIER
Exquisitely blended chicken and beef consommé with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice—a most tempting delicacy.

TOMATO
The glory of the tomato in the most delicious soup you ever tasted! Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a sparkling purée enriched with finest creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Serve it too as Cream of Tomato.

VEGETABLE
It's a meal in itself—a delightful, easily digested luncheon or supper. 15 fine garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth. A great family favorite everywhere.

VEGETABLE-BEEF
To please the extra-hungry. Real old-fashioned Vegetable Soup—rich beef broth, thick with vegetables and substantial pieces of meat.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Let a Champion *Jelly Maker* Explain this Modern Way

Mrs. Effie A. Mills, of Detroit, Michigan, won 43 prizes in all for her entries in the Michigan State Fair last year. She now uses Certo in all her prize-winning jams and jellies.

Mrs. Effie A. Mills, champion jelly maker, contrasts the modern Certo method of jam and jelly making to her grandmother's old-fashioned method.

"IN the chart above," says Mrs. Mills, "you can see the difference in the two methods of making jellies.

"I never used Certo until 1927. But now I use it in every jelly and jam I make.

"The Certo method, as you can see above, is much quicker, and because you get half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit, each glass costs less.

"Then, too, because the fruit does not boil off in steam, your finished jams and jellies have far more of the delicious flavor of fresh ripe fruit. There's none of that boiled-down taste.

"Certo, you see, is a bottled fruit pectin that makes jelly from any fruit. You will find a handy booklet of recipes under the label." Certo is for sale at all grocers. A product of General Foods.

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TODAY MORE THAN FOUR MILLION JELLY MAKERS USE CERTO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HIGGINS

Cool Effects

Achieved by an interesting use of color, fabrics, space and furnishings

By HOPE HAMMOND

Interior Furnishings Department

DESIGNED BY GILBERT ROHDE

IN A ROOM where the rug is left on the floor in summer (either by preference because it dulls sound and furnishes color, or by necessity because there is no other place to put it), an atmosphere of airiness may be achieved by tempering the sunlight with Venetian blinds and crisp organdie curtains at both French doors and windows.

FROM its oil-coated muslin walls, finely stippled in beige, to its linoleum floor covering in blended tones of blue, gray and tan, the room pictured at the right is *washable*, and that unusual and refreshing virtue is found also in the attractive stick furniture, the Venetian blind and the woodwork, all enameled a vivid shade of blue.

THE swinging lines, concisely molded edges, brevity of detail and pleasing expanse of natural wood surfaces which contemporary designers use in creating furniture are characteristics which insure an effect of inviting serenity. Add to these modern wall covering and curtains in subtle colors and the ensemble makes a perfect summer interior. Notice too, in the room above, the transparent glass top of the desk (cool to look at and easy to keep clean) and the absence of cluttering ornaments—only a lamp and a mirror being allowed place in this corner of the room.

DEFROSTING

By
ALTHEA
LEPPER
Household Engineer

ILLUSTRATOR:
ETHEL COBHAM

"WHAT CAUSES frost in my refrigerator and why must it be removed?"

That is the first question most women—three out of every four—ask about mechanical refrigerators after a little experience with them. With warm weather approaching and bringing thicker blankets of "icebox snow" this phenomenon will plague you more and more.

There just isn't any way to avoid it. We can tell you what causes it, how to remove it and how to save money in doing so, but not even the engineers can stop it.

What does cause frost in mechanical refrigerators? Exactly the same thing which causes a film to form on a cold doorknob if you blow on it on a winter morning. The ice-cube trays and the compartment in which they are lodged are very cold, like your doorknob, and the air in the refrigerator is comparatively warm and moist. When it strikes the metal surfaces its moisture becomes frozen and adheres. Layer after layer it piles up.

TO UNDERSTAND this subject of frost let's follow a breath of air into your refrigerator. As you open the door, air rushes into the food storage compartment, which is of course much cooler than your kitchen. Being warm, it does what all warm air does—rises. It is then that it comes into contact with the cold surface of the ice-cube compartment. The moisture in the breath of air—or some of it—clings to the cold metal surface and stays on as frost.

The air, now chilled, does what all cold air does—falls. It drops toward the lowest shelf, displacing the slightly warmer air there. This air in turn rises, comes into contact with the metal surfaces, leaves more of its moisture and falls. Thus a constant circulation is set up.

Sooner or later of course in an unopened refrigerator, all the moisture would be drawn from the air, but every time you open the door you admit more moisture. This may be moisture in foods, or on the dishes themselves, or moisture in the air; humidity, we call that. So you can see that the more use you make of your refrigerator, the more warm air and moisture you admit; which is to say that the more circulation you set up, the more frost you induce. A merry-go-round indeed, for the refrigerator is of no good unless it is used.

One more thought about this movement of air. Don't crowd the storage compartment, for you will hamper the circulation. It is the hampering of the circulation rather than the bulk of the foods you put in the refrigerator which raises the temperature, for most mechanical refrigerators are so geared up that the warmer the things you put into them are, the harder the refrigerators work to keep them cool. It is for this reason that warm water, put in an ice-cube tray, will often freeze more rapidly than cold water.

NOW LET us assume that when we first opened the door and admitted our breath of air to the refrigerator the ice-cube compartment was free of frost. The metal surfaces were able, quickly and efficiently, to draw the moisture from the air. As layer after layer of frost accumulates, the efficiency of the metal in accumulating moisture goes down.

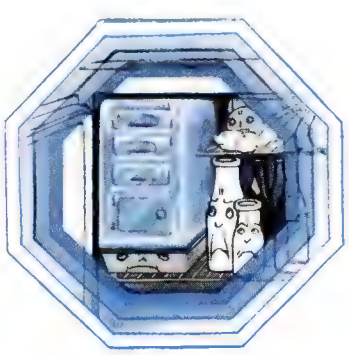
At first the layer of frost is, let us say, like a sheet; but soon it becomes like a blanket, warm and clinging. The circulating air cannot touch the metal, but comes into contact only with frost, a poor conductor of heat.

The accumulation of frost causes the temperature to rise in both the ice-tray compartment and the box itself. It reduces the efficiency of the machine. Perhaps you have noticed, when there is a frost blanket in the refrigerator, how sluggishly it responds even when you set the cold control for lower temperatures.

SUCH AN effective insulator is frost that when it reaches a thickness of one inch, the temperature of the entire refrigerator is raised about ten degrees—sufficient to make it incapable of preserving some foods.

A temperature of fifty degrees in the refrigerator is recognized as the "health line" and above this it should not go. Most mechanical refrigerators are normally regulated to read sixteen degrees in the chilling unit and about forty-four degrees in the food compartment. Thus, if frost is permitted to accumulate to a thickness of an inch, the temperature in your refrigerator probably is fifty-four degrees—or four degrees above the maximum to arrest the growth of organisms causing spoilage. Remember too, your refrigerator is set to operate in kitchen temperatures of seventy to seventy-five degrees. For every degree rise beyond that normal—in summer or during the time you are cooking dinner—the temperature inside the average box will rise one-quarter degree. Despite insulation, mechanical refrigerators cannot be made entirely insusceptible to outside temperatures.

Just how often, then, should the refrigerator be defrosted? Half an inch of frost should be about the maximum allowed. Beyond that, the efficiency of the machine will be impaired, the food will be in danger of spoilage and there will be danger of odor; for a thick frost blanket readily collects and distributes food odors.



- You can cut your fuel bill twenty per cent by intelligent use of the refrigerator; defrosting at the proper time may account for half this saving.
- A woman opens her refrigerator on an average of forty-eight times a day.
- With many mechanical refrigerators continuous operation saves fuel.

Engineers who have made laboratory tests, with allowance for seasonal temperature, have discovered that an empty refrigerator, opened only six times a day, accumulates, on its chilling unit, a frost deposit of a thirty-second of an inch every twenty-four hours. And since you open your refrigerator on an average of forty-eight times a day (one manufacturer learned that from questionnaires to more than one hundred thousand women), and since you place warm moist dishes and foodstuffs in it, your chilling unit will accumulate at least as much as those in the test boxes used by the engineers. By simple arithmetic you should defrost at least every sixteen days. Better make it every two weeks in summer.

THE ACTUAL method of defrosting depends upon the kind of refrigerator you have. Most of those now being sold are equipped with controls which permit automatic defrosting. When the controls are set at the defrosting point, the flow of operating fuel—electricity or gas or kerosene—is reduced and the box warms up enough within eight or ten hours to melt the frost.

In models without automatic defrosting controls, it is always good practice to turn off the fuel, remove the ice cubes and refill the trays with hot water until the frost melts off into a pan placed beneath the ice compartment. Never chip the frost off. You run the risk of damaging the chilling unit.

Engineers have estimated that fuel consumption may be decreased as much as twenty per cent by careful and intelligent use of the machine. That is more than two months' bills in a year! Defrosting at the proper time may account for half this saving by relieving the chilling unit of the extra work it must do when it attempts to overcome the insulating effect of a thick frost blanket. The other half may be achieved by observing simple rules.

KEEP THE food covered to prevent excessive moisture from forming extra frost.

Arrange foods you use most near the front. This will enable you to close the door quickly and will tend to reduce the fuel consumption. Try to eliminate some of the average forty-eight openings a day. When you are making a cake, remember to take the milk, the butter and the eggs out of the refrigerator at the same time.

Place the containers in such a way that there can be circulation of air.

If you have a gas refrigerator keep it going all the time. Continuous operation of this kind of mechanical refrigerator is an important factor in fuel saving, paradoxically enough. With many electric refrigerators too, it is false economy to shut off the fuel for a period of even a few days, for the quantity required to rechill the box and refreeze the water in the ice-cube trays often amounts to more than the fuel required for continuous operation. Some manufacturers have equipped their controls with a special "vacation" temperature setting which will hold the box at a reasonable temperature and allow it to consume only a minimum of fuel.

Two Creams needed for your *Two Skins*

a greaseless cream to prevent *Dryness* in your
Outer Skin

. . . an oil cream to fight *Wrinkles* in your
Under Skin

Mrs. Henry Field OF CHICAGO

(Left) Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Thrilling brunette and exquisite blonde. Each keeps her beauty by using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

YOU HAVE TWO SKINS! Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is *dried* out by sun and wind . . . by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker, and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full . . . unwrinkled . . . *by oils.* It needs an oil cream. Each cream entirely different.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

How Wrinkles begin . . .

Wrinkles mean one warning thing . . . that your *under skin* is lacking in lubrication. Its tiny oil glands are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils . . . the under skin shrinks . . . lines form!

This starved under skin needs a deep penetrating, oil-rich cream . . . Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser. Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder . . . float every last particle to surface.

To correct Rough, Dry Skin

To soften your outer skin and keep the natural moisture from evaporating so fast, cover your face lightly with Pond's filmy Vanishing Cream. This cream contains a remarkable moisture-restoring and softening substance. See how it dispatches dryness . . . how it rids you of vexing skin roughnesses.

For your UNDER SKIN—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

For your OUTER SKIN—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder for hours.

And your skin holds powder and rouge smoothly—over a foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Try this remarkable Two-Skin Care that so many beautiful women follow! Begin now to have the smooth skin you always hoped to have. Here's the way Mrs. Henry Field uses Pond's Two Creams:

1. ***"At night*** I smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over my face and neck, wiping it off with Pond's Tissues. Then more Cold Cream . . . patting several minutes. It cleanses perfectly . . . makes my skin feel firm, refreshed. Again, Pond's Tissues." (If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. ***"Then*** I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.

3. ***"In the morning***—and during the day—again a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft . . . hold my make-up."

Mail Coupon for Samples . . .

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G, 44 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and three different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

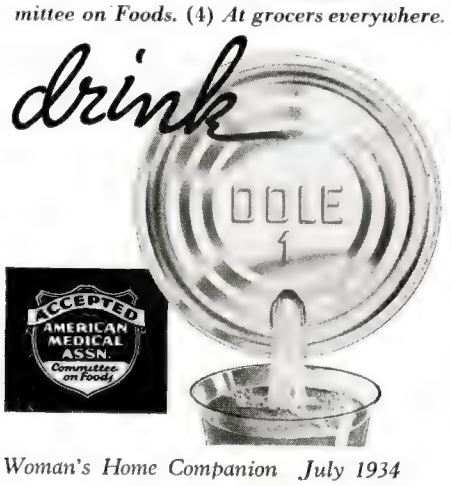
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Remember this about DOLE Pineapple Juice: (1) *It's the pure, unsweetened juice of DOLE-grown Hawaiian pineapples (not to be confused with the syrups in canned sliced pineapple.)* (2) *Contains digestible fruit sugars, with vitamins A, B, C, protected by the special DOLE High-vacuum Pack.* (3) *Accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods.* (4) *At grocers everywhere.*



Water *in the* Garden

By
GRACE TABOR

ONE THING invariably reminds me that a pool of one kind or another is probably the greatest asset a garden can have. That is my own pool! Opposite and quite near the French window leading out to the garden, it meets my gaze whenever I glance up and its surface is always significant and lovely.

Every garden needs a body of water to round it to completion. The size is not important except that it should be in scale with the proportions of the garden generally. The form is important, because the form has much to do with one aspect of a pool that is of great value. This is the contemplative influence—that still reflective calm which reacts so favorably on human restlessness and nerves.

A circular pool embodies in the highest degree all the properties that contribute to this contemplative effect. Its uninterrupted shape is, next to the sphere itself, the most perfect form that can be conceived. It is the one shape that will fit perfectly into every garden and into every human consciousness without friction.

In a small garden and in intimate relation to the dwelling, the need to choose form carefully is perhaps more pressing than in a wider area—just as the need throughout the small garden for perfection in plan, proportion and excellence of detail is greater than in the large garden, where perspective will in general diminish the effect of errors that are not too flagrant. Close to the average house the type of pool needs to be in accord with its sophisticated environment—its construction exact, architectural, frankly man-made. Remember always that you cannot create a convincing impression that a pool or anything else is "natural" when its surroundings are manifestly not in a state of nature. The thing to do is to design and execute the feature with such care that it introduces excellence and beauty expressive of human consciousness and imagination.

HOW YOUR pool shall be made depends upon you and your garden of course. There are several ways of making pools simply, cheaply and successfully. The best, because it is permanent and because it allows of different rim treatment, is the concrete pool worked directly on the earth over a reinforcement of chicken wire. I have never known a pool made in this way to crack and I do not see how such a pool can crack—unless there has been some fault in the mixture of cement or a gap between spreading it so that uneven drying has occurred.

It is imperative to spread each coat in its entirety at one time, without interruption or intermission. And it is important to use enough cement to insure a wall as strong as it can be made. This can be done by following the directions for proportioning the mixture furnished by every cement company.

Where a cement pool is too much of an undertaking it is still possible to construct a very good pool with tar roofing paper and cement. I can't promise that such a pool will be permanent though it may last many years if its seams are well cemented and the entire interior thickly painted with waterproofing, and if no plants are grown in earth directly on the bottom of it or in the earth beside it.

One such pool that I know of—a large and lovely naturalistic one at the edge of a woods—was hopelessly injured by the roots of plants penetrating tiny crevices and opening these into wide gaps through which of course the water escaped. Marginal planting of grass to bring the turf right to the water's edge will do no harm, but such vigorous growth as reeds, bulrushes or mints are taboo.

Whether you choose the circular or another form let me urge you to have no corners, no angles either outside or inside a pool. Hollow out the excavation with rounded sides always—do not cut straight down and then across. Such an interior provides undesirable catch-spaces for litter and rotting leaves, making it hard to clean out, and offers fatal resistance to the expansion of water when freezing occurs. The form that best meets wide temperature variations is the rounded saucer-shape, as shallow or as deep as desired. This offers practically no resistance to freezing of either the surrounding ground or the water.

There is no horticultural purpose in such a pool as I am here urging for every garden. It is the water for the water's sake and not for the sake of growing water lilies or other aquatic plants. If a water lily seems desirable to complete the picture, choose one of the miniature forms for any pool less than twelve to fifteen feet in diameter; for it is important to have twice as much open water surface as of lily pads.

By all means grow a water lily (the miniature type of which I have spoken can be grown in a tub of water); but keep your garden pool—one garden pool—open to the skies!

INSTRUCTIONS for a concrete circular pool are given in Loose-leaf Gardener Leaflet, Garden Pool Construction, sent for 3 cents postage.

MY DEAR Miss Tabor: Last spring we had a garden mirror made by the directions given in your article in the COMPANION, and it has been greatly admired. I am sending you a photograph of it. The motto around the edge of the pool is:

So, since the universe began
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended

I wrote the motto off free-hand as quickly as possible before the cement could get dry. I didn't have any special tools, just a little wooden skewer and a slightly larger stick with well-rounded point. A small tool that the gardener called a cold chisel was useful to make a straight edge.

EDITH W. TAIT

How Sue prepares finer ham *without parboiling*

Be sure the ham is Swift's Premium. If it is a center slice, simply fry or broil it. (Martha Logan suggests serving it as illustrated with watercress and tomato slices spread with horse-radish and dotted with butter, broiled, and sprinkled with chopped green pepper.) If it is a whole or half ham, bake it this easy way: Place in a roaster; add 2 cups of water and cover the roaster. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 21 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of ½ cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

Copr. 1934 by Swift & Company

You cook it WITHOUT PARBOILING

This ham, the Ovenized ham, is milder, far more tender

A half ham, a whole ham, a center slice . . . baked or broiled or fried, but *not parboiled!* Not if it's Swift's Premium Ham. For Premium now is so mild, so tender, that parboiling just isn't necessary.

Ovenizing—a special method of smoking in ovens—did it. *Ovenizing*, plus the famous mild Premium cure. This improved way of smoking enriched and heightened the flavor of Swift's Premium Hams, while keeping it delightfully mild and mellow. Made them far more tender, too.

So now you need never parboil again. Now you can say farewell to an unpleasant job, and actually serve finer ham! Just be sure you buy the kind that is *Ovenized*, Swift's Premium. Then cook it according to the recipe above, without parboiling.

Try it once! Find out why thousands of housewives, and their families, are convinced that this is the way to enjoy more delicious ham. Only remember: every Swift's Premium Ham is *Ovenized;* no other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods. *Visit A Century of Progress 1934, the new World's Fair at Chicago!*

Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dots down the side. You will find them on even a single slice.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM *It's Ovenized*

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS *OVENIZED* • NEW TENDERNESS • NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR

Beauty Contest!

Your Camay Complexion enhances your charm!

BEAUTY—beauty—beauty! Life's a constant search for it, and to you each day brings a new test—a Beauty Contest that you cannot refuse to go in.

For wherever you go, someone's eyes appraise you, someone's mind is made up—a friendship or an aversion is formed.

You cannot, of course, change the contour of your chin or the color of your eyes. But you can change—and change very much for the better—the condition of your skin. For you can give your complexion the help that comes from the use of Camay. And Camay, you know, is the Soap of Beautiful Women.

Camay cannot be compared with any other soap. For it's definitely a beauty soap—a pure, creamy-white soap made specially mild for the delicate skin. Camay's lather is as gentle as cream. And Camay is delicately scented with a fine perfume that will not sting or irritate your skin.

HERE ARE A FEW COMPLIMENTS FOR CAMAY

"To me, one soap always seemed as good as another," said a young Baltimorian. "But now that I use Camay, I know it is a milder soap. It has improved my skin immensely."

"Two months ago I began using Camay," writes a girl who attends the University of Chicago. "My skin has never felt so soft or looked so clear."

Camay can do as much for you. It will lift the veil from your loveliness, clear the drabness from your skin. Try Camay—and convince yourself!

Another Beauty Contest WON! There's a fascinating charm about any girl whose skin is clear and fresh. This girl with the fair Camay Complexion captures the admiring glances of all who meet her. She is winning her daily Beauty Contest.

Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

• the Soap of Beautiful Women

When you go out shopping today, see Camay in its crisp green and yellow wrapper. Cellophane around each cake keeps Camay pure and fresh. For your complexion and your bath.

QUESTIONS Club Women Ask

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Director of the Good Citizenship Bureau

YEARBOOKS are now in the making and many inquiries come to me from inexperienced club workers. Here are a few typical questions.

I—*What does the term President's Day mean?*

President's Day may be celebrated in honor of a club's outgoing and incoming presidents, or in honor of all the club's presidents present and past; or it may be given by one club for the presidents of other clubs in the city or community. It may be marked by a program of speeches and music, followed by an informal tea; or it may start with a breakfast at twelve noon, or a luncheon at one o'clock followed by a program, with the president of the hostess club presiding.

II—*What is meant by Reciprocity Day?*

Reciprocity Day seems to have various meanings also. In some communities it is marked by a special program in which a subject of common interest to a number of local clubs is discussed. A representative from each club is on the program. For this type of meeting each club receives in advance a complete outline of the different phases of the topic to be discussed. The opportunity to become informed on the subject makes for a lively discussion and a successful meeting.

Again, the reciprocity committee may arrange for an exchange of programs with other clubs, thus: The Thursday Literary Club may have given an especially good program on American poetry while the Friday Morning Club may have had a successful program on early American novelists. The exchange of these outlines, with perhaps the original papers, will prove mutually agreeable.

Finally, the term may mean a more personal exchange. The Women's Club of Sunnyside has presented a fine musical program including vocal and instrumental numbers, or a delightful concert by its choral group. The Riverside Little Theater Group has presented a skit, a smart comedy or a pageant. So the musicians of Sunnyside travel to Riverside for a single performance and the Riverside players in turn present their skit or comedy in Sunnyside.

III—*How can we arouse interest in international affairs, the World Court and the League of Nations in our town where there is great bitterness among foreign-born groups?*

Start by creating better feeling among the school-children from your various foreign-born colonies who will carry the peace message home to their parents. Here is a chance for parent-teacher associations and leaders of other women's organizations to organize "Better Neighbors" gatherings. Present programs of folk-dancing and singing. Hold exhibitions of food and handicraft prepared by women of various nationalities. Have game nights in church parlors, community houses and school gymnasiums, at which men and women of various nationalities learn to play together. It can be done. It has been done. Start among children in schools. Let them carry the peace message home. The Good Citizenship Bureau will supply a list of peace plays and pageants easily presented.

Have You Been Elected?

For Officers

WHAT EVERY CLUB WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW—Explains how to conduct meetings and discharge other club duties with efficiency, dignity and grace. Price 10 cents.

LITTLE LESSONS IN PUBLIC SPEAKING—Tells how to control the voice and to acquire good diction, with examples of speeches club women are most commonly called upon to make. New edition of a popular little book. Price 10 cents.

THIRTY PLANS FOR COMMUNITY SERVICE—Describes community work which will reflect credit on a club and its officers. Price 10 cents.

For Program Chairmen

THREE CENTURIES OF AMERICAN POETRY—Twenty delightful programs. Price 6 cents.

STUDY OUTLINES ON AMERICAN MUSIC—Four complete programs with sources of information. Price 3 cents.

CHINA: YESTERDAY AND TODAY—Price 6 cents.

VISITS TO HISTORIC SHRINES IN THE UNITED STATES—Imaginary trips to scenes of dramatic events and the homes of the great. Price 3 cents.

CURRENT THOUGHT—A painless method of keeping up-to-date through new books. Price 3 cents.

CHILDREN IN A CHANGING CIVILIZATION—Programs that peer into the future. Price 6 cents.

TODAY—A CRISIS IN HISTORY—Studies in federal administration and codes. Price 6 cents.

For Everybody

SERVICE BOOKLETS FOR WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND INDIVIDUAL STUDENTS—A descriptive list of booklets issued by the Good Citizenship Bureau. Sent on receipt of self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Address your orders, with correct amount of postage enclosed, to The Good Citizenship Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Have a Good Vacation

IF you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning.
Do not go in swimming when overheated, or within two hours after eating.
Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.
Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.
If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.
Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.
Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Grind it out.
Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dept. 734-W

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Love and the Lieutenant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26]

baggage wagons; and de Langlade, in his wet deerskins, came back, furious, but got no satisfaction from us.

"Keep your dirty savages in hand," said I, "or we'll do it for you! Now run to the commander-in-chief, if you choose, and tell him we don't like you or your filthy savages!"

He did go. And, to our surprise, Lord Petersham came back to summon us forward to General Johnny.

General Johnny, riding beside the chaise of Mrs. Lightways, was as gay and debonair as usual.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "we have no more than eighty Indian scouts left. Is it the part of wisdom to insult them? You know, Seadrift, I am told that St. Luc quitted us because you used him very roughly."

I hung my head.

"Maybe you don't like Indians," continued General Johnny, "but is that a reason for driving them out of our service? And I am free to inform you, young gentlemen, that the enemy's Indians—the Loup d'Orange—are beginning to annoy our outposts. . . . I pray you, be a little more discreet in airing your personal and petty prejudices, and show me a little more consideration."

WE RETIRED much chagrined and mortified by the just rebuke.

This was not entirely an uninhabited wilderness we traversed. There were a few clearings in the vast and overpowering forests—a few hovels of logs—even two or three small clapboarded houses, dimly seen through the falling rain, where some wretched settler and his wife and ragged children peered out at the marching troops.

And nowhere were any cattle, horses or provisions to be discovered by our foragers, and Cleve told me in a nervous whisper that the general-in-chief was surprised and worried—after all the optimistic promises of this man Skene—to discover that the settlers, for the greater part, had gone off to the rebel lines, driving away their sheep and cattle and taking every scrap of provision with them.

Later I saw Freeman who told me that our Indians were getting out of hand, plundering and terrorizing the wretched folk in solitary and remote farms; that not a single recruit had come in to our lines; and that General Johnny smelled treachery somewhere but had not yet nosed out the source of the stench.

"He wishes to see you," said Freeman. "It seems that Ottawa Indians have been seen wearing necklaces of German gold coins and that two Canadian deserters have been caught with German money in their pockets."

"What do I know about these things?" said I irritably; but spurred my jaded horse forward through the rain and came finally upon partly cleared country where General Johnny's marquee loomed up.

What a wet and nasty mess was this Batten Kill camp, the ground shin-deep in mud; tents, baggage, uniforms saturated, and the forlorn trees dripping under somber skies.

The officer of the guard conducted me to General Johnny's marquee; and there sat the gay general eating a cold pigeon pastry and drinking claret with Mrs. Lightways.

I bowed to them with perfect politeness and a wooden countenance; and Mrs. Lightways rose, curtsied to me and glided off through a canvas corridor toward another tent.

When finally we were alone: "Mr. Seadrift," said General Burgoyne, "I've lost practically all of my Indians. This is serious. Also the Canadian battalion is so reduced by desertion that it is become negligible. This is more serious still. Most serious of all, however, is the increasing discontent among our German allies—the perpetual friction between General Riedesel's command and officers and soldiers of the British division. Have you, sir, any suspicion concerning the origin of any treasonable efforts among the Hessian or Brunswick troops?"

"I, sir!" said I, startled. "No, sir, I have no suspicions that the troops are being tampered with."

"Let me," said he, "represent for your consideration several unpleasant events of the past. In the first place, when I returned from England and a secret conference with His Majesty and ministers concerning this campaign, I had reason to believe that nobody excepting the King, his ministers and myself knew what we had planned. But I had not been in Canada a week before I learned that every private and secret detail of our plan was not only generally known in Canada, but equally well known to General Washington and his army.

"Following that, every move we made found the enemy alert and prepared. Our Indians deserted us; our Canadians are dwindling; our Germans are slow and seem unwilling. Every single scout, forest runner, express or messenger of any description that I have sent south to General Howe has been captured and hanged!"

I STARED at him in undisguised astonishment.

"Every one," he repeated. "It would seem that at least a single messenger might have got through. None has. And if Generals Howe and Clinton in New York ever even hear of them it will be because the rebel newspapers publish the dispatches of mine which these unhappy messengers carried. I don't know whether Howe has started from New York to come up to meet me at Albany. I don't know that he knows I am here at all."

"Sir," said I hotly, "will you be pleased to send me to New York?"

"Thank you, Mr. Seadrift," said he with his winning smile, "but I have men for that business whom I can better spare than I can your good self." Then his handsome features darkened and he gazed at me intently.

"Have you any reason to suspect," said he, "that the Baroness von Lessing could possibly be a source of mischief in this army?"

My face burned scarlet: "Good God, sir, no!" I blurted out.

"God forbid I should suspect a lady," he continued. "God forbid I mention it within General Riedesel's hearing if I did suspect her. Why does she request of me a flag to Albany? Why does she choose such a time to visit relatives among the rebels of the Mohawk Valley? And one of them a fighting colonel of a fighting Continental regiment? And once a German baron?"

Miserable misgiving, jealous anger,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]

"IT'S MY BUSINESS *To look beautiful*

..that's why I changed to LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.

REGULAR SIZE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! At druggists everywhere. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.

Where there's a whine there's a warning

WHEN BABY LAUGHTER turns to whining—and your simplest reprimand meets a storm of tears—don't get irritated, mother. Get worried!

For Nature often takes this way of saying: "Mother, this child isn't well!"

Don't be misled, Mother

There can be several causes for a child's complainings. It can be sour stomach, or flatulence, or acid stomach. In babies, you can often suspect it is colic due to gas. Then—it may be Nature's warning of a coming cold. Many, many times it is *constipation*—for child specialists warn us that this disorder affects 90% of all children—even those who are seemingly "regular."

In each of these cases, your wisest course is to give your child a laxative. But, mother, make very, very sure it is a *child's* laxative. Little systems can be painfully upset by many laxatives made for grown-ups.

Give Fletcher's Castoria

Fletcher's Castoria is a safe, gentle laxative—*made especially for children*, from babyhood to 11 years. Unlike castor oil and other harsh laxatives, it does not become an *irritant* in the bowels in order to increase their action. It gently *stimulates*. And it contains NO NARCOTICS, does not disturb digestion.

Children love it, for it has no nasty, "medicine" taste—they take it willingly. Get a bottle today. The family size is most economical. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is *always* right on the carton.

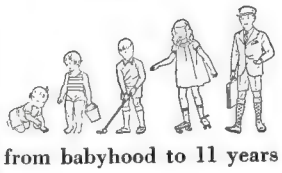
• • •

For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

Love and the Lieutenant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

alarm, despair strove together in my heavily beating heart. I loved her so desperately that mere thought of her made me light-headed. And if she had been guilty of any of these things, they were damnable.

"Have you found in her behavior anything to suspect?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"I am eased to hear you say so. I think of nothing else to do about this matter at present. I know you to be loyal and trustworthy. If necessary, at any time, use your best judgment."

I rode back through the mud and rain and at German headquarters found that the ladies had arrived.

But what annoyed me was to notice Kurt von Guilder relieving my lively lady-love of her scarlet mantle; and her maid Cilli and a waiter spreading supper for two on a camp table.

WHEN SHE saw me she made me a friendly gesture: "Come and sup with us!" she cried gayly.

I bowed to her with stiff politeness and regretted that my duties carried me elsewhere.

Lord, what a very flame of jealousy raged in my silly noddle; and Kurt's complacent smirk set my blood a-boil.

"Please, Herr Lieutenant," she repeated sweetly; but the triumphant mien of von Guilder was too much for me and I gave her a black look and a jerky bow and stalked off in a rage.

My baron was very tired. What orders and communications he had for his troops and for general headquarters I wrote out at his weary dictation; and he went to bed presently, leaving me to carry the portfolio to my tent and finish.

Before I in my turn went to bed I had a tiresome search in my dispatch box and military chest for some memorandums, returns, copies of orders in duplicate already entered in headquarters orderly book, and several sets of military cipher on tissue, still under discussion for adaptation.

I concluded that in the confusion they must have been deposited in General Riedesel's tent; and had not the heart to disturb him at that hour for he really had seemed ill.

So I extinguished my candle and lay down; and in spite of a jealous heartache and dark design against this smirking rival of mine, I fell asleep.

It was still dark when the rays of a lantern dazzled me awake.

Von Geismar, Riedesel's staff major, was shaking my shoulder: "Get up," he repeated; "Kurt von Guilder has gone to the enemy with a parcel of German and Canadian deserters!"

I floundered to my feet, amazed.

"He's a spy," said the major hoarsely. "Colonel Faucitt suspected him. We've had him under observation for months, but he's been too smart for us. Tonight he was surprised beyond our outer posts, delivering a packet to the enemy pickets."

"Where?"

"Beyond San Coick Mill. He has a dozen German, Provincial and Canadian deserters with him. He's taken a sack of headquarters documents. Our chasseurs surprised him in his treason but he and his deserters got away to the bush. Baum sends word that they can be surrounded by a light party operating between Owl Creek and Little White Creek. The general wishes you to take the Provincial battalion and try to drive Guilder and his deserters toward Breymann, who is marching on Bennington."

I was dressed, booted and cloaked by this time; an orderly had my horse; and as I hurried out into the darkness of early morning I saw two mounted officers of the Provincial riflemen waiting for me with about eighty men.

General Riedesel came out of his tent with Cléve who carried a lantern. He looked ill and tired and very grim.

He told me that Guilder had taken important military papers; that there was no slightest doubt he was and always had been an intelligence officer in Washington's army; that, like Baron Frederick von Weissenfels, he had shed his title and become an American farmer until the rebellion broke out, when he volunteered immediately and was sent back to Germany to enlist in, spy and report on the troops destined for America.

"He is a rebel officer and is trying to do his duty. But catch him if you can, Seadrift, and let this army see what Washington's army has so often looked upon—a military execution of an enemy intelligence officer taken in his devilish line of duty!"

As I touched my horse with my spurs, Lord Petersham came picking his way in, carrying a letter for me to give to Colonel Baum at Sancoik, or to Breymann—which was an order for him to send back all captured cattle, wheat and flour.

"My lord," said I, perplexed and exasperated, "am I to endeavor to overtake and arrest Ensign von Guilder and his deserters on Owl Creek, or am I to go to Colonel Baum with this dispatch?"

"You go to Sancoix Mill first," said he; and I saw General Riedesel bite his lip in the lantern light.

I looked angrily again at the addressed letter: "Are all these places different—Sancoix, Sancoick, Ste. Croix, Saint Coick?—or is it defective education and bad spelling that seem to send me to four destinations at the same time?"

PETERSHAM laughed at my ill humor: "The two reasons for all this advance is to give a jealousy to General Arnold and to mount the Riedesel dragoons at Bennington," said he. "This army has other work to do than to chase German deserters."

I saw my honest baron turn pale with rage; but Petersham coolly saluted him and turned his horse toward general headquarters.

I looked at my general, too mad to speak.

After a furious silence a very thunder of profanity rolled from his outraged lips:

"Everything planned collapses! Guilder escapes to the enemy with our papers and his deserters! Baum is checked; Breymann is trapped in the mud! So be it! These are none of my orders! Nevertheless, Herr Lieutenant, get on with that cursed letter!"

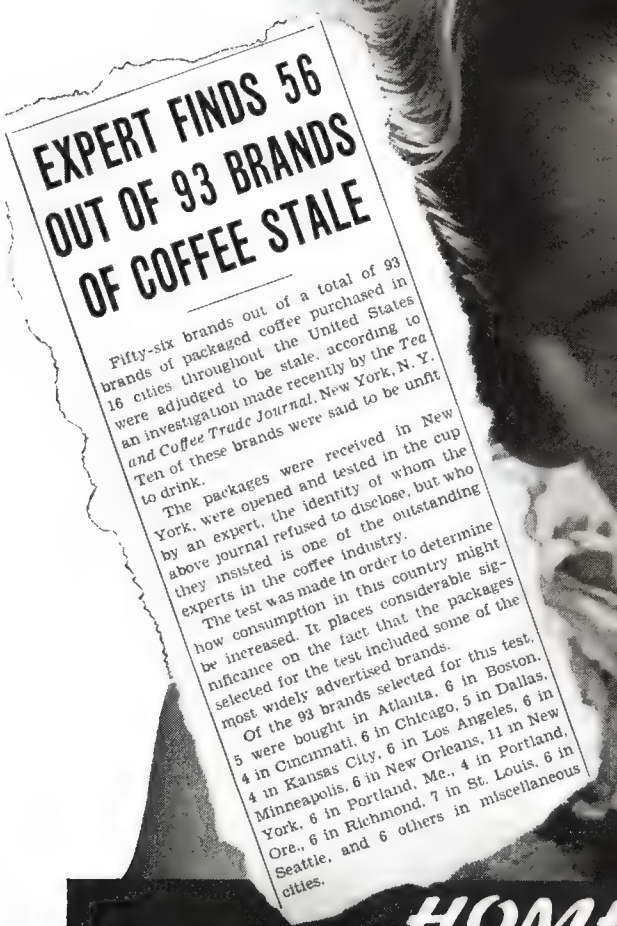
I saluted, wheeled my nag and rode away into the blackness.

At daylight on Saturday, the sixteenth, I piloted the weary detachment under the retired officer, Captain Wayland, to the lower Owl Kill at its confluence with the Hoosic.

Here a company of swarthy furtive Canadians joined us, sullenly report-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]

Stale Coffee offends *your taste and* irritates *your nerves*—



EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal*, New York, N. Y. Ten of these brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the cup by an expert, the identity of whom the above journal refused to disclose, but who they insisted is one of the outstanding experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable significance on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

Of the 93 brands selected for this test, 5 were bought in Atlanta, 6 in Boston, 4 in Cincinnati, 6 in Chicago, 5 in Dallas, 4 in Kansas City, 6 in Los Angeles, 6 in Minneapolis, 6 in New Orleans, 11 in New York, 6 in Portland, Me., 4 in Portland, Ore., 6 in Richmond, 7 in St. Louis, 6 in Seattle, and 6 others in miscellaneous cities.

Coffee bought in many cities all over America found *STALE*—recent investigation shows

To taste rich and satisfying . . . to make life seem brighter and cheerier—coffee must be fresh.

When it is stale, it's flat and insipid. It develops rancid oil and is a source of nervous irritation. It slowly undermines your morale.

And you may be getting coffee that has grown stale, no matter how much you pay for your brand. In 16 cities in the United States, an investigation disclosed that 56 *brands* of packaged coffees purchased were *stale*—many of them unfit to drink!

Make sure your coffee is *Dated*. There's no question of the freshness of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee. The date of delivery is clearly marked on every pound, for you to read. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

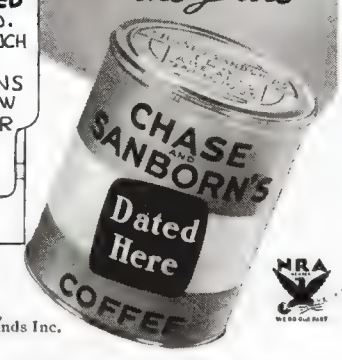
You can be sure that this coffee is fresh—full-flavored, rich and satisfying, and absolutely free from rancid oil.

Try Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee tomorrow.

HOME TO MOTHER—

Don't lose your temper

Look for the Date



DATED means it's FRESH

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Start the day Whistling!

BEGIN at breakfast with a bowl of toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You get flavor and refreshing crispness that put a real edge on your appetite.

But more than that. Kellogg's are rich in energy . . . easily, *quickly digested.* The kind of food that leaves you fit!

Enjoy Kellogg's for lunch, with milk or cream and add fruits or berries.

And what could be better for a child's evening meal than these delicious easy-to-digest flakes? No cooking or trouble to serve.

Kellogg's are always oven-fresh, thanks to the *heat-sealed* WAXTITE bag—a patented Kellogg feature. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

NRA

Kellogg's

FOR COOLNESS

Love and the Lieutenant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

ing contact with Breymann, but pretending no knowledge of Colonel Baum's advance beyond Little White Creek; and I had no doubt they were skulkers and were lying to me; but could do nothing more than set these hang-dog fellows to beating up the bush for von Guilder's party.

If they saw the renegades I do not know. Scouting ahead of our Provincials they may have met them and treacherously assisted at their desertion. Anyway, some among them stole my letter as my poor nag stumbled and fell, and I sprawled, partly stunned, in an unexpected slough.

WHEN I finally caught my horse and got into my saddle again, I heard distant firing. Wayland, leading his own gnat-tortured horse, came cursing and stumbling through the brush to inform me that the Canadians had just met some Indians and these had suddenly turned and fired on our advance guard from a wooded ridge.

There was no use trying to ride on in this mess of bog and brier and thicket. Wayland was afoot; and I, dismounting and seizing my horse by the head, floundered across the soft black bottom-land; across the Owl Kill which, swollen by rain, swirled dark and foamy above our waists; and, scrambling up the slippery bank, came upon two score or more of our wet and weary Provincials under Lieutenant Graham, aligned in the open woods.

Here, to our mortification, was no trace either of the Canadians or of the strange Indians they had met with and joined in the murderous attack on our advance guard.

Neither of course was there any sign at all of Guilder and his deserters.

Graham, a retired officer of the Indian Department, told us that he had caught a glimpse of the hostile Indians and that he took them for Loup d'Orange, scouts of the enemy.

I cannot describe my shame and fury at being so treacherously tricked. But worse was to come for, calling up by bugle-horn, and assembling the loiterers of Wayland's dawdling Provincials who had lagged behind in the swamp and underbrush below, we had the mortification to discover that about thirty of them had deserted us!

About this time I noticed a few wretched houses and presently espied the mill of San Coick just north of where the roads to the Batten Kill and to Bennington fork.

And down the Bennington road came galloping that incomparable ass, "Colonel" Skene. He had several mounted German dragoons and a dozen wagons at his crazy heels and when he saw me he pulled up and yelled and flourished his cocked hat.

"All's well!" he shouted in his high-pitched gabbling voice. "Baum is intrenching on the Waloomsac and his artillery are in position!"

"Where are you going?" I shouted.

"To hurry up Breymann!" he bawled. "We've got 'em now! All the country is rallying to our aid! Loyalists are swarming in to the colors! You'll know 'em by the white badges in their hats. Bennington will be ours by noon!"

With that he flourished his laced hat, clapped spurs to his horse and was off with his wagons, and his clumsy dragoons plunged after him. I gazed after him with deep aversion; then, signaling to Captain Wayland, continued on into the Bennington road which was merely a river of liquid mud.

In a short time Captain Wayland's battalion—what was left of it—had become so utterly exhausted that he was obliged to halt his men.

I asked him sarcastically whether he considered them as light troops, and suggested that they unsling their packs and leave them in the woods under guard.

They did unsling them, but only to rummage for food.

Presently a sudden and dazzling sun broke through the drizzle and beat down upon the earth so fiercely that all the landscape steamed.

It must have been about the noon hour, and many soldiers lay asleep in the sun, when suddenly I heard a musket go off. Instantly our bugle-horn blew the alarm; and our stupefied fellows scrambled to their feet.

Enemy Indians were plainly visible now, just across the Waloomsac, seeming very impudent and not afraid of revealing themselves; and even shaking their rifles and hatchets at us.

They seemed to be Loup d'Orange scouts of the enemy; but the range was too great for our muskets; and their flashing rifles dropped only spent bullets into the water below us.

Wayland, who was coolly examining the country about us through a small field telescope, handed it to me.

"Sir," said he quietly, "I fear we are in something of a pickle. The enemy seem to be in force ahead of us."

I took a good look through his glass at the hostile Indians; then turned the telescope northward. A large body of enemy militia was plainly visible, halted along the eastern bank of the river commanding the Bennington road.

"Sir," said Wayland, "they seem to be mustering along the right flank and rear of Colonel Baum's command. I hope he knows it, because we cannot go forward to inform him until Breymann's advance arrives."

It was perfectly true. There seemed to be a full regiment of rebel militia on the river. We had remaining to us between fifty and sixty Provincials. And the truth was that I secretly distrusted even these.

"Sir," said I to Wayland, "somebody should ride back and try to hasten Breymann. I think I had better try to find him."

SO I CLIMBED into my saddle once more and started back at a stiff trot toward San Coick Mill. And when I came near San Coick bridge I saw a mounted man in military hat and cloak ride out across the other bridge and turn south toward Albany.

Supposing him to be a staff officer from Breymann, bewildered by the two bridges, I spurred to overtake him. And came suddenly upon him at the forks of the lower road.

And, as I galloped up beside him and he heard my horse and looked around, an astounding and terrible encounter occurred. For I was staring into the strained and blanched features of the Baroness von Lessing.

The next instant she had struck her horse with her spurs, but I caught him by the head, nearly throwing her from the saddle and clinging with difficulty to my own.

"What are you doing here?" said I hoarsely.

Her eyes blazed in her white face: "Take your hands from my bridle!" she gasped; and spurred her frantic horse again so that I was nearly dragged from my own nag to keep my hold unbroken.

"Not until you show me by what authority you are here, and wearing a soldier's uniform and cloak!"

"I am going to Albany!" she said.

"Are you in your right mind, Madam? By whose leave do you travel alone in enemy country?"

"By my own leave!"

"Do you know that enemy savages are close at hand and watching this route? And enemy militia guarding it?"

"I am not afraid," said she. "After all, it is my risk. Let me go."

But I now had collected my senses, and a most horrid suspicion was poisoning my mind.

"Madam," said I, "listen to me. This army so far has lost nearly a thousand men by desertion. God forbid I should suspect you of secretly fomenting trouble. But I am detailed to observe your behavior and to report it if suspicious. And," said I, red as fire but staring her straight in the face, "were I a million times more in love with you than I am, I would carry out my orders."

THE COLOR came slowly back into her face; the white surprise and desperation faded. Then the familiar raillery glimmered in her eyes.

"Herr Lieutenant," said she, "I have perhaps behaved like a spoiled child. I want to go to Albany. They would not give me a flag. So, when you rode out of camp, I borrowed your spare uniform and your led-horse."

I looked at her and at her nag in startled astonishment. It was true. I recognized my second-best clothing and my other horse.

"Madam," said I, "yours is the maddest escapade I ever heard of! But I thank God it is nothing worse. I do not believe that you have been in treasonable communication with the enemy, or that you have secretly stirred up discontent among the German troops. Nevertheless, there have been clever rebel spies in our army, and last night your agreeable acquaintance, Ensign von Guilder, left camp secretly with a parcel of German, British and Provincial deserters."

If her astonishment was feigned she must have been an actress unsurpassed. I was at ease to believe her amazement genuine.

"Now," said I gently but gravely, "you will understand why I cannot permit you to go forward in this unauthorized reckless and utterly improper fashion."

"Do you suppose I also shall be suspected and imprisoned—perhaps even fetched before a military court?"

"Certainly you have risked all these penalties by your mad indiscretions," said I. "I don't know what General Burgoyne may think of this business."

"Is it necessary to tell him?" she asked, naïve and charming as a wheedling child who begs one not to tell.

"No," said I, "there seems to be no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 42]

When you undress for bed—

—Undress your FACE too!

Use all the cosmetics you wish . . . but remove them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed is actually leaving bits of stale daytime make-up to choke the pores all night. She does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but leaves them clogged day after day.

"Heavens! What's *wrong* with my skin!" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you can protect it—keep it so clear and beautiful!

Precious Elements in this Soap

In this remarkable soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

WARNER BROTHERS STAR

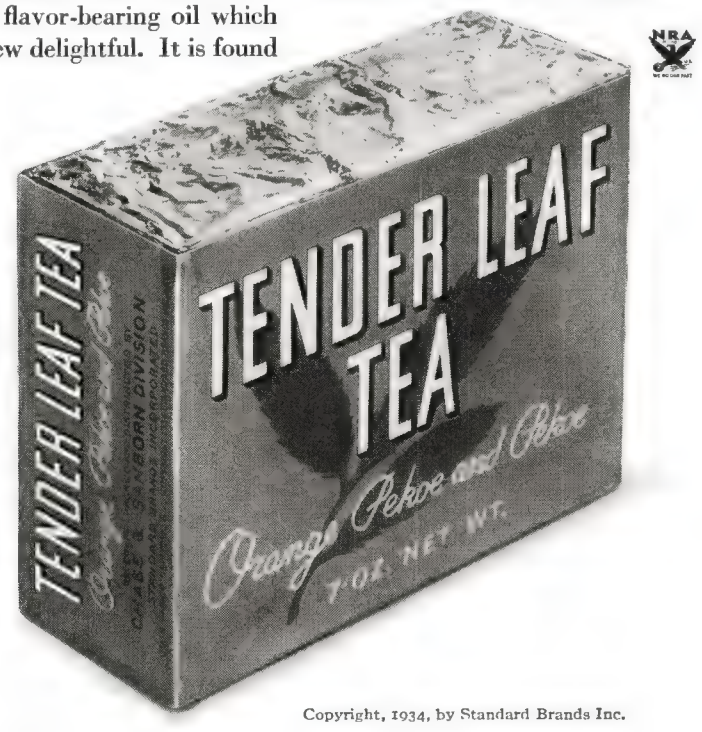
RESPONSIVENESS is increased by tea. Thought flows more freely, interest is quickened, imagination is stimulated. The sense of well-being is pleasantly stirred.

Yet no "let-down" follows. Tea gives you its benefits with no unfavorable reaction—no undesirable after-effects.

To get the most out of tea, be sure to pick a blend that is rich in *theol.* This is the fragrant, flavor-bearing oil which makes the brew delightful. It is found in all tea, but in different amounts.

There is *more* theol in *Tender Leaf* Tea than in any but the most costly blends, not ordinarily found in grocery stores. Only the tender leaves go into it—leaves picked at the height of their flavor, during the favorable dry season.

Your grocer has *Tender Leaf* Tea in two convenient sizes. Try *this* tea, richer in theol. Enjoy it daily!



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Love and the Lieutenant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

need to worry him with a matter which, I am convinced, is no worse than the rash inconsidered impulsive behavior of a perverse, spirited and spoiled child."

She hung her head. "The Herr Lieutenant is very severe."

I drew a deep breath of relief.

"Ride close to me today," said I, "and I will try to account for you, if questioned, and strive to take you back to camp under cover of darkness. Come, we should be pushing on."

We moved off at a walk, then spurred to a canter; and so approached the San Coick Mill where I discovered, to my vast relief, about eighty grenadiers of Breymann's advance.

Their tired and muddy officer, Captain von Gleisenberg, said that Breymann, with chasseurs and grenadiers of the main body, was coming up very slowly.

I suppose, if they noticed her at all, they mistook my culprit baroness for some fledgling staff youngster, in her long riding cloak, for the brim of her cocked hat shadowed her eyes and the high cloak-collar touched her ears.

"I am going to ride to Colonel Baum," said I, "and inform him that Breymann's advance is at Saint Coix—or whatever they call this place."

All the officers waved their hands after returning my salute.

Out of the corner of my eye I had noticed with amusement and relief the mute and correct salute of my naughty baroness; and, as we turned our horses and cantered north, I laughed and expressed my approval.

"You see, dear schoolmaster," said she, "I try to make amends for playing truant."

I drew up beside her and passed one arm around her neck. "I forgive you, dear pupil," said I and kissed her mouth.

In a little while we rode up to our outposts who told me that Captain Wayland had marched, following the enemy Indians and militia, who seemed to be retreating.

SO WE galloped across the bridge over Little White Creek and continued northward at a smart pace until we overtook Wayland's company which was already entering Baum's lines.

I asked for Baum; their officers pointed to a wooded hill on the crest of which I could see a log intrenchment and the muzzle of a three-pounder.

So up the hill we climbed and there discovered Colonel Baum. I explained to him the position of Breymann and the probable hour of his arrival.

Baum told me in his dull heavy way that there seemed to be only militia in front of him, but there were a great number of them.

Spangenberg came up and we shook hands; and he led me forward where I could overlook the country below and pointed out the position of our detachments and those visible of the enemy.

From this wooded hill the view was superb. Range on range of forested hills cut by river valleys stretched away to the huge ramparts of the Green Mountains.

Here on the hill were posted our dismounted German dragoons and Fraser's sharpshooters, behind log breastworks.

Beyond the river underneath us, southeast of the bridge, a Loyalist battalion lay behind a breastwork made of fence rails stuffed with flax. A few log cabins stood near by, one of them crowded with poor frightened camp women attached to Baum's battalions. A company of our untrustworthy Canadians held the bridge, supported by another three-pounder and by British and German infantry.

Our treacherous Indians lay hidden along a sort of tableland to the left of the hill upon which we stood.

WHILE Spangenberg and I talked together, Baum came up and called our attention to numerous small and widely scattered groups of men who had suddenly appeared in the clearings and fields below, and were advancing toward our lines.

Through a glass we could see them very plainly; groups of little companies of half a dozen to a score, all moving confidently toward us in plain sight—hundreds and hundreds of them coming in from every direction and all making straight for the bridge below and for our hill.

They appeared to be country folk, in shirt and breeches, wearing no uniform and seeming to have no officers.

"They all seem to be wearing white cockades in their hats," said I.

"That," said Baum, "is what Colonel Skene told them to wear so that we should know they are loyal folk come to join us and help us."

"To me," said Spangenberg bluntly, "they look like rebels who are trying to filter in by deceiving us."

At that moment, several officers in Continental uniform rode out within cannon range.

"Give those fellows a shot, Spangenberg," said Baum.

Bang! Our little three-pounder buried itself in smoke.

Then suddenly and to our horror and Baum's stupid astonishment, the supposed Tory farmers with the white cockades turned and poured a volley of musketry into the flanks and rear of our scattered detachments at the foot of our hill.

A rattle of musketry broke out on the plateau where our cowardly Indians were hidden, and they appeared, fleeing before the white cockades. The Canadians also were stampeding in disorderly flight.

A terrific roar of musketry and rifle fire arose from the bridge where our Loyalist battalion fought, enveloped by enemy light infantry; and we saw the flax-stuffed intrenchments carried by storm and the Loyalists rushing out of it, floundering across the river and toiling up our hill to seek protection behind our log breastworks.

Through the choking smoke I saw dense masses of enemy infantry climbing our hill and other battalions crossing the bridge.

"Get onto your horse," said I to the baroness, "and ride over to that barked hemlock tree and wait for me."

Scarcely was she arrived there when all about me the roar of musketry redoubled; the entire hill-front was a mass of flame and smoke; dragoons were falling by dozens; yelling cheering infantry of Stark's command enveloped us.

Baum, mounted, flourishing his twelve-pound broadsword, bellowed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 44]

"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

". . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent crying—and gazing into my mirror. Realizing how frightfully dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept *her* teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust *me*. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first, that you can't see. But most toothpastes don't remove them *all*, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove *all seven kinds of stains*'!

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

Don't let the 7 stains mar your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then get a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Let its *two* cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains that no dental cream with only *one* cleansing action *can* remove.

Try a full tube of Colgate's, and see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's at 20¢ is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

You'll be proud of your whiter, more brilliant teeth. And notice, too, how Colgate's sweetens the breath—refreshes the mouth with never a trace of "bite."

No wonder Colgate's is sold in 72 countries—is the largest selling toothpaste in the world.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO *cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same low prices.*

LISTEN IN—"The Colgate House Party." Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Don Voorhees. Every Saturday night 9 P. M., E. D. S. T., over National Broadcasting Stations, Coast to Coast.

WHY the 3rd Generation Benefits

Many important facts about foods have been discovered in recent years—so *you* get the helpful benefits of which your grandparents were deprived.

You now know of the vital food element Dextrose, from which your blood gets its warmth and your body its energy.

And because Karo contains a generous amount of Dextrose, it is recognized as one of the most important foods for every member of the family. Keep them well supplied with delicious Karo—serve it on pancakes, waffles, bread, hot biscuits, cereals, etc. Karo is easily assimilated and digested—and is a source of *quick* energy.

Karo Syrups are essentially Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose, with a small percentage of Sucrose added for flavor—all recommended for ease of digestion and energy value.

The 'Accepted' Seal denotes that Karo and advertisements for it are acceptable to the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Ass'n.

Karo Syrup ONLY *affords the use of this Free Pouring Spout, converting the can into a practical syrup pitcher*

FREE CAP & SPOUT

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. 4, P. O. Box 5, Argo, Illinois

Enclosed is label from 1½ lb. or 3 lb. Karo can. Please send me pouring spout and cap.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Love and the Lieutenant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

encouragement to his dragoons; but they were being shot down by scores all around him.

Suddenly came an earth-shaking crash and a sheet of fire. The reserve ammunition wagon had exploded.

In the horrible flame-lit powder-gloom I saw Colonel Baum trying to control his horse. Then a bullet hit him.

In the horrible confusion that followed I forced my horse through to the white-scarred hemlock where my baroness sat her horse, craning her neck like a curious and fearless child.

"Come," said I quietly.

She turned her horse obediently, trotting with me to the southern brow of the hill.

From here the spectacle was becoming tragic. In the smoke and sultry rays of a fierce August sun the enemy light troops and militia were cheering and laughing as they ran after the poor ponderous-footed German cavalrymen staggering under carbine, sword and thick cloth uniforms.

Stark's riflemen had seized our cannon. Vermont militia were merrily hunting fugitives and camp plunder; Continentals herded batches of hated Tory neighbors taken in arms; and marched sullen files of bewildered German dragoons toward the bridge.

THERE was an old logging road leading down across Little White Creek where, amid the damp stillness of mosses, dead leaves and primeval trees, only a deadened echo of battle penetrated the twilit silence.

This soft wet road we followed; and I intended to continue on across it and down to the Waloomsac, but we heard poor Baum's drums beating a parley and knew that the enemy must command the Waloomsac.

So we followed the lumber road southwest, until I could see the glimmer of the Hoosic River on our left and the muddy Sancoix Road curving out between it and us.

I don't understand how it could be, but all sounds of battle had utterly died away in this solitude.

But now we heard a distant racket of horses' hoofs, wagons jolting, and men on the march along the Sancoix Road; and when we came out of the deeper woods the head of Breymann's column appeared, drums beating a ponderous German march.

And there rode Breymann himself and the impossible Skene with him.

I remounted my nag at once and, followed by my piquant young baroness, rode forward.

"Herr Colonel," said I, saluting Breymann who had pulled in his horse at sight of me, "I regret to report Colonel Baum dead and his troops destroyed."

"What!" cried Skene. "You say Baum is dead and his dragoons ruined! Sir, give me leave to inform you that such a misfortune is absolutely impossible. Why, sir, here is a Riedesel dragoon with favorable dispatches, all fresh arrived from Colonel Baum, who assures us that he is holding his own at Bennington, and master of the situation!"

"Colonel Baum," I retorted stiffly, "is mortally wounded or dead; and his troops are dead or fleeing or prisoners to the enemy." And to Lieutenant Breymann, whose mouth sagged like a dying fish: "If you continue the movement, you will merely verify at a bloody cost what I am saying to you. And I have the honor to assure you, sir, that it would be the part of wisdom either to halt here and fortify Sancoix Mill and await reinforcement, or to fall back within supporting distance of the main army on the Batten Kill."

Breymann's face became congested with anger and he glared at me: "I have not heard a shot fired, so far!" he shouted in a ridiculous passion. "If there were a battle going on a few miles ahead I'd hear it. Sir, you are laboring under a silly mistake—"

"Sir," I interrupted in a cold passion, "your language is insolent and unwarranted!"

"Place that officer under arrest!" he shouted in a German fury; but Skene suddenly pulled at his sleeve and pointed to the right; and we all turned our heads. Scores and scores of silent men dressed like farmers in their shirt sleeves, and all wearing white cockades, were moving swiftly out of the woods along the river and forming a long loose line behind a rail fence.

"Look out!" I cried sharply. "Those fellows are rebel militia!"

"Those men are our own Loyalists," bawled Skene gleefully, "and they wear the very badge I have recommended!" He clapped spurs to his horse and galloped out across the clearing toward them, waving his laced hat like the fatuous fool he was.

Instantly a thin sheet of flame fringed the rail fence and a white cloud edged it. Skene and his horse went down with a crash, but Skene scrambled to his feet and legged it for our lines.

"Forward!" roared Breymann, lifting his heavy sword; and the ponderous sweating German column tramped doggedly forward. The light troops, flanking, advanced firing by platoons; the artillery, galloping ahead to unlimber, fired, limbered up, galloped on—a brave dauntless stupid soldiery that courted destruction at every step. Their drums, cymbals and bugle-horns struck up, accompanied by the sinister cracking of rebel rifles; the grenadiers burst into heavy German song.

THE SETTING sun glimmered red on their flashing metal caps, burnished buckles and breastplates; tall grenadiers began to fall down in the muddy road; wounded and screaming horses reared, kicked or fell over dead, spreading confusion in the column. And above the horrid tumult sounded the high-pitched drums and the high nasal voices of German officers as the column was halted again and again *to dress the ranks* in the face of that merciless storm of lead! And all the while that sturdy song of agony rolled forth from the ordered steady ranks of brave men about to die.

In the gathering twilight Breymann, wounded, and Skene riding an artillery horse—his third—the traces of which he himself had cut—and all that was left of the grenadiers, came fighting and firing and singing on with stubborn courage.

Let none tell me that Germans are cowards. I saw them march; I saw them die.

Skene was an ass. I salute him, for he knew no fear. Or, if he did, he showed none, and led his men forward to the bitter end.

I have no love for Breymann. For his swinish behavior to me before all his troops I had meant to call him to account and fight him if it cost me my commission.

But I salute him also. I never saw a braver man under fire. Wounded, he kept his saddle and his coolness, and when the tide turned and Warner's green-coated Continentals enveloped his flanks, he would not abandon a single one of his grenadiers, but fought like a devil to defend every man.

He was a real soldier—maybe a stupid one—but a stout one too.

He said to me: "Herr Lieutenant, please excuse me for impoliteness"—and the rebel bullets shrilling around us thick as whistling sleet; and Breymann's wounded leg filling his boot full of blood.

"Herr Colonel," said I, "at command; and happy to serve so gallant a German."

"A thousand thanks, sir," said he quietly, "—and the Herr Lieutenant would oblige me by carrying the light infantry forward to continue the flank movement through the woods."

I LOOKED around desperately for my lady-love; she was riding with the wagons in the rear, as I had bidden her, and, looking back, I saw her standing up in her stirrups to watch me out of sight.

Then Warner's green and white uniforms suddenly enveloped us; and we tore our way out of those accursed woods.

But they drove us back toward the grenadiers; and these, in turn, sagged and gave way slowly, in good order.

The column was done for; the day ending—a bitter day for the British army.

Back we marched along the dark and muddy road, now lighted to an infernal blaze by the flame of musketry.

As I rode I kept one hand on my lady-love's arm.

Near San Coix Mill I saw Fraser ride up in the torchlight, just escaped from Baum's disaster; and he told me that only thirty dragoons of the Regiment Riedesel had survived that awful panic and slaughter called by the enemy the Battle of Bennington.

"For God's sake, Lieutenant," said he, "try to reach General Burgoyne tonight and tell him what has happened to poor Baum, and what is happening to Breymann and Skene!"

I nodded; and presently I said to my lady-love: "Can you ride all night?"

"You will not let me go on to Albany?"

"If I did your scalp would be hooped, stretched and drying at an Indian fire within an hour."

After a silence she said cheerily: "In that case, Herr Lieutenant, I prefer to die of an all-night ride with you!"

Together, her narrow hand clasped close in mine, I guided our horses through darkness toward the distant Batten Kill.

And so we rode blindly on—carriers of as bad news as ever had been sent to astonish and trouble any general who ever led a cavalry charge or dandled a light-hearted lady upon his knee.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN AUGUST ISSUE]

TO GLORIFY ....*and simplify!* YOUR SUMMER MEALS

It sounds a bit contradictory, doesn't it?... to glorify and to simplify, both at once. But many a smart hostess knows that it's easily done ... like this:

FIRST—lay in a supply of the ready-cooked, tinned delicacies prepared by the Libby chefs. There's a positively inspiring selection. Corned Beef, marvelously mild and delicious (the largest-selling Corned Beef in the world!). Spicy little Vienna Sausages. Lunch Tongue, smooth-textured, delicate. Corned Beef Hash—a *wonderful* Corned Beef Hash, with lots of meat and a real homemade flavor. An incomparable Deviled Ham. Each one is a masterpiece—capable of attending single-handed to the glorifying business. As for the simplifying—well, *all of these meats are ready to serve.*

SECOND—put the meats in the ice box to chill. Then apply yourself to the nice, cool, ladylike job of garnishing. Radish roses, ripe olives, deviled eggs ... you can devise so many smart little, gay little touches.

THIRD—assemble your meats and garnishes; add bread and butter and something cold to drink. And there is a *perfect* cold supper ... for the family or guests.

Why don't you make a note now of these various Libby Delicacies? Corned Beef, Corned Beef Hash, Vienna Sausages, Deviled Ham, Lunch Tongue. They mean money saved as well as time. All solid meat with no waste, they are most economical. You can get them from your grocer. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

"THIS MAKES A HIT WITH MEN!"

A whole glorified, delectable meal on a single platter! Quick and easy and *cool*, to prepare and to eat. The ready-cooked meats are Libby's Lunch Tongue, Corned Beef, Vienna Sausages. Suggested garnishes: deviled eggs on lettuce; radish roses; artichoke hearts; and Libby's Ripe Olives. And don't forget an accompanying jar of Libby's Mustard!

"PICNIC MEALS ON THE PORCH ARE FUN!"

On hot nights have picnic suppers on the porch or in the garden! All of Libby's Meats make delicious, satisfying sandwich fillings, but we specially recommend the Deviled Ham. It has such a different, intriguing flavor. Try it for party "appetizers" too. Libby's goes through a pastry tube with the greatest of ease, and its tangy flavor is just what's needed.

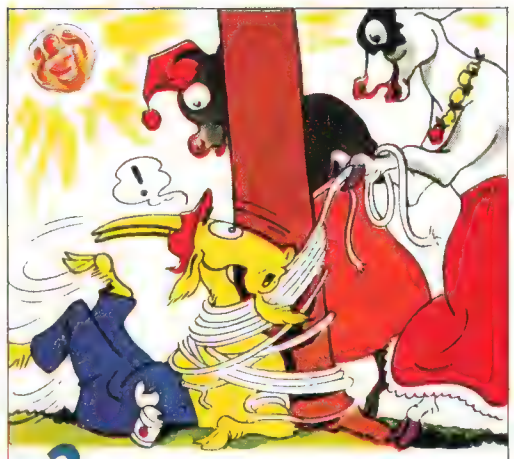
"HOW CONVENIENT! AND SPECIAL PRICES, TOO!"

See your grocer's grouped display of Libby's ready-to-serve Meats. Note his special prices. You can save yourself time and money by laying in a supply, right now, of these table-ready delicacies.

Brooksie and Her Pals

Behind the scenes with America's best-liked Butter*

1. THIS TIME BROOKSIE'S NOT GOING TO LET OLD BILL GREEN-EYES BREAK UP HER SHOW!



2. BROOKSIE'S GOT THE TROUBLE MAKER ROPED AND TIED! ON WITH THE FUN!

3. A MUSIC FESTIVAL — REHEARSED AND PUT ACROSS BY BROOKSIE WITH BLACKIE'S AID. AND SUCH MUSIC! ALL EARS ARE INCLINED TO THOSE SWEET SOUNDS COMING FROM THE LADIES' QUARTETTE. ONCE MORE BROOKSIE HAS SCORED! SHE KNOWS JUST HOW TO AMUSE HER PALS — JUST HOW TO KEEP UP THAT SPIRIT OF ACHIEVEMENT WHICH RESULTS IN SUCH WONDERFUL CREAM.

Copr. 1934 by Swift & Company

FINE CREAM—that's the secret of the goodness of Swift's Brookfield Butter! Cream that is gathered from sunny farms in rich dairy regions throughout the country . . .

And what delicious butter it makes! Swift's Brookfield Butter has everything good butter should have. It's so sweet and fine in flavor. So delicately fresh, with a just-churned fragrance. And this famous butter is speeded new-made to your dealers by Swift's remarkable delivery service.

Just a taste of it takes you back to the country! Try a golden square of it on a popover—a smoking baked potato. Ask your dealer for a pound of Swift's Brookfield Butter today!

Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Swift's Brookfield Cheese are extra-good, too.

BE SURE TO VISIT A CENTURY OF PROGRESS 1934 . . . THE NEW WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO

* *For years, Swift's Brookfield Butter has been America's largest selling brand.*

NRA

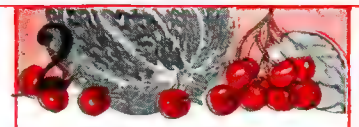
SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD BUTTER

Something New

When planning meals for the hot days of July

By NELL B. NICHOLS

1 PINEAPPLE Camille: Cut fresh pineapple and cover with orange juice. Chill and serve as an appetizer. This may be made hours in advance, for pineapple prevents the orange juice from losing flavor. The pineapple may be cut in strips to eat from the fingers and the orange juice served in glasses.



2 FIRST Course: Fill halves of small cantaloupes with large ripe red cherries. Leave stems on cherries. The cherries are to be eaten first, from the fingers, and then the cantaloupe itself with a spoon of course.

3 WHEN you are planning a cold dish such as jellied chicken or vegetable salad for the main course at a summer meal, precede it by a hot soup, and see if you don't like the combination. This is especially desirable if the dessert is also to be a cold one. Make it a custom to have one hot feature.

4 FOURTH of July Salad: Shape red fruit gelatine or tomato jelly made of tomato juice and gelatine, like a giant firecracker in a tall cylindrical cooky tin. When unmolded, use shredded celery for a fuse.

5 TWIN Vegetables: Bake unpeeled tomatoes. Scoop out centers and fill tomatoes with cut-up freshly boiled asparagus. Cover with Hollandaise sauce and serve at once. Or combine fresh asparagus and green peas, cooked separately, and add cream and butter, butter alone or a thin white sauce.

6 PEEL firm potatoes, cut in marbles with a ball cutter, boil till tender. Season and serve with butter as make-believe cannon balls on the Fourth of July. Good with broiled or baked bluefish and with steak or chops.

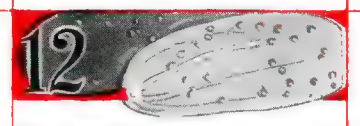
7 BEAUTIFUL Sauce: Combine 2 cups unpeeled rhubarb, cut in ½ inch lengths, with 2½ cups hulled strawberries, ½ cup water and 1 cup sugar. Cook until the fruit is tender. This sauce is a stunning crimson in color. Serve it on rice or on a cottage pudding. This delights the children.

8 USE tomato juice instead of water with lemon-flavored gelatine. Add shredded cabbage and minced onion before gelatine sets. Serve in squares on lettuce or keep on hand for cold meat garnish.

9 SIMMER frankfurters 5 to 8 minutes in hot water. Never let water boil. Boiling splits the casings and much flavor is lost. In broiling, wrap frankfurters with strips of bacon. Place on rack in broiling oven, brown slowly under low flame, turning once. These go well with potato salad.

10 MUSHROOMS: 1—Peel, sauté in butter; add to a thick cream sauce. Spread between slices of buttered bread, toast. 2—Scoop out centers of raw unpeeled tomatoes; season, fill with creamed mushrooms. Bake.

11 POTATO Salad: Add the salad dressing to slightly warm potatoes if you wish to produce the perfect dish. The heat increases the absorption of the dressing, which gives the salad a delicious flavor. Try using half and half boiled or cooked salad dressing and mayonnaise with any potato salad.

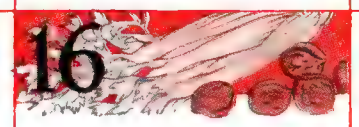


12 CREAMED Cucumbers: Peel, dice 5 cucumbers; salt, let stand 30 minutes. Chop 1 onion, brown in butter; add drained cucumber, cook 10 minutes. Add 2 cups cream sauce seasoned with salt, pepper, cayenne.

13 FOR that Snack: Spread rye bread with creamed butter to which prepared mustard has been added. Top with thin slices of cold baked or boiled ham. Add wafer-like pieces of Swiss cheese and spread with a bit of chili sauce. Adjust the second piece of rye bread, buttered on top and serve.

14 BAKE shortcake in individual ring molds. Fill centers with sugared berries, top with whipped cream or pass thin cream. Have the dough quite soft to spread evenly. Bake in hot oven, 400 degrees.

15 MIX ½ cup each shredded pineapple and orange sections cut in tiny pieces with ¼ cup thinly sliced bananas. Add a dash of salt, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Cover, chill, arrange in sherbet glasses and fill with strawberry ice. Garnish with whole strawberry. A nice Sunday dessert.



16 CALIFORNIA walnut meats: 1—Toast with butter, in oven. To 2 cups cooked chicken, for salad, add ¾ cup nuts broken fine, ½ cup chopped celery. 2—Add ½ cup chopped walnuts to waffle batter.

17 ARTICHOKE Canapé: Drain canned artichoke bottoms and marinate in French dressing 1 hour. Pipe on a border of cream cheese moistened with anchovy paste; in center place caviar seasoned with lemon juice. Serve with shredded lettuce and small rye bread sandwiches cut very thin.

18 LUNCHEON Salad: Add canned salmon, shredded with a fork, to mayonnaise dressing and serve on crisp sliced cucumbers and lettuce. Pass tiny hot biscuits or French rolls, split, toasted and buttered.

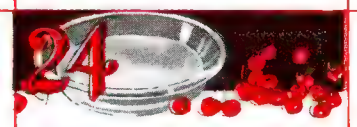
19 PINEAPPLE jelly is delicious on toast and muffins. To 3 cups of unsweetened pineapple juice, poured from the can, add 6½ cups sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil; add 1 cup liquid fruit pectin; boil vigorously ½ minute. Skim, pour into glasses and seal. Easy and quick to make.

20 AN interesting appetizer: Cut fresh or canned pears in small cubes, fill sherbet glasses half full and chill. (Sugar fresh fruit.) Just before serving add a large spoonful of lime or mint sherbet. Very refreshing.

21 OPEN Sandwiches: Chop chicken and celery fine and mix with mayonnaise. Spread on buttered rounds of toast. Garnish with crosses of cold boiled ham, cut in strips. These make a nice hot weather luncheon dish or decorative refreshments for a bridge party served with a beverage, hot or cold.

22 BAKED Carrots: Shred carrots lengthwise. Put in buttered casserole in layers. Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt. Add no water. Cover, bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees F., for 30 minutes. Bake beets same way.

23 THIS is the berry and cherry pie season. For successful baking place cherry and other two-crust fruit pies in a hot oven, 450 degrees F., for 15 minutes. Then reduce the heat to a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for 30 minutes. Thus the bottom crust does not have a chance to soak.

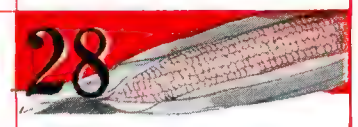


24 CHERRY Pie: To keep in wayward juices mix 3½ cups pitted red cherries, 2½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca, 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Let stand while making the pastry.

25 VEGETABLE Casserole: An attractive summer dish on account of its orange, green and white coloring is the combination of cooked green lima beans, sliced carrots and rings of onion, seasoned and baked together with butter in a casserole. Serve with meat or as main dish.

26 HORS d'oeuvres: Wrap shrimps and large pimiento-stuffed olives with bacon, fasten with toothpicks. Stick toothpicks (for handles) into olives and shrimps. Bake in oven till bacon is crisp. Serve hot.

27 PRUNE Coconut Whip: 1—Pit, mash cooked prunes. To 2 cupfuls add 1 cup canned coconut, 4 tablespoons sugar, few gratings orange peel. Fold in 1½ cups cream, whipped. Chill. Garnish with jelly. 2—Pile prune whip in a baked pastry shell and top with whipped cream.



28 CORN Fritters: Mix 1⅓ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅔ cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon melted fat, and 1 cup corn grated from cob. Fry batter by spoonfuls.

29 DIFFERENT pie crust: Substitute chilled orange juice for water when making pastry and add, for every shell, 1 tablespoon sugar and ½ teaspoon grated orange rind. Use with cream and custard pies. This crust is especially fine with banana cream and coconut cream pies.

30 DESSERT-Salad: Mix ½ cup cream cheese with ¼ cup heavy cream, whipped. Fold in 1 cup strawberries, mashed, sweetened. Shape into loaf, chill. Serve in thin slices, on lettuce with a favorite salad dressing.

31 NEW Tricks: 1—Fruit Drink: Orange or lemon ice may be used to chill and flavor fruit beverages. 2—Garnish: Try grated carrots as a colorful garnish on creamed soups, creamed eggs and scalloped potatoes. 3—Gravy: For fine veal gravy use sour cream instead of milk in it.

Sweet Confusion

Jams and preserves that men like

The tweedy ones invariably go in for grape and plum jam

By GAYNOR MADDOX

ILLUSTRATOR: ROBERT C. GELLERT

WATCH your men at breakfast. Jam eaters, you will find, have the most loving hearts. It's just nature's way. Coffee and cereal don't seem enough. It takes fruit suspended in its own loveliness to bring out the best side of the male.

The tweedy ones who indulge in dogs and pipes invariably go in for something like Concord grape and plum jam. And stacks of toast agleam with butter. They are an agreeable breed and well worth the effort.

Merely slip off the skins from about 1½ pounds of fully ripe grapes. Simmer this pulp in covered saucepan for 5 minutes. Put through a sieve to free from seeds for grape seeds have a way of retarding the heart's expansion. Save the skins. Chop or grind them and add to pulp. Capture also 1½ pounds of fat ripe plums. You don't have to peel them. Merely cut into pieces and crush relentlessly. Treat them to ¼ cup of cold water. Bring to boil. Stir with faithfulness. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes.

Then combine grapes and plums. Sigh with anticipation as you measure out 7 cups of sugar into the bottom of a man-size kettle. Now for the fruit's seduction. Measure it into the sugar adding enough water to fill out the demand for 4 full cups. Mingle with a wooden spoon. Bring to a full rolling nautical boil over the hottest fire. Be vigilant with your stirring both before and during boiling. Boil exactly 1 minute. Swing off the stove and with the same light-heartedness stir in ½ bottle of fruit pectin. Skim, pour quickly into glasses. Seal in its magic at once with paraffin. And get yourself a new breakfast robe.

Keep him rational with blueberry and rhubarb jelly

HAVE you a cravat-conscious husband? Men who select their ties with care often fall into the strawberry-sun-preserve breakfast group. You mustn't call them fussy. No, they are merely quick to appreciate the nuances of life. In other words, they like their strawberries preserved whole. So select perfect berries, wash them with care. Weigh them and weigh out an equal amount of sugar. Moisten the sugar with very little water and boil until clear and sirupy. Then with an eye to the future and with loving care, drop in your strawberries one by one. Bring sirup again to a boil and continue for 3 minutes.

Into a large shallow heat-resisting glass dish slip the berries and their clinging sirup, spreading over the top a fine wire netting. Insects never make the heart grow fonder. Place these preserves hard in the sun. As twilight falls carry them indoors. On the morrow again let them flirt all day with golden sunshine. Keep up this indoors and out business until the sirup is as thick with gold light as you want it. Then tuck them away in gleaming pint jars. Fresh graham toast is their true mate. Remember too that cravat-conscious husbands don't like crusts on their toast.

Young men who whisper about a vine-clad cottage in some quaint old village can be kept rational with blueberry and rhubarb jelly. True, they usually dote on dry cereals, but this sweet confusion of blueberries and rhubarb will steady their souls and add content. If you married a lad from this set, send him out to the hills for 1½ pounds of bursting blueberries. While he is gone, telephone the grocer for 1½ pounds of his freshest rhubarb. Clean the fruits and put through grinder. Combine their crushed consistencies, place in jelly bag and squeeze out all the juice. Measure 4 cups of it. Pour into large old-fashioned kettle with 7½ cups of sugar. Snap to a boil over furious fire and then like a flash add 1 bottle of fruit pectin. Stir with devotion. Bring to turbulent boil and hold it for ½ minute. Swing off the stove, skim and pour into glasses. Cover with paraffin while hot. Better look up Grandmother's recipe for soda biscuit. Young husbands are so often sentimental.

Mark gooseberry and strawberry jam "For Father Only"

GOOSEBERRY and strawberry jam should be used for fathers of very young children. Because of the wealth of flavorous seeds the youngsters can't have it. That makes it seem more like Father's personal property, just like his shaving soap and big white handkerchiefs. Tones up his self-esteem. Certainly worth about a pound of ripe gooseberries and a quart of selected strawberries.

Crush mercilessly and combine. You need 4 cups of the fruit. If a little shy of it, add enough water to make this measurement. Scoop 7 cups of sugar into the largest family kettle. Splash in the fruit. Wield the mixing spoon and place kettle over hottest part of stove. Bring to stern boil. Go right on stirring. Boil in this vigorous fashion for 1 full minute. Take from stove and stir in ½ bottle of fruit pectin. Skim tidily. Pour into 10 6-ounce glasses and cover at once with paraffin. We suggest you paste little white strips on them marked boldly "For Father Only."

Cravat-conscious men like strawberries preserved whole

DID you happen to marry an English type? The more difficult specimens demand black currant tea whenever they catch cold. Put a tablespoon of black currant jam in a tall glass and fill with boiling water. Hand it to him, leave the room quietly and be patient. However, if he merely likes English tailoring you have nothing to worry about. Tangerine marmalade or gooseberry jelly will make everything quite all right. Cover 12 tangerines with warm, not hot, water. In 30 minutes remove and wipe kindly. Pour boiling water on 2 pungent fresh limes, stand same length of time and wipe. With a sharp knife slit the peel of the tangerines in four ways. Strip off. Cut into burnished gold shreds with scissors. Treat the limes as well. Boil these shreds until tender. Put the tangerine and lime pulp in a porcelain saucepan with a little water. Cook just long enough to make a pulpy mass. Force through coarse wire strainer just to remove any little oddities. Next combine peel and pulp. Weigh mixture and weigh out an equal amount of sugar. Mix and start boiling. When this very English delicacy gets to the sirup-that-jells state, your stint of loving labor is over. Cover with greased paper and allow to cool slowly. Then seal.

REMINDING yourself that the British sun never sets on gooseberry jam or jelly, crush about 3 pounds of fully ripe gooseberries. Put in porcelain saucepan with ½ cup of water, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Turn into jelly bag and squeeze out the juice. Then plunge 4½ cups of the juice into a large kettle after 7 cups of sugar. Mix well even though the British don't. Over a roaring flame bring at once to a boil, add ½ bottle of fruit pectin and keep stirring. Then bring to a raging boil and hold it there for exactly ½ minute. Shunt from stove to the kitchen table, skim and pour at once. Paraffin while hot. Tea? No, no—clear fresh coffee, English muffins oozing with butter and the morning paper.

Fresh coffee, English muffins and tangerine marmalade

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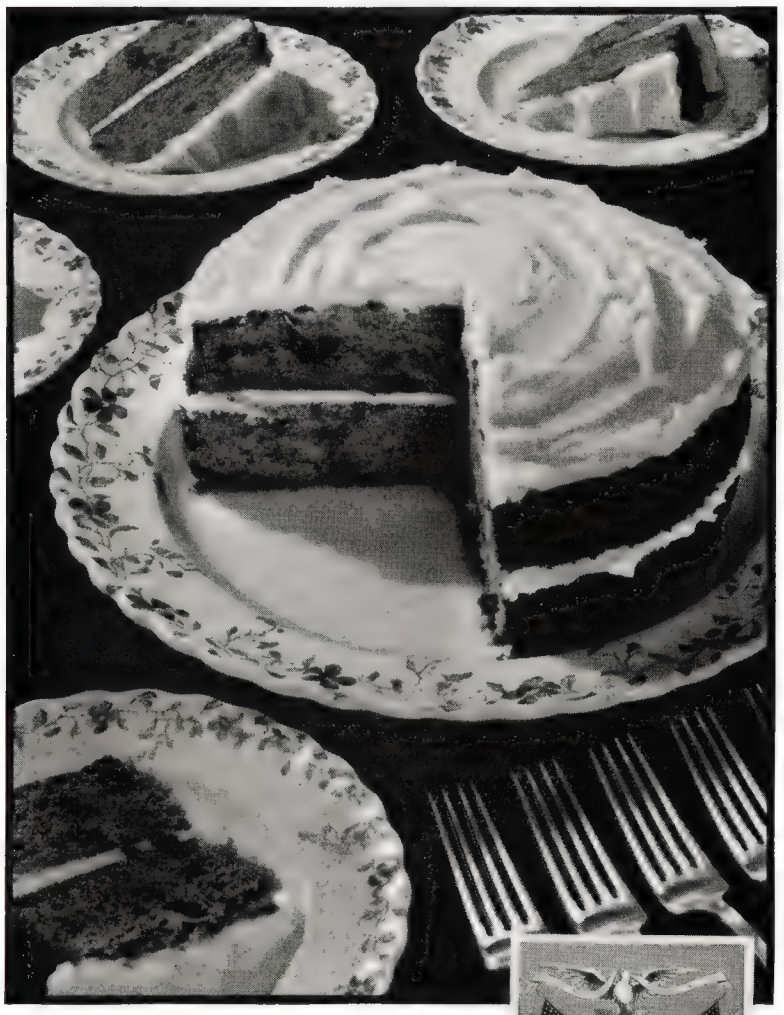
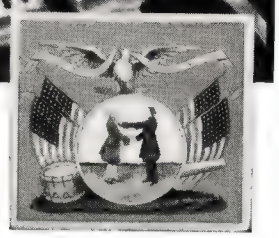
Blackberry Jam Cake





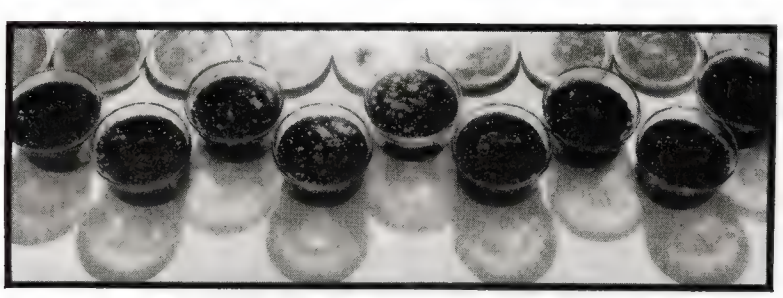
Recipe of the Month

KENTUCKY is famous for its blackberry dishes, made from the berries which grow profusely in the mountain clearings and along the old roads of this historic state. Mrs. Nichols suggests an old-time blackberry jam cake, with a delicious spicy flavor, as a typical Kentucky recipe:

½ cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
3 eggs
1¾ cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup blackberry jam
3 tablespoons sour milk
½ cup raisins, chopped

CREAM the shortening, add brown sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift flour, soda and spices together and add this mixture alternately with the jam and sour milk, which have been stirred together. Add the raisins, floured. Fold in the beaten egg whites. Bake in two layers in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F.

For filling and frosting mix together 1½ cups powdered sugar, 3 tablespoons cream and 6 tablespoons butter. Allow mixture to stand over hot water for 15 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla just before spreading on cake.



Tooth decay reduced 57%

with fresh Orange and Lemon Juice

Gum troubles decreased 83%—children's rate of growth greatly improved—as scientists make "the most comprehensive study of child nutrition on record"

AT MOOSEHEART, famous City of Childhood, 1400 children live complete and happy lives of play and study. Their diet and dental care are beyond the usual.

Children who were underweight made extra gains in height and weight during their first year on fresh orange and lemon juice.

341 Mooseheart children were chosen by scientists as typical American boys and girls —well-cared-for, well-fed.

From these were chosen 341 typical American boys and girls aged 10 to 17 for the 3½-year study of child nutrition reported in the monograph and Free Booklet below.

The first year they received their usual diet. By all previous standards it was excellent: milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, meats, cereals and sundries. But like other American diets *it did not prevent frequent gum troubles and new cavities.*

The second year two 8-oz. glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each were added to the daily diet.

Less than half as many children had new cavities this year. Gum troubles lessened 83%. And the *rate of growth* was vastly improved.

The final eighteen months the amount of fresh orange juice was reduced to three ounces daily. This amount *aided growth*, but gum troubles and decay returned.

What this means to you

Small amounts of fresh orange and lemon juice are valuable in the diet because they supply the four protective food essentials which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins A, B, C, and calcium.

But much greater protection is afforded by two full-sized glasses a day. And since vitamin C, one of the essentials, is not stored in the body, it is recommended that one glass be taken at breakfast and the other later in the day.

FREE—Send for booklet

Send coupon below for free booklet, "World's New Dental Story," giving the complete, authentic account of this study.

TO DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS *and* NUTRITIONISTS

"Diet and Dental Health" by Milton T. Hanke, Ph.D., contains the full scientific report of the study described here. 300 pages, with many reproductions of natural-color photographs made as case records. Tables give complete data (serum calcium, oral bacteriology, etc.) on every child. Remit $4.00 to University of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Div. 507, Station C,
Los Angeles, California

Send the FREE booklet, "World's New Dental Story."

*Name*_____

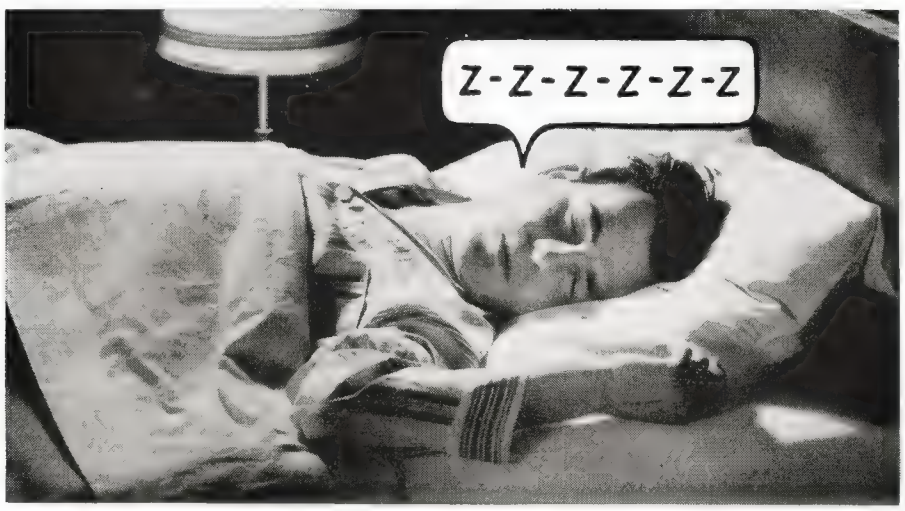
*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copr., 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

At midnight he said

At One A.M. he said



ARE you a coffee lover? Have you passed it up? Are you denying yourself because of the caffein coffee contains?

Then switch to Sanka Coffee—*and rejoice!* Rejoice because here is superb coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. All the rich, full-flavored goodness of coffee is there—all the cheer and comfort. But the wakefulness is gone—and with it the nervousness and indigestion which caffein so often causes.

Try your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. You'll discover its goodness at once. And the great night's rest you'll have will show you that fine coffee and sound sleep can both be part of your life.

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee from your grocer today. He sells it with a money-back guarantee. It is a product of General Foods.

How to make the world's best cup of coffee

One big secret in making Sanka Coffee or any other fine coffee is to make it strong enough. For each cup take a heaping tablespoonful of Sanka Coffee. If you percolate it, give it just a few *extra* minutes on the fire.

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLINE WHITING

Serve a slice of each omelet to every guest

Breakfast Before Bridge

By ALICE BRADLEY

A MEAL served at any time before twelve-thirty noon may be called a breakfast. The two established rules for a company breakfast that distinguish it from luncheon are: first, that at breakfast eggs in some form are always served, and second, that a salad is served only at luncheon.

Menu

Chilled orange and pineapple juice or fresh strawberries and cream
Melba toast
French omelets with varied fillings and tomato mushroom sauce
Corn meal waffles Rhubarb conserve
Coffee

French Omelets with Varied Fillings

8 eggs
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons fat
⅓ cup grated cheese
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon spring onions, chopped
½ cup bread dice
2 tablespoons butter
½ pound hors d'oeuvre sausages

FOR each omelet beat 2 eggs slightly with 2 tablespoons milk, ¼ teaspoon salt and few grains pepper. Melt 1 tablespoon fat in omelet pan. When hot turn in egg mixture, place over medium heat. As it begins to cook on bottom and sides, lift with spatula and let uncooked portion run underneath, first in one place, then in another. Sprinkle one omelet with grated cheese, the second with chopped parsley and spring onions, the third with bread dice browned in butter and the last with cooked hors d'oeuvre sausages. When thick underneath turn heat on full and brown quickly. Turn off heat, fold omelet and place on hot platter. Pass tomato mushroom sauce separately. Serve the omelets in slices, giving a portion of the four kinds to each person.

Tomato Mushroom Sauce

5 tablespoons fat
1 slice onion
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups tomato
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
½ cup mushrooms

MELT 3 tablespoons fat, add onion and stir and cook until brown. Add flour. When slightly brown add tomato, salt and pepper and stir until sauce boils. Cook 5 minutes. Slice mushrooms, pan-fry 3 minutes in 2 tablespoons fat, strain sauce over mushrooms.

Corn Meal Waffles

⅔ cup flour
⅓ cup corn meal
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
⅔ cup milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoons melted shortening

SIFT flour with corn meal, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add milk, egg yolks beaten light and melted shortening. Fold in egg whites beaten stiff. Heat waffle iron, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon water and when iron stops steaming put in one fourth of the mixture. Cook until waffle stops steaming.

Rhubarb Conserve

1 orange
2 cups water
1 pound rhubarb
2 cups sugar
Few grains salt
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup walnut meats

CUT orange in quarters, remove seeds and force through food chopper. Add 2 cups water and cook 20 to 30 minutes or until skin is tender. Wash rhubarb and cut into half-inch pieces, add to orange and cook until soft. Add sugar, salt and raisins. Boil until mixture will mound up on spoon. Blanch walnuts, cut fine and add after conserve has cooled 5 minutes. Pour into glasses, cover with paraffin, partially seal and process in water bath 3 minutes.

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but interested her very practically in conchology—she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country, spending a great deal of time in the West. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy.

"And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

The Improved CARNATION MILK with the "Sunshine Vitamin"

- Creamy-Light in Color
- Fine in Flavor
- Smooth in Consistency
- Irradiated for Vitamin D

For thirty-five years, the Carnation Company has been giving you evaporated milk of the finest quality, the best that could be produced. Pure, wholesome milk "from Contented Cows," known and trusted the world over . . .

But now, you will find, the goodness of this milk has been further enhanced. The steady progress of decades in this scientific business of milk evaporation has come to a dramatic climax.

Today we announce the *improved* Carnation Milk —an evaporated milk of truly exceptional quality— creamy-light in color, fine in flavor, smooth in consistency, *and irradiated for Vitamin D!*

No higher price—but added nutritional value

Carnation Milk now benefits from one of the most important scientific discoveries of recent times, a discovery which makes it possible to add the "sunshine vitamin" —by *irradiation with ultra-violet rays,* the invisible rays found in sunlight.

The "sunshine vitamin" is the great protector against rickets in infants and children — essential in the balanced diet for the development and maintenance of sound bones and teeth. Almost totally lacking in ordinary foods, it is now supplied by Carnation Milk. Adults as well as children may obtain in this way the advantages of an abundance of Vitamin D in the diet. Yet this added nutritional value is brought to you without any increase in cost.

Direct irradiation, by the Steenbock process (U. S. Patent No. 1680818), subjects the milk to light rays only. *No substance is added to the milk.* The fine delicate flavor is unchanged. . . .

So now, in the *improved* Carnation, you have a milk that is *better than ever* for babies—pure, nourishing, *super-digestible*—with the "sunshine vitamin" added. It may be just what *your* baby needs. Carnation Milk has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Ask your doctor about a Carnation Milk formula.

Also, this improved milk satisfies to perfection every milk and cream need of kitchen or table. It does better cooking. It is double-rich and creamy-smooth for coffee and cereals. A *fine* milk for boys and girls to drink.

Have *you* tried Carnation Milk recently? If not, now is the time! The improved Carnation will surprise and delight you with its goodness, with its convenience, with its economy.

Ask your grocer for it. Look for the word "Irradiated" *on the label. And write, please, for two valuable free booklets—"100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies." Address Carnation Company, 904 Milwaukee Gas Light Building, Milwaukee; or 1005 Stuart Building, Seattle; or Carnation Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.*

TUNE IN the Carnation "Contented Hour." A program of delightful music, presented by the Carnation concert orchestra, quartet, and Lullaby Lady. Monday evening, coast-to-coast, NBC.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Carnation Milk

"FROM CONTENTED COWS"

STYLES in the Stores

EVERY month our fashion editor selects a few outstanding costumes from leading stores throughout the country. Her purpose is to make your shopping easier by pointing out styles that are above the average in good taste and usefulness. If you want to know more about these particular costumes you have only to tune in on the following broadcasts by Jean Abbey, our radio shopper:

WKRC	Cincinnati	June 20	9:45 A.M.
KGO	San Francisco	June 27	9:45 A.M.
WOR	Brooklyn	June 27	9:45 A.M.

Practical Jacket Ensembles Selected by Ethel Holland Little, Fashion Editor

THE charm of this white chalk crêpe ensemble lies in its simplicity. Green dotted linen in the tie and belt lend a gay note to the tailored short-sleeved dress. You can use the knee-length coat over your dark dresses too.

The Fair Store, Cincinnati.

EQUALLY smart for a morning in the shops or an evening at the movies is this sheer navy blue crêpe. The crisp bit of taffeta in the collar and cuffs gives it a festive air but the smooth fitted lines are conservative and easy to wear.

O'Connor, Moffatt and Company, San Francisco.

THE fishnet bathing suit is a new style that made its successful début last winter at Palm Beach. Good swimmers liked it because it fits so well and dries quickly. The swagger cape is navy blue jersey and the cap crocheted cotton.

Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn.

You may think powder is powder—and choose yours by the color of its box! But your nose knows the difference—for your nose, after all, makes a much closer acquaintance with face-powder than you do!

So look closely in that mirror! How are the pores around your nostrils? Find a large one here or there? See a dry patch or two?

If you're not already using Luxor—the Moisture-proof Powder—your complexion probably won't bear such scrutiny. For ordinary face-powders have a way of sinking into the skin—coarsening the pores, hiding away where cleansing cream can't catch them.

That's why it's wiser to use Luxor. For this is one powder that really clings to the *surface* of your skin. Luxor *will not*, for it *cannot*, absorb moisture. Pour some in a glass of water. See how it floats on the top. That's just what it does on your face . . . giving your skin a light, smooth, lovely finish!

Luxor costs just 55 cents at stores everywhere. Stop in soon, and pick out your favorite shade. You'll like Luxor's fragrance and fine texture. It stays on longer. And your nose will bear witness, after a short trial, that the Moisture-proof Powder is *better* for your skin.

Have you heard this one?

Luxor Special Formula is a new cream that's a positive sensation. So different that we tested it secretly for a whole year in leading beauty salons. It brings out skin-accumulations with unbelievable ease, right before your eyes. But it's not a "rolling" cream. Send the coupon below for a sample.

Hear "Talkie Picture Time" starring June Meredith: drama, love, adventure on the movie-lot. NBC, Sunday afternoon. See local papers.

Luxor

THE MOISTURE-PROOF COMPLEXION POWDER

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your generous trial packages of Luxor Moisture-proof Powder, Rouge and new Special Formula Cream. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing-costs.
This offer not good in Canada.

Check, *Powder:* Rose Rachel____ Rachel____ Flesh____
Rouge: Radiant____ Medium____ Sunglow____
WH-7 Pastel____ Vivid____ Roseblush____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

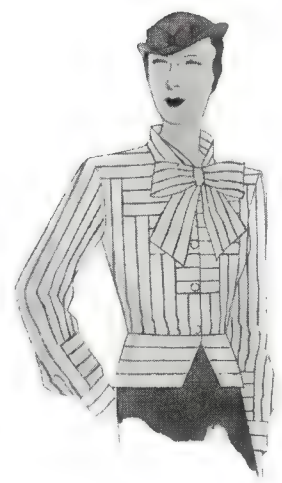
Accessories After the Fact

Selected in Paris by MARJORIE HOWARD

Drawings by MÁLAGA GRENET

From Agnès—blouse, hat and gloves in dark blue organdie

Black and white checked taffeta in a set from Chanel



With a red suit Chanel's white and red etamine blouse

THE "fact" this year is your tailored suit, whether it is a dark wool, a soft silk, a white or string-colored linen. Beginning with this you turn the inventive side of your mind to the accessories that change its appearance. Wear a cotton blouse one day—gingham, piqué, plaid cotton, bandanna, embroidered organdie. Try linen the next—handkerchief sheer or crisp colored butcher's linen. And don't overlook checked taffeta and the new nets, plain or printed. Alone or in a set with matching hat, belt, bag or gloves there is no end to the variety a blouse may give your suit, as you see in these Paris sketches.

Then again the hat, gloves and buttons may do the furbishing. Picture your navy blue suit with bamboo buttons instead of navy and a burnt straw sailor and dark chamois gloves as a change from white. This is a Molyneux idea.

As for your simple one-piece dress that too may have its variations on a single theme. Robert Piguet shows you what he does with the same black frock to make it look like three different dresses.

The Molyneux bamboo-colored accessories to go with navy

Pleated organdie ruffles on white piqué—Lucile Paray

With the same black frock Robert Piguet proposes a cape folded back and tied with white piqué, a cape with piqué inserts over the shoulders and a ruche of starched white linen

NUMBER FOURTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"

Says Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert of Vienna was formerly on the staff of Wilhelminen Hospital, and is ranked as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. Desperately frightened. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. And that was all I gave her. In two little words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. All her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life. In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"It makes one happy to be able to do this for young married women. And it's so simple. Just a matter of telling them about "Lysol". I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter. I know its high standing with the medical profession. Experienced physicians always use "Lysol" when they *must* be sure."

(*Signed*) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What this leading woman gynecologist of Vienna advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol". It kills germs. It's safe. As a germicide it is effective at all times. For forty years it has had the full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic enjoys such absolute trust. None other is so generally recommended for home use.

"Lysol" has everything necessary for the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene.

Safety—it is gentle, soothing, refreshing. It is used in delicate childbirth when feminine membranes are most sensitive. Then surely it is safe for normal everyday use.

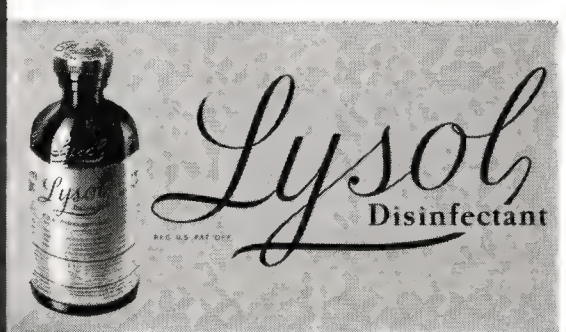
Dependability—it never varies in its power to kill germs. No matter how long you've had the bottle in the house, "Lysol" is still standard strength. It meets the hardest test of an antiseptic—*it destroys germs even in the presence of organic matter.*

Every married woman should make the use of "Lysol" part of her routine—for intimate, exquisite, personal cleanliness—and no less for peace of mind!

•

Let "Lysol" guard the family health

"Lysol" KILLS GERMS! It can always be *trusted.* In epidemics, emergencies, when they can take no chances, doctors always turn to "Lysol". They order it for use in children's diseases—mumps, measles, diphtheria—to prevent the spread of infection. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness. In the delicate operations attending childbirth, doctors, nurses, midwives, depend upon it to protect mother and child. Use it for cuts, wounds, burns, stings. Let it destroy the persistent fungus which causes "Athlete's Foot." "Lysol" is the one "indispensable" for your bathroom cabinet. It's necessary for the health of the whole family—as necessary as fresh air!



FACTS EVERY MARRIED WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure—"Marriage Hygiene." Contains the helpful advice of three world-famous women physicians. Check other booklets if desired.

☐ Preparation for Motherhood ☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. L-89*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1934

TUNE IN • "HALL OF FAME," on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 Eastern Daylight Time . . . WEAF and N. B. C. Stations coast-to-coast at corresponding hours

I GET BY WITH THE WOMEN!

I'll say so...

I DO THE JOBS THEY DREAD!

Maybe I am conceited! But who wouldn't be? I'm "number one boy" in a million American homes.

"BLUE MONDAY" never comes when I'm at work. I make the "white wash" snowy-white. I brighten color-fast cottons and linens. It doesn't matter whether you use washing machine or tub. When I'm on the job—in soaking suds or first rinse—there's always less rubbing and scrubbing, and boiling is a time-and-effort waster you can forget.

I whisk out minor spots and stains in the regular laundering process. And with a slightly stronger solution I remove stubborn stains from white and color-fast cottons and linens—ink, fruit, berry, beverage, dye, medicine, blood and many others! Why even scorched spots and mildew, those two worst bugaboos, fade right out of the picture when I go after them.

I'm as efficient in the kitchen and bathroom as I am in the laundry. Watch me "strut my stuff" on dingy wooden drainboards, shelves and coolers, on discolored porcelain, tile and enamel. I make them look like new! As for sweetening refrigerators, deodorizing garbage cans and speeding up sluggish drainpipes—take it from me, I'm a wizard!

Remember, I'm a germicide—always pure, safe and dependable. As I work I disinfect—an added safeguard to health. That's why I have so many personal uses. For example, I make an antiseptic mouth wash. I disinfect cuts, scratches and burns. I am helpful in treating poison oak, ivy and sumac. I make a soothing foot bath. I'm a prophylactic for "Athlete's Foot" and I soften cuticle, corns and callouses. (One part CLOROX to ten parts water makes a sodium hypochlorite solution equivalent to Dakin's solution in disinfecting properties). Be sure of my name for I have no "double." You'll find me in pints and quarts at your grocer's.... There is only one

CLOROX

Pure · Safe · Dependable

BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DESTROYS ODORS • KILLS GERMS

THE knitting directions for this Anny Blatt dress are yours for three cents postage. Order CK-353 from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Knit It for Fall

WE KNOW that you knitters are particular people. Any bit of clothing that comes from your needles must be smart, whether it is a dress, a blouse or a pair of baby's pants. So we went to a young woman whose name is a motto in Paris when it comes to knitted fashions—and asked her to design a special dress for you.

Here it is—an original Anny Blatt. And if you think we weren't in a prouder than Punch frame of mind when this design slipped out of its French envelope, just look at the dress and judge for yourself. It is typical of the hand-knit styles that have given Anny Blatt such a tremendous vogue on both sides of the Atlantic. It is simple, wearable, yet with a real distinction in its turnover button collar and its effective diagonal pattern.

This diagonal stitch which you see enlarged is one of Anny Blatt's favorites. It is not only easy to do, she says, but very effective to wear. Whether you are slight or of a more important size you will find it becoming. The raglan shoulders too, she points out, are designed to fit any arm, big or little, fat or thin.

Because the chic of a knitted dress depends to a large extent on the wool you use, we asked for and received Anny Blatt's approval of the yarn we recommend in the knitting directions. It has a dull rough tweed-like surface, just the thing for a dress that will be perfect for the street this fall. As for color you may have your choice of a number of shades all appropriate for fall. Soft green, seal brown, navy or Spanish tile would all be attractive.

What To Do
About The Child Who "*Hates*" Cereals

And — A Way That Works Wonders In Getting Him To Eat A Big Breakfast

Try This Marvelous New Creation That Now Brings Whole Wheat in Flakes as Light as Snowflakes . . Crispy, Crunchy, Golden-brown Flakes with All the Gaiety, All the Allure of A French Confection

Yet

A Dish That With Milk or Cream and Sugar and Some Kind of Fruit Makes A Meal So Nourishing It's Called "The Breakfast of Champions"

Accepted by The Committee On Foods of The American Medical Association as a Pure Food, Honestly Advertised

NOW in answer to the question so many mothers are asking—"What Can I Do To Get My Child to *Like* Cereals?"—comes a very simple solution. And—one that is acceptable to leading child authorities.

They say that, due to the serious digestive disturbances often resulting from emotional "scenes," no child should ever be *coaxed* or *forced* to eat a cereal he "hates." Instead, a child should be served a cereal he will eat *willingly!*

If you agree with their thinking on this subject, then you are urged to try this amazing new whole wheat creation. For it brings whole wheat, at last, in a ready-to-serve form that children adore.

A new and unique form of the most basic of all cereals for human consumption. A form so marvelously delicious and enticing that children revel in it like a party dish—*will eat it absolutely without coaxing, commanding.*

It's whole wheat in flakes as light as snowflakes. Crispy, crunchy, golden-brown flakes having all the gaiety, all the allure of a French Confection.

Yet that, with abundant milk and sugar, makes a dish which, together with some kind of fruit, comprises a breakfast that builds strong bones, red blood, solid flesh. And—gives the energy the growing child needs for work or play.

In short, this new development of the millers of famous Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour is a magic transformation of the "necessary" food, whole wheat, into one that's marvelously light and tempting.

The name of this whole wheat creation is Wheaties. And it's supremely delicious, served with milk or cream and sugar.

If you believe in whole wheat for yourself and child—you are urged to try Wheaties.

All The Mineral, Vitamin Containing Elements Retained

In the manufacture of Wheaties, none of the bran, containing valuable phosphorus and iron, none of the germ (that part of the wheat berry where nature has stored up essential vitamins A, B, E, and G) has been removed. All the carbohydrates that provide energy, all the protein that builds healthy flesh; all these are retained in Wheaties.

Another point, accepted by the American Medical Association's Foods Committee, is that whole wheat, from which Wheaties are made, contains nearly *twice* the body-building protein and a greater percentage of minerals than even such commonly used foods as corn or rice.

Wheaties cost but 15c the package—enough for a week. Yet the special type of wheat they're made from is far superior to best grades of ordinary wheat. Do you wonder why millions of homes "switched" to Wheaties last year? Why this dish with some kind of fruit is called—by such stars of sport as Jimmy Foxx, Lou Gehrig and many others —"The Breakfast of Champions"?

Get Wheaties at your grocer's. Ask for by name—W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S. You'll be glad you did. *1314*

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Copr. 1934 by General Mills, Inc.

LOU GEHRIG

"The Iron Man of Baseball"

SAYS:

"I certainly will go on record that Wheaties with plenty of milk or cream and sugar and some kind of fruit is the 'Breakfast of Champions.'

"I know that any boy or girl—or any Dad or Mother, either, for that matter—will find that a big bowlful of Wheaties every morning is just the right thing to start the day out right. They keep you '*feeling like a million*' all day long.

"So take a tip from me—if you want something that tastes swell and something that gives you the old pep and steam, start eating Wheaties every morning."

WHEATIES *"The Breakfast of Champions"*

WITH ABUNDANT MILK OR CREAM, SUGAR AND SOME KIND OF FRUIT

SOLVE YOUR INSECT PROBLEM THIS MODERN WAY..

Housewives find that spraying with Flit saves them money. No moths ruining clothes worth hundreds of dollars. No ants and roaches spoiling food.

Then, too, the house is comfortable and freed from dirty, disease-bearing bugs and flying insects, with practically no effort and very little cost.

Just spray each room, from attic to cellar (windows closed, please) and leave it shut for five minutes.

Flit also quickly dispels unpleasant cooking odors. Make Flit Spray a part of *your* housekeeping. Remember, it is sold with a money-back guarantee.

FLIT

SPRAY AND POWDER

Get a can of Flit Powder too. Blow it into cracks and hard-to-reach corners. It kills every bug it comes in contact with. It is a sure way to rid your dog of fleas.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE • IT DOES SO MUCH

How to Dress Your Husband

By STUART ROSE

THAT most husbands would be the better for a little guidance in choosing their clothes is well known to all observant women. That thousands of husbands receive such guidance from their wives—and with unfortunate results—is equally true if not quite so well known. Those wives who bother about it at all seem to insist upon employing women's standards in selecting men's clothes which, considering that the wives are women, is natural enough, even though unhappy in its practical workings. Dressing your husband does not consist of making certain that his socks match his tie which in turn matches his handkerchief. The problem presents greater complexities than these; and therefore is one to be approached cautiously and with prayer.

The first trick, and one of the most difficult, is to catch your husband. At the outset his acquiescence may be so tentative as to suggest a balky yearling being dragged to the branding; but without it, I insist, you are nowhere. Husbands of course vary, so that your technique must be adapted to the peculiar requirements of the individual involved. If for example your particular husband is a man of decided opinions, it would be fatal to approach him with: "Adelbert, you need a new suit and I'm going along to pick it out for you. The one you're wearing now makes you look like a race track tout." This method is known as the frontal attack and is not to be recommended for the average man. Even though your motives are most praiseworthy, even though Adelbert may recognize the sweet reasonableness of what you have said, you are foredoomed to failure. Are we mice or are we men?

It will be seen, then, that the employment of tactics, minor and major, will be necessary if you are to bring your grand strategy to the desired conclusion. While I am not in a position to know the requirements of each individual husband, I suggest that in many average cases the necktie opening has been used with a certain measure of success.

IF YOU can persuade your husband to wear one good necktie, a fine rich necktie, it is but a step to have him acquire another and another and another. Once he has built up a modest collection of these handsome cravats he will begin to take pride in them. Then you have him! It is but a second logical step to convince him that he ought (a) to dress up to his neckties and (b) that as you have been so successful in selecting these neckties for him, your advice in making further choices will be equally valuable.

Now comes the hard part. Having mastered the technique of the approach, it becomes essential for you to learn something about the articles of apparel under consideration, for the only neckties worse than those selected by the average man are those bought for him and forced upon him by the average wife. Every comic artist knows that the Christmas necktie gag is good for one drawing a year; and every husband, seeing such a drawing, shudders in dread anticipation.

Setting out in quest of a necktie, it is useful to know that only the expensive ones are cheap and, conversely, that all cheap neckties are expensive. It is possible nowadays to buy a cheap motor car and find it excellent; cheap houses may upon occasion turn out all right; and some of the less expensive varieties of men's clothes are of a surprising excellence. But there has never been found under the sun a cheap necktie that was worth carrying out of the shop, let alone paying real money for.

Once this axiom is fixed in your mind, try to recall the colors of your husband's suits. Most men in this country run to grays or blues, which simplifies your problem. If your husband goes in for browns your task is still not difficult, but if his taste has carried him into greens or heathers, you'll have to walk carefully lest you stumble. Save in summer, when foulards are pleasant, it is safest to stick to the heavier silks such as the English spitalfields. These tie up better and last longer than light materials and will stand an extraordinary amount of abuse. Small repeated patterns or any one of the many varieties of checks—not plaids!—are apt to be the best choice for the inexperienced buyer. They are always in good taste and may be worn anywhere. Stripes are risky, although occasionally good. If you must buy them, look out that you don't select a pattern that will turn your husband into a spurious Old Etonian or a member of the Royal Garrison Artillery. On the whole, it is the way of discretion to leave them alone. Never buy one of the large splashy patterns so dear to the hearts of misguided maiden aunts and never under any circumstances select a necktie of watered silk of the variety known to women, I believe, as moire.

How are your tactics? Do you employ force or moral suasion on your husband? And if your approach technique is sound, perhaps you are still in need of advice on details. Address the fashion department with your problems and we'll tell you how to dress your husband. But don't tell your husband we told you.

Within these limits, then, you may make your choice and you will find it surprisingly wide. Any combination of black and white, blue and white, black or blue and gray, or gray and white, will do for black, blue or gray suits. Ties of wool, similar as to pattern and color, go well with the shaggier tweeds and with country clothes in general. With brown clothes, red or brown and white, red and blue, or brown and blue, or any of these general combinations will do nicely. Green is dangerous and should be avoided. Solid colors in heavy grained silks are usually good, but with these keep away from self-figures or jacquard patterns.

Now we arrive at the second phase; persuading the innocent victim of your wiles to dress up to his neckties. You have found a chink in the husbandly armor, but before applying the can-opener be certain that you command a basic knowledge sufficiently sound to carry you through the operation.

I'LL ASSUME that you entertain no burning desire to make your husband over into a bad approximation of a movie star, of a belted earl or of a character out of Wodehouse. If you do, you've come to the wrong shop and may turn the page in search of more sprightly matter. Anyone who spends five thousand a year on his clothes can make some sort of impression with them, but we are here concerned with the man who spends five hundred dollars or less.

The first thing to get out of your mind is the idea that there are "styles" for men in the sense that the word style is generally understood by women. Fashions there are, but these change so gradually that a suit or overcoat purchased this year, provided the selection is originally sound, will be perfectly good three or four years from now so far as cut and pattern are concerned. (Of course any suit may wear out, but I can't help that.)

The best clothes for men still originate in London and not on Broadway, but this does not mean that your husband is obliged to patronize a Bond Street or Savile Row tailor in order to be well dressed. The large American manufacturers of ready-to-wear clothes can afford to employ the most expert designers in the world, and do.

In many cases the necktie opening has been used with a measure of success

American woolens, I am told, are the equals both in appearance and wearing qualities of any in the world, and a great deal less expensive than the imported variety. Your main problem is to avoid either the obvious or the eccentric, remembering always that tricky design is usually employed to distract the buyer's attention from careless workmanship or shoddy materials.

In selecting clothes for business wear, you'd best advise your husband to stick to solid colors, quiet stripings or to weaves that do not assault the naked eye at twenty paces. The harder materials ordinarily give more wear and hold their shape better than the rougher tweeds, homespuns and shetlands, though many men wear the latter in town or country with a fine impartiality. Real country clothes, because of their greater variety in pattern and color, are fun; but these more exuberant materials when worn in town become merely funny.

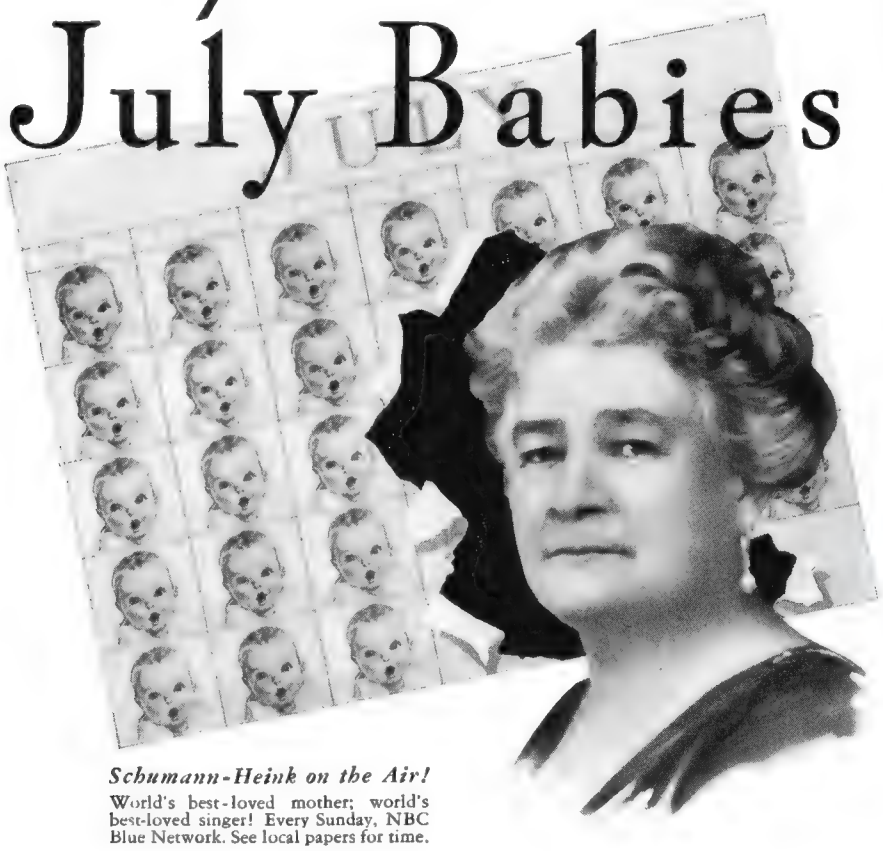
A MAN does not need an extensive wardrobe in order to make a good appearance on most ordinary occasions but it is cheaper in the long run to have several suits at a time. If a suit is worn for one day and hung carefully in the closet for the following two, it will not require pressing very often.

Having settled on a material, we come to cut. There are two types of lounge or business suit, single and double-breasted. Double-breasted suits are ordinarily considered to be slightly dressier than the single-breasted variety, but this is largely a matter of opinion and personal preference. The main point to bear in mind is that single-breasted suits have a tendency to accentuate slimness. If your husband is short or inclined to stoutness, this is the suit for him. Striped patterns also give the illusion of increased height. Although coats are slightly fitted at the waist and over the hips, this effect is gained by tailoring. No suit should be tight. Shoulders are padded a trifle, but the extreme peaked effect should be avoided like the plague, else your husband is apt to resemble an adagio dancer. Single-breasted coats have either two or three buttons, only the middle one of which is used. Double-breasted coats have six buttons, the upper two are spaced slightly farther apart than the other four. Again, only the middle button is used in fastening the coat.

Overcoats offer a slightly wider latitude in design, but there are at least two general utility coats which may be worn either in town or country and, if necessary, over evening clothes. These are the guards coat, usually made up in dark blue, double-breasted, with a half-belt in the back; and the town ulster, also double-breasted and made up in dark blue or oxford gray, slightly longer than the guards coat and with a straight back. Either of these coats, in moderately rough materials, may be worn anywhere and at any time. They solve the problem of the man who gets along with only one overcoat.

"To Your Health"..

July Babies



Schumann-Heink on the Air!
World's best-loved mother; world's best-loved singer! Every Sunday, NBC Blue Network. See local papers for time.

—AND DID YOU KNOW . . .

Your Birthstone is . . . . . THE RUBY
Your Birth Flower is . . . THE WATER LILY
and these other famous people were born in July, too—

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE • STEPHEN C. FOSTER • ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT • JOHN PAUL JONES • JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER • CALVIN COOLIDGE • GEORGE M. COHAN • BOOTH TARKINGTON • JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ELIAS HOWE • MARY BAKER EDDY GEORGE SAND • CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

WHAT an imposing list of famous birth-fellows you July babies have! Maybe some day you'll be just as famous as they are—even more famous!

But that's in the future. The first thing you've got to do is get big and strong and learn to walk and talk.

And getting big and strong is where Gerber's come in.

Not right now, but in just a few months you'll be demanding—yes, actually demanding—your quota of good, healthful, full-of-vitamins strained vegetables.

And listen, July Babies, when that time comes, whisper in mother's ear that you want Gerber's. Because they're the best you can possibly get. On account of special Gerber processing—cooking with oxygen excluded—those valuable vitamins are retained in high degree. Gerber's also have full measure of important mineral salts.

First, Gerber's strained starting cereal—then Gerber's famous eight strained vegetables—those are the foods that are going to help you grow big, strong, sturdy and healthy.

And besides being better for you they save your mother work—and besides saving her work they save her money, too.

So—even though she'd work every hour for you, and even though she'd spend all her money on you, she doesn't have to.

But more important—

"If Gerber's are Better for Baby, isn't that all any mother needs to know?"

Your Store's Baby Department

When you see the Gerber 9-can display in a store, you'll know that dealer is carrying the best foods he can for your baby; you'll know he has the finest qualities in other good things for babies, too. So when you go shopping, look for the Gerber display.

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans.

Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby

W-7

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Ask Your Doctor

NRA

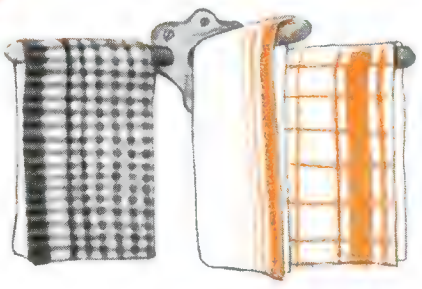
Gerber Products Company, Fremont, Michigan
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)
Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like birth-month data for each month and a picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

Name. . . . . .
Address. . . . . .
City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

Dish Towel into Sun Suit

No. 5558. Brother and sister sun suits. Sizes, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. In size 1 the sister suit requires 1⅛ yards 17-inch dish toweling or ½ yard 35-inch gingham; brother suit requires 1¼ yards 17-inch toweling or ⅝ yard of 35-inch gingham. The price, 15 cents.

BECAUSE children never look more charming than when they are dressed in thoroughly practical comfortable clothes the COMPANION offers these two patterns for sun suits made of dish toweling. We all know that this material is made to endure hard wear and rough laundering. It is cool and soft and smartly styled in a variety of crisp plaids, checks and stripes. The suits are designed not only to fit well and look attractive but to be easily made by taking advantage of the bordered selvages. Ordinary gingham or other cotton cloth, however, can be substituted if you prefer. Pattern No. 5558 includes a diminutive overall for brother and a more feminine affair for sister. Pattern No. 5559 offers a sunbonnet to go with a very airy young suit held up by crossed fabric shoulder straps.



No. 5559. Sun suit and sunbonnet. Sizes, 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 1 requires 2⅝ yards 17-inch dish toweling, or 1¼ yards 35-inch gingham for both bonnet and suit. Price of the pattern is 15 cents.

Send your order to Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau—P. 8, 250 Park Avenue, New York

"Dry-skin-blight" *ended*

Woodbury's Two *Germ-Free* Creams With Exclusive Element 576 Transform Withering Dryness Into Luscious Youth!

"Dry as old parchment!" "Dry as dust!" "Dry as a mummy!" That's what 70% of American women are complaining about their skins today. Fair-skinned blondes and colorful brunettes—they send up the same cry! But now Woodbury's has created two new creams which actively combat and *overcome* Dry-Skin-Blight.

Element 576 Arouses the Oil Glands

Woodbury's Cold Cream possesses an exclusive Element, known as 576, which works upon the skin in much the same way as vitamins in foods work upon the body. It stimulates the oil glands to do their work more vigorously. Rouses them to generate the vital, natural oils without which no skin can remain beautiful—fresh, young, smooth.

Both These Creams Stay Germ-free

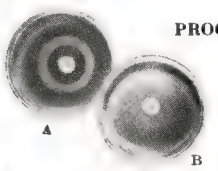
An exclusive element—in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams—destroys the germs that are bound to enter creams the moment the jar is opened, that linger on hands, fingers, face, even when apparently clean. It keeps Woodbury's Creams absolutely pure *throughout their use.* Greatly reduces the danger of blemishes—to which thin, dry skins are especially subject. Raises resistance, increases skin vigor, aids natural beauty.

Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to prevent blemishes, makes the skin supple, stimulates the oil glands to act for themselves. Woodbury's Facial Cream stays germ-free while protecting the skin from weather, from flying dust, grit, and dirt.

Dry-Skin-Blight ended! New, fresh, supple beauty in its place! By the simple, daily use of Woodbury's two Creams! Try them! Send for the generous free tubes. See how quickly they'll supple and freshen drying, dying skin!

Woodbury's Creams Win Approval of Nation's Leading Dermatologists—*an Approval Never Before Accorded to any Beauty Creams*

The germ-free quality exclusive to Woodbury's Creams, which keeps them safe as long as they last, prompted 109 leading American dermatologists in 38 states to give these creams the seal of their approval, *never before accorded to any beauty creams!* Dr. John Monroe Sigman, skin specialist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "Hitherto, beauty creams have carried in them the latent danger of infection. It is with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms." Another dermatologist wrote: "I consider these creams of the highest quality—in fact, the best on the market."



PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER

These agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs, tell the story. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The germ-destroyer has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy the germs surrounding it.

Free! **WOODBURY'S GERM-FREE, SKIN-STIMULATING CREAMS**

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 7343 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care and six little packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

*Name*_____

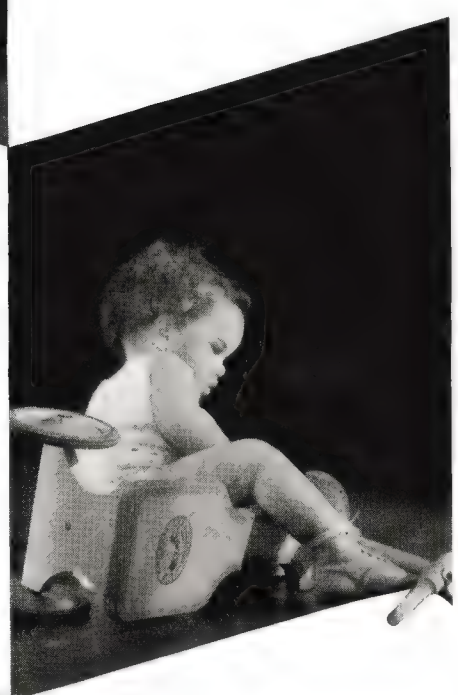
*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

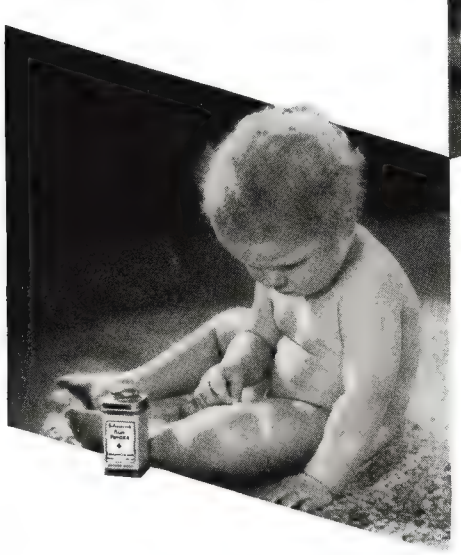
© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

● *"Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"*

● *"Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it* looks *easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and* OVER, *baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery—*CAREFUL!"



● *"*OUCH*—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't* hurt, *but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"*

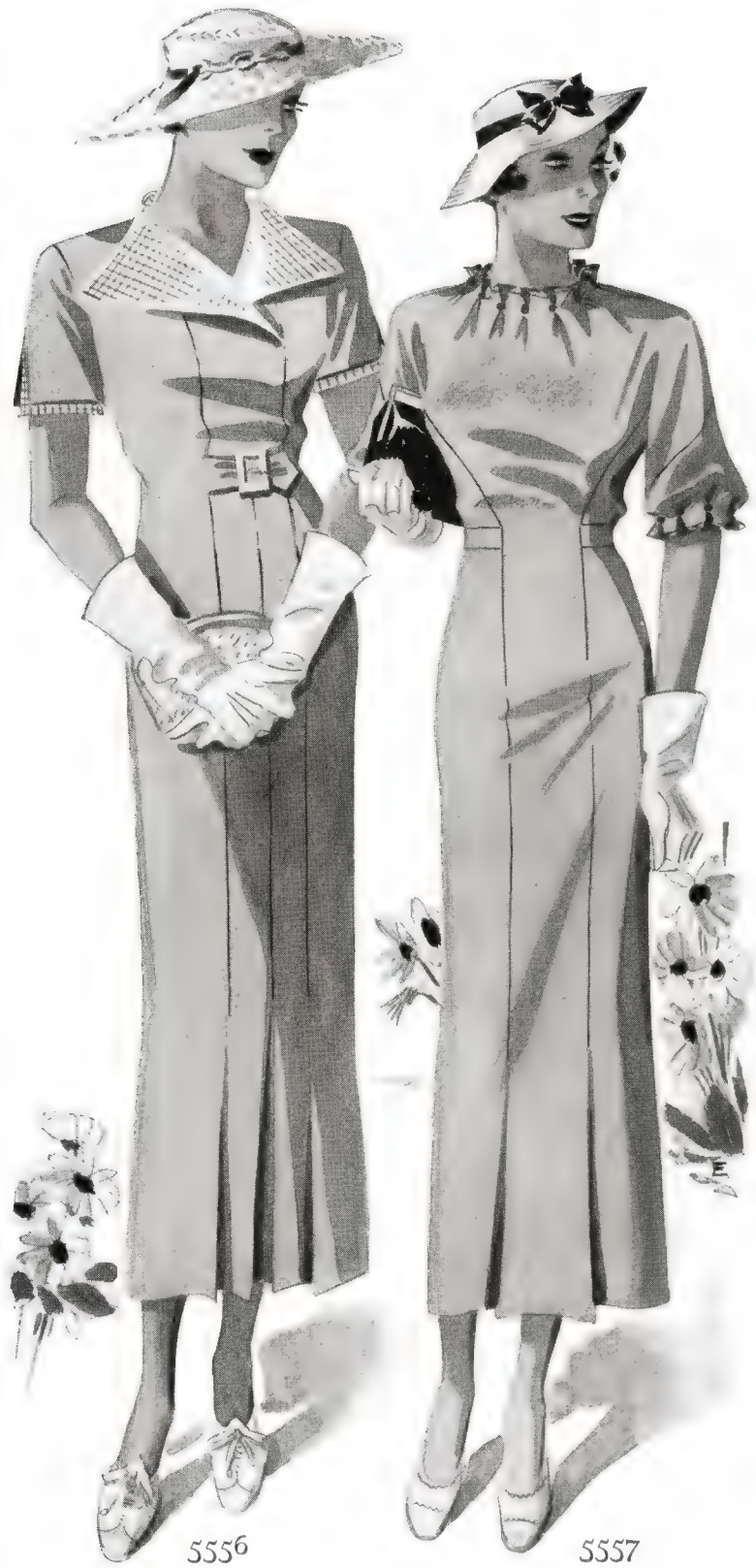


● *"There's a big difference in the texture of baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. Hasn't a speck of orris-root or zinc stearate in it, either!"*

Send 10¢ (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 14, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER



Patterns True to Type

ONE of these patterns will fit you perfectly if you find most dresses too tight through the hips. The other is small enough for you who usually have to raise hems and waistlines. Both patterns give smart and becoming lines to these special types of figure.

No. 5556. Especially designed for women with hips three inches larger than average. Sizes, 34 to 46 inch bust measures. Size 34 requires 4 yards 35-inch linen. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

No. 5557. Especially designed for women from five feet to five feet three inches in height. Sizes, 32 to 38 inch bust measures. Size 34 requires 3 1/8 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Price of pattern is 25 cents.

Send your order to Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau—P. 8, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

The "Most Nearly Pe

now made

MORE NEARLY PERFECT

When mother nature was designing our food for us, she didn't know that we'd ever live in smoky, dusty cities and towns, work in offices or factories, and wear clothes all the year 'round. So she didn't feel the need to put in our food—not even in milk, our most nearly perfect food—an adequate supply of the very important vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin which the ultra-violet rays from the sun created in our bodies when we lived out in the clear sunshine.

We haven't had enough of this precious vitamin D, since smoke and dust and buildings and clothes have kept these ultra-violet rays from reaching us. Without it the disease called rickets (faulty bone development) has become widely prevalent among children. Physicians have discovered that it often exists even where it is not suspected, and results in faulty bones and bad teeth in later life.

We can now prevent it. The ultra-violet rays have been brought to earth again—not to create the vitamin by shining on our bodies, but by shining on our most important food—milk. In the Pet Milk plants the ultra-violet rays are created, allowed to shine on the milk, and thus to create the precious vitamin in the milk, just as the ultra-violet rays of the sun would create it in our bodies if we still lived out in the clear sunshine. What we don't get from the sunshine we can now get from our food.

All Pet Milk is now enriched with vitamin D by irradiation with these ultra-violet rays. Uniformly rich in the calcium and phosphorus of which bones and teeth are built, Pet Milk now enables your baby and your children to use these bone and teeth-building materials more efficiently—to build sounder bones and teeth—because of the ex tra supply of the vitamin D which is in the milk.

This extra vitamin D is beneficial to adults as wel as to children. It is most im portant to expectant and to nursing mothers. And because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, i enables you to put more mill in your cooked food—giving your family more of the milk which all authorities say they ought to have—giving all o them a greater quantity of vita min D, which may be highly beneficial to all of them—which cannot be harmful to any.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk, concentrated and steri lized in sealed containers—made and kept as safe as i there were not a germ of dis ease in the world. Nothing is taken from the pure milk but part of the Nothing is added to it except the ad vitamin D which the ultra-violet rays c the milk by shining on it. Look for the word "Irradiated" on the face of the label. Irradiation has not increased the cost of Pet Milk. *Irradiated Pet Milk costs less generally than ordinary milk.*

Let us send you these FREE books on irradiated Pet Milk. The baby book "More Nearly Perfect —When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle" explains solid foods.

The beautifully illustrated recipe book "New Summertime Recipes for the New Pet Milk" will be very helpful in putting more of the needed milk and consequently more precious vitamin D, when you use Irradiated Pet Milk, into your family's food.

Send for these FREE *books*

PET MILK CO., 1439g Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
or Department 39g, 24 California St., San Francisco, California

☐ *"More Nearly Perfect—When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle"*

☐ *"New Summertime Recipes for the New Pet Milk"*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Fill in completely—print name and address. Offer is limited to residents of Continental U. S.)

Hear the *"Pet-Milky-Way Program"*

New recipes—timely suggestions for preparing everyday food so that it will be attractive and delicious and at the same time more wholesome and more economical are broadcast by Mary Lee Taylor direct from the Pet Milk Experimental Kitchen every Tuesday and Thursday morning, over C. B. S., 10:45 Eastern Standard Time—9:45 Central Standard Time—8:45 in Denver. And—west of the Rocky Mountains—by Ann Holden direct from the N.B.C. Woman's Magazine of the Air kitchen every Tuesday morning at 11:10 o'clock Pacific Coast Time. (*Daylight Saving Time, one hour later*).

she said ...*"Ann, is this a new sink? it shines so beautifully"*

and I said ...*"No, it's many years old but it's never been cleaned with anything but Bon Ami"*

Copr. 1934, The Bon Ami Co.

PERHAPS you don't think it's possible for a kitchen sink to remain glossy and new looking, year after year? But it is . . . provided you use the *right* cleanser!

And that can mean *only*—Bon Ami. First, because Bon Ami doesn't scratch or scrape off the dirt (and at the same time scratch and dull your sink) as many cleansers do. Second, because Bon Ami actually polishes as it cleans . . . not only quickly makes your sink *spotless*, but gives it a real lustre and sparkle.

Women love to clean with Bon Ami. It looks so snowy-white . . . feels so fine and soft . . . smells so *clean!* It doesn't redden or roughen your hands nor make your fingernails brittle. It doesn't collect in or clog up drains and pipes . . . nor leave gritty sediment in the bottom of tubs and basins. It's the perfect cleanser!

Try Bon Ami for *all* your household cleaning. It's equally good for everything from bathtubs, tiling and sinks to kitchen utensils, refrigerators and smooth painted woodwork. Bon Ami keeps them all smooth, glistening, and unscratched.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK CITY

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

TO suit your taste . . . . *Bon Ami comes in a handy Cake, a sifter-top can of Powder or in a Deluxe Package, especially designed for Bathrooms.*

Bon Ami

protects sinks... keeps them polished and new-looking

Four-Hour Pattern

YOUR midsummer search for an extra dress or two to carry you through the hot weather can very well end here. From pattern No. 5555 you can make two youthfully becoming dresses—one for sports, the other for dancing—in less time than it takes to fly from Philadelphia to Chicago.

Approximately four hours are all you need to make either version of this pattern and this includes the cutting, the hand-finishing and the pressing. The dance version may take a little longer because of the hand-rolled hem on the collar frill, but if you like our idea of using ribbon for the sash and bows your sewing time will be cut down considerably.

One of the features that make this dress so simple is the attractive tie effect on the shoulder which takes the place of a sleeve. Another is the detailed dressmaking lesson which comes to you along with your pattern. Armed with this even a beginner can cope with No. 5555 successfully.

For the sports version we suggest a soft yellow linen trimmed with white piqué or navy piqué with white. For the evening dress light blue dotted swiss would be lovely trimmed with navy taffeta or plaid mousseline with satin ribbon to match your favorite color in the plaid.

Pattern No. 5555. Sizes, 14 to 20. Size 16 requires 4 yards 35-inch material for the short skirt style and 5¼ yards 35-inch material for the evening version. The price, 25 cents.

Send your order to Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau—P. 8, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Keep GOING with PEP

Crisp flakes of wheat and bran for active appetites

FEED summer energy with Kellogg's PEP. Delicious flakes of toasted wheat and bran. Nourishing. Digest easily . . . without burdening the body. Extra bran makes PEP mildly laxative.

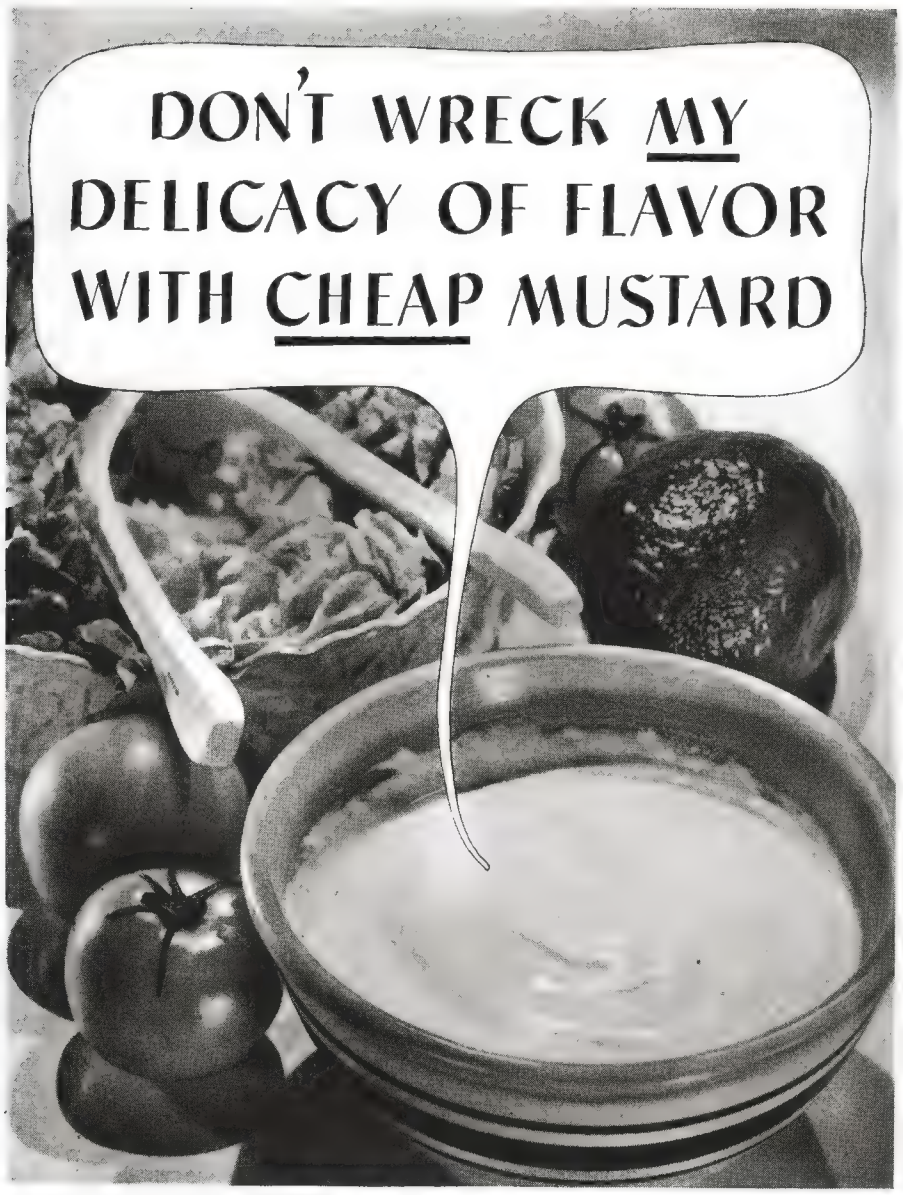
Start each day with a bowlful of PEP. Delicious with milk or cream. Sliced fruit or berries add wonderful variety. Always ready-to-eat.

Enjoy PEP often. Fine for a healthful lunch or supper on hot days. A grand bite at night. Buy PEP from your grocer—oven-crisp in the *heat-sealed* inside WAXTITE bag—an exclusive Kellogg feature. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Toasted WHEAT . . .

plus Extra BRAN . . .

Ready-to-eat



7 out of 10 Leading Producers of evaporated milk say . . .

"The fine flavor of this pure mustard is perfect for mixing cream salad dressings"

WHY do leading producers of evaporated milk find French's Mustard perfect for mixing salad dressings? Because French's has that tang and delicious flavor that only pure ingredients can attain.

French's Mustard contains only the highest grade mustard seeds. The best distilled vinegar, such as you buy for your table, goes into it. Its flavorful spices are the very purest. Many cheap mustards contain artificial flavoring and preservatives. Their inferior ingredients are often doctored until they are so hot that they "burn" . . . or they are so adulterated, they are "flat" and tasteless. The delicate true mustard flavor is destroyed.

There are no adulterants or artificial preservatives in French's. Its pure ingredients are "creamed" into a peppy, yet richly flavorful, mustard which actually brings out the natural deliciousness of meats, cheese, salad dressing ingredients.

Five million housewives prefer French's Mustard. Their own experience has taught them the same truth that leading producers of evaporated milk know. Try French's once and you will never use any other kind again.

TRY THIS DELICIOUS SALAD DRESSING—
(Recipe shown on label)
4 tbsp. French's Mustard; 2 tbsp. evaporated milk; 2 tbsp. sugar; 2 tbsp. vinegar; ¼ tsp. salt. Place in a bowl and beat until light and fluffy.

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

IN TWO SIZES—9-oz. 15¢; 6-oz. 10¢

R. S. V. P.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

to raise Bill up the ladder—up and up to the top. And that was how it came about that, defying some of the rules of the well-known book of etiquette, she buckled on her armor and arranged her forces for what would be magnificent victory or ignominious defeat.

For Bill. Some day they would take him off on fishing trips and golf tournaments, jaunts to French Lick, big league games in Chicago.

Perhaps Bill thought that these other men were really of better clay, because they belonged socially. The note of wistfulness in his voice was a knife that found her heart with true aim. She wanted the best for him. Nothing had ever really mattered but Bill—and little Bill of course.

That last morning had decided it. She would break the ice. She would give a party, a very grand and proper party. Somehow she had to send Bill rocketing toward that dream.

SHE CAUGHT a glimpse of herself now in the mirror beyond. That lovely dress. Sheer and billowing and lacy. She brushed away a silly tear and the envelopes in her hand touched her cheek. She glanced at them thoughtfully.

One, on monogrammed paper, read:

Mrs. Eliot Spencer
accepts with pleasure
Mrs. William Jeremiah Walton's
kind invitation to luncheon
on August twelfth at one o'clock.

Of course *she* had answered. You knew she would always do the right thing. The social arbiter of Cottingham. The richest citizen by far; she owned the big porcelain factory where Bill was employed.

The next envelope held paper of a poisonous green which said:

Mrs. Katherine Seabury
accepts with pleasure.

Kitty Seabury. Nobody ever called her Katherine. Even the clerks in the shops, Tonia's maid, the boy in the paper store, all referred to her as Kitty. They spoke of her in that light fashion, even though she went everywhere with Joseph Falconer, one of the wealthiest men in town. She had an abundance of red hair and dark, dark eyes that seemed too weary ever to meet one's squarely. And her clothes were sumptuous miracles of taste. Tonia regarded the cheap blue envelope in her hand. The third and last. She drew out the sheet on which had been written in a staggering hand:

Dear Mrs. Walton,
Thanks for inviting me.
I will come to your party.
Very truly yours,
MRS. JOE MILLER.

Well—maybe Mrs. Miller didn't live in a nice house and have lots of money and run out to the country club every day, but she was an awfully nice person. Wouldn't little Bill have been run over and killed but for Mrs. Miller's oldest boy, John? Would Tonia ever forget that horrible moment when she had seen her little son, and Bill's, toddling across the street in the path of a truck?

The maid came in now from the kitchen.

"Everything's ready, Mis' Walton," Thelma said.

Tonia smiled happily. Then the bell rang and Thelma hurried to the door. Tonia could hear her direct the guest to a room above. Tonia waited, rehearsed her greeting, her smile. And then in a moment she was facing the glamorous person beyond.

"What a perfectly heavenly day you have for your party!" Kitty Seabury came in with outstretched hand.

"How do you do!" Tonia greeted her shakily. "I'm so glad you could come."

"And I'm first?" demanded the guest with a puzzled smile.

"They'll all be here any moment now," Tonia assured her.

"What a charming house! You're expecting quite a crowd, aren't you?"

"Forty," Tonia told her promptly.

"Aren't you brave!" sighed the other. "That's a real undertaking."

"Oh, but your parties are much bigger, I know!" Tonia said. "Bill says that those duplex apartments where you live are immense."

Kitty Seabury colored uncomfortably. "Tell me, is that a picture of your baby?"

Tonia placed the glass-framed photograph of little Bill in her hands. "He's the cutest thing you ever saw," she began. "Only—of course I had to send him out with the nurse-girl today. Company frightens him."

Again the doorbell. From where she stood Tonia could see Mrs. Eliot Spencer's smart coupé parked at the edge of the drive. Pride flowed through her. Bill darling! I'm going to help you. I'm going to give you the friends you want.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Spencer! It's so nice to see you." The book had suggested that greeting. Tonia spun it off word for word. There was sincerity in her tone and happiness in her smile. No one could have resisted her.

"Ah, Mrs. Walton!" The older woman accepted the proffered hand. "It was sweet of you to think of me."

Not a detail of the elegantly simple costume escaped Tonia's guarded glance. Chalk-white crêpe, a small striking hat against her snowy hair. She made a picture of graciousness.

As her glance wandered beyond Tonia her smile remained warm and pleasant, but Tonia saw her stiffen.

"This is Mrs. Seabury, Mrs. Spencer," Tonia said through the sharp agitation of the moment.

THE CLOCK struck one-thirty. A dart of fear flew through Tonia's heart.

Again the bell. And in a moment red-cheeked perspiring stout little Mrs. Miller puffed into the living-room, fanning herself with a cardboard advertisement from a confectioner's.

"I'm awful sorry, Mis' Walton, if I've held up your party," she began breathlessly. "But I couldn't get started a minute sooner. Those young ones of mine—oh," she paused as Tonia offered her hand and turned toward the other guests, murmuring introductions. "Oh, pleased to meet you, Mis' Spencer—and you too, Mis' Seabury. I've heard a lot about you both. My, ain't it hot?"

"How do you like Cottingham?" Mrs. Spencer asked her hostess easily.

"I am crazy about it," Tonia confessed. "It's such a beautiful place—and clean and quiet—and Bill likes it too." Her nervous glance went furtively to the clock. Her smile was forced. Twenty minutes to two.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

"Good Housekeeping Bureau" TELLS YOU THESE ICE CREAM BRANDS ARE SAFE . . . AND SATISFYING

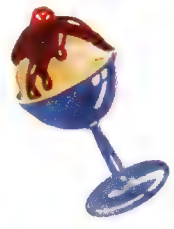
Before any product may display the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval, it must meet the rigid requirements of scientific minds, methods, and microscopes. For the first time in the making and marketing of food-products, such sanction has been given to ice cream. This is important to you . . . and to every member of your family.

Bear in mind that good ice cream is a pure food, not merely an occasional delicacy. Eat it whenever you are hungry—morning, noon, or night. It is stored with the body-building vitamins of sweet cream, fresh from sparkling dairies; the quick energy of pure sugar; the nourishment of fresh fruits and meaty nuts; the tongue-teasing zest of genuine flavors.

Herewith are the brands approved by *Good Housekeeping's* staff of scientists, as being worthy of your confidence. An unbiased source reassures you of their purity, cleanliness, strict laboratory-control, freshness, and quality of ingredients. Each of these brands is made to a single quality-standard; each is justly famous in its own locality.

How about a cone, Boys and Girls? Buy where you see the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval.

Good ice cream improves a soda or a milk-shake. Be sure it's the brand *Good Housekeeping* approves.



Don't forget the energy-value of a sundae, made with ice cream approved by *Good Housekeeping*.

ALLEN'S ICE CREAM
Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.
ARCTIC ICE CREAM . . . State of Michigan
BREYERS ICE CREAM . . Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Metropolitan New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Southern Connecticut, and District of Columbia
CASTLES ICE CREAM . . . . . Brooklyn and Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey
CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.
CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM . Memphis and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Northern Mississippi
CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Decatur and Northern Indiana
CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.
THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.
CREME-FREEZ ICE CREAM, Boston, Mass.
DETROIT CREAMERY VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan
ECOMA ICE CREAM . . . . . Erie, Pa.
FRANKLIN DUBL-EX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Southeastern Nebraska
FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio
FRO-JOY ICE CREAM . New England States, New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and Northeastern Ohio
HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa
HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.
HYDROX ICE CREAM . Metropolitan New York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis, Southeastern Missouri, and Southern Illinois
JERSEY ICE CREAM . . . . . Lawrence and Eastern Massachusetts, and Schenectady, N. Y.
KENT'S ICE CREAM . . . . . State of Vermont
KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM . . . Malden, Mass.
LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM . . Utica, N. Y.
LUICK ICE CREAM, Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, Upper Peninsular Michigan
MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.
MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio
MOGLIA'S ICE CREAM
Northern New Jersey
MOORE'S ICE CREAM
Meadville, Oil City, and Franklin, Pa.
PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM
Southeastern Massachusetts
RIECK'S ICE CREAM
Greater Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania
ROGERS' ICE CREAM . Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
ROSZELL'S ICE CREAM . . Central Illinois
SAGAL-LOU ICE CREAM
New Haven, Conn.
ST. LOUIS DAIRY ICE CREAM . Greater St. Louis, Eastern Missouri, and Southwestern Illinois
SANITARY ICE CREAM . . . Canton, Ohio
SOUTHERN DAIRIES ICE CREAM
District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi
SUPPLEE ICE CREAM . . Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, and Delaware
TELLING'S ICE CREAM
Ohio and West Virginia
THOMPSON'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.
UNION ICE CREAM
Middle Tennessee and North Alabama
VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
State of Michigan and Toledo, Ohio

LOOK FOR THE "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING" SEAL

. . . in the store . . . on the package . . . on the carry-out carton. It's really quite important. Here's why: You want the best ice cream your money can buy. Naturally! Ice cream as wholesome as it is flavorsome. Ice cream from plants and stores as clean as your own kitchen. Such ice cream is made under the brands listed above. Find your brand, and enjoy it regularly . . . in factory-filled pint packages, in bulk (packed by your dealer), in cones, sundaes, ice cream sodas, and special forms. As an *extra* guarantee of goodness, be sure you see the *Good Housekeeping* seal of safety. These brands are the *first* to secure *Good Housekeeping's* approval . . . and you can get them NOW . . . in all popular flavors.

Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO 4844
by
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

A Mural of New York

Designed and worked by Elizabeth Roth

Interior painted by Ernest D. Roth

THE picturesque vista of Manhattan's Fifty-ninth Street towers seen from Central Park has been interestingly interpreted in this tapestry worked in wools. The play of light and shade on the buildings and foliage, the reflections in the lake, the cloud effects have been delightfully rendered. Done in crewel yarn on a background of natural-colored linen, the work gives quick results since the long stitches are on the right side. Such a panel framed in natural wood without glass makes a satisfying over-mantel decoration.

2903—New York Mural, 26 x 26 inches, stamped on natural linen, color guide, chart and directions $1.75
Tapestry wool for embroidery 4.00

Order from Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York. Remit by check or money order.

New Device Revolutionizes Face Powder Colors

DELICATE OPTICAL MACHINE FINDS STRANGE COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN

TAKES ACTUAL RECORD OF *Bright Blue* IN BLONDE SKIN *Startling Green* IN BRUNETTE

(Above, reading from left to right) Miss Betty Schuster, brunette: "Rose Brunette brightens my skin." Mrs. J. A. McVickar, Jr., dark-eyed blonde: "Rose Cream gives my skin such sparkle." Miss Adeline Peek, delicate blonde: "Natural makes my skin so clear."

Mrs. William T. Wetmore fair-skinned brunette: "Nothing I have ever used equals the freshness Pond's Brunette Powder gives my skin."

TODAY Pond's is making revolutionary improvements in face powder colors!

Choosing the right powder is no longer a guessing game!

A machine achieved the miracle! An optical machine so delicate . . . so precise . . . that it estimates to the smallest fraction the surprising colors *hidden* in human skin.

Never before have these strange colors been considered important . . . vital . . . by powder makers.

Now, by means of this optical machine, Pond's has calculated the exact degree of bright blue in perfect blonde skin . . . the unreckoned green that lies hidden in true brunette skin.

New shades do more than match your skin

On these records, Pond's, and Pond's alone, has created six scientific powder shades that are more perfect . . . more flattering to the skin . . . than any powder ever has been.

Only by months of persistent experimenting on all types of blonde and brunette skins were these eye-opening new findings obtained.

The new powder shades evolved do more than match . . . they *enliven* every type of skin!

NATURAL is lovely with very fair skins. Makes skins lighter, more luminous. And it's very flattering with gray hair . . . ROSE CREAM is becoming to most blondes and also to many fair-skinned brunettes.

LIGHT CREAM is most becoming on creamy skinned brunettes and blondes with ivory-tinted skins! . . . BRUNETTE gives light, brilliancy, to an amazingly wide range of both brunette and blonde skins.

ROSE BRUNETTE is a rich warm shade—tones down ruddiness and gives color to sallow or blotchy skins . . . DARK BRUNETTE is for very dark or sun-tanned skins.

Extra-fine texture . . . makes powder stay

Pond's Powder spreads evenly in a thin film . . . and *stays on* your face all day. You look fresh . . . young, alive!

The perfume of this enchanting powder is like that of a costly French powder. Yet Pond's costs little. A glass jar containing as much as many $1.00 boxes is only 55¢. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-ten and variety stores carry ten- and twenty-five-cent sizes.

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS **ONLY 55¢**

★ ***Send 5¢ for two Special Boxes and an extra sample*** of Pond's Powder—three different *light* or three different *dark* shades—with directions for choosing your shade. See how much more flattering they are than any other powders you have ever worn.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. G
88 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades ☐

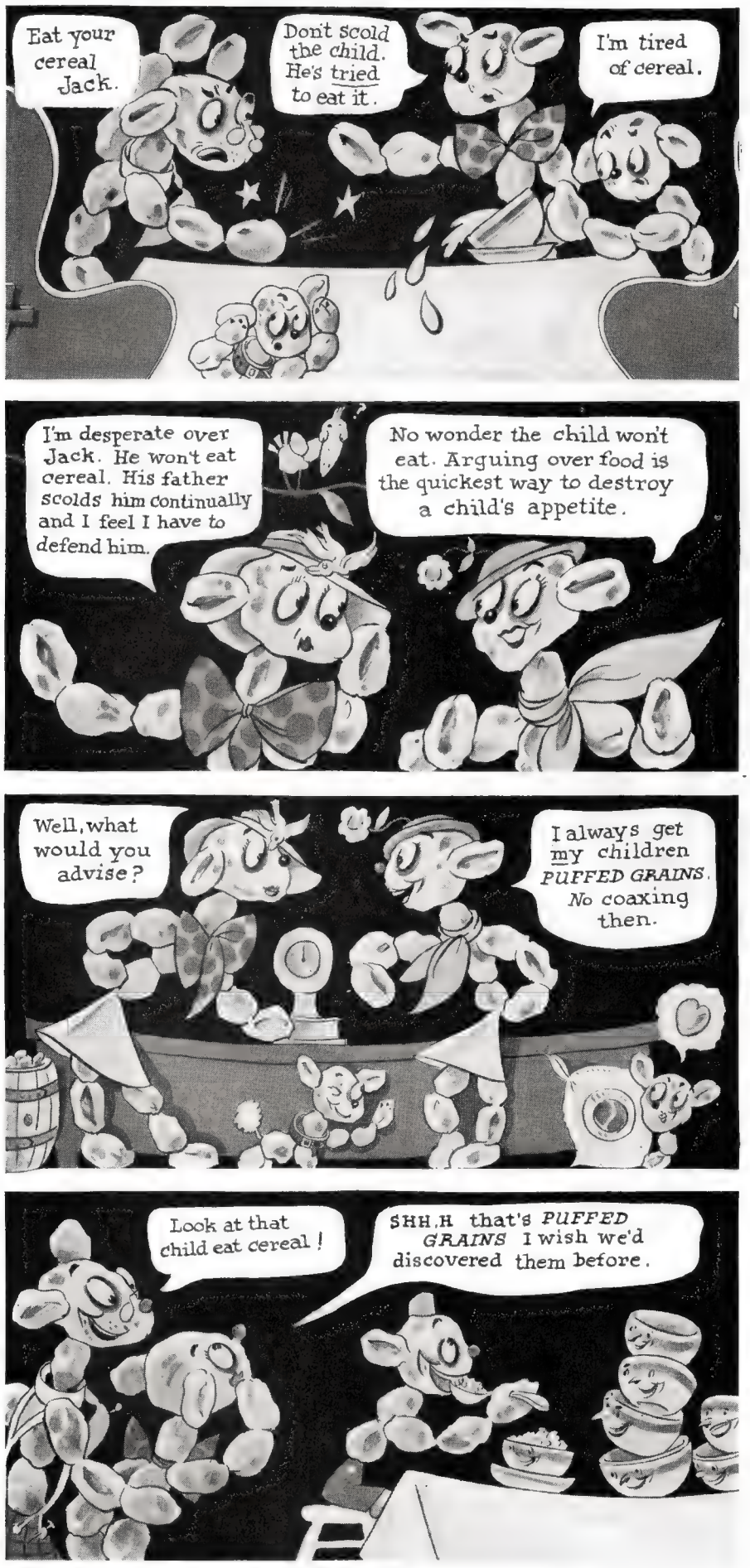
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

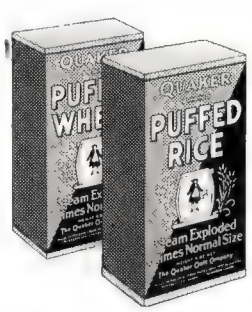
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

FIGURES MADE WITH QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT



No more coaxing at breakfast in this family!

HOT summer mornings. Lagging appetites. But you can't *let* children start off to a hard morning of play without a good breakfast. Thousands of mothers say they have found Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice the answer to this problem. They look like a party dish. They tempt where ordinary cereals fail. Yet these luscious, dainty grain foods are packed with nourishment. Get a package of Puffed Grains today. Serve them tomorrow. And watch the whole family scrape their dishes and ask for more!



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO

R. S. V. P.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

"No place like it," put in Mrs. Miller. "I was born and raised here, met my man and had my children here, and I suppose I'll die here too." She was smiling happily.

"Have you many children?" asked Mrs. Spencer with a friendly smile.

"Seven," returned the other. "Four girls and three boys."

Tonia heard them vaguely. Presently the clock said ten minutes to two. She couldn't wait much longer. It came to her then, as if a door had been opened abruptly in her mind, that there was no need of waiting. There were no others coming. The thirty-seven who had failed to answer had done so intentionally.

Mrs. Miller was saying, "My, ain't you havin' a crowd, though! All them tables!"

The clock struck two.

TONIA got to her feet uncertainly. She was smiling. She said simply, "We can't wait any longer for the others. Let's—let's sit at the dining-room table. It's—roomiest." She led the way.

Mrs. Spencer followed along as casually as if the rooms buzzed with the expected guests. "What a lovely view you have of the meadow!" she remarked pausing for a moment beside the window. "And your garden—my dear, it's too lovely!"

Tonia smiled at her gratefully through eyes that ached with unshed tears. "Will you sit there, at the head of the table, Mrs. Spencer? And you there, Mrs. Seabury. And over here, Mrs. Miller. Thelma, take away the extra doilies, and everything. We'll have our lunch now."

Mrs. Spencer's casual manner reflected nothing but graciousness and serenity. Kitty Seabury took her cue expertly from the older woman. Mrs. Miller looked from one to the other in open surprise. It would be difficult for her to resume the breezy naturalness that was her charm.

Jellied bouillon. Nasturtium petals scattered on the saucer.

Tonia thought to herself, "It isn't so bad as death—or sickness. And I'd have to live through them. I can live through this. I've got to."

"I'm so glad that you like our view, Mrs. Spencer," she heard herself say. "Bill and I have been sort of planning to take away the stockade fence at the foot of our land. It spoils the sweep of it, don't you think so?"

She saw a sudden spark in the white-haired woman's eyes. Was it admiration, approval? "Of course!" agreed Mrs. Spencer briskly. "Fences are so limiting, my dear. I don't think they were ever God's idea."

"There were gates to paradise," murmured Kitty Seabury.

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Spencer slowly. "But don't you think they were figurative, as they sometimes are today?"

"They're never figurative or real, to those inside." And the dark eyes met Mrs. Eliot Spencer's for a brief moment.

Breast of chicken with mushrooms. Asparagus Hollandaise. Rolls like snowflakes. Miniature tulips of butter.

"My, your dishes are beautiful, Mis' Walton!" Mrs. Miller shook her head in awed delight. "Once in a while I buy myself a cup and saucer that's pretty and I plan on keepin' it to have my tea in when I'm alone. And then them divils of kids come along and smash it or chip it."

"But you wouldn't be without them, divils or not, would you?" Mrs. Spencer put to her with a comradely laugh. "I know how it is, Mrs. Miller. When I was a bride, Eliot bought me some odd pieces of Haviland china at a sale. I adored them. And then Thomas came along, and Arthur and Juliet and Marie. It used to break my heart when I'd see a piece of it chipped or cracked—or lying in pieces on the floor. And then they grew up and went away and I had lots of lovely china without chips or cracks—" Her gaze drifted toward the window.

Kitty Seabury broke her asparagus with a pensive fork. "I was sixteen before I knew that dishes were ever made of anything but crockery. They were so heavy—" she remembered with an absent smile. "Once I stumbled when I was getting up on the little stool in front of the sink. I can still remember the crash and roar of those plates as they went tumbling down to the floor around me. They're just as fussy about cracks and chips in orphan asylums, you know."

"And they made you stand on a stool—a bit of a kid like that, handlin' and washin' dishes?" demanded the outraged Mrs. Miller. "Well, glory be to God, it ain't right!"

"Oh, you get used to it. Until you get out in the world and see that there are more beautiful things. And then," she shrugged, "well, maybe you try to make up for lost time."

Avocado on a nest of watercress. Paper thin bread rolled with cheese and toasted to a delicate brown.

"MY JULIA loves pretty things," sighed Mrs. Miller, "and divil a thing has she got to her name but an old kitchen dress or two—workin' and slavin' away, helpin' me with the others. Yesterday at sunset she said, 'Look, Mamma! See that little red cloud over there? That's me—all dressed up and goin' to the dance at the country club. That blue is the sash and the bright silver part is my jewelry. Don't you think I'm kind of grand?' And I thought to myself, 'Sure, you'll never wear silks and satins all your life—if you're like the rest of us; you with your brown hair like a thrush's wing and the soft white skin of you. And it's breakin' your heart you'll be, you poor darlin'!'" She glanced around, her cheeks a bit flushed. "But listen to me goin' on," she added helplessly. "I don't know how I got talkin' like that."

"She's a pretty little thing," put in Kitty Seabury gently. "I've seen her going by on errands. I wouldn't worry about beautiful china if I had a daughter like that." There was something wistful in her tone, something lonely and haunting.

Bombe glacé. Minute miracles of iced cakes. Coffee. Rose petals floating in crystal finger bowls.

"We've planned little Bill's life years ahead," Tonia put in eagerly. "He's a rowdy, though. We want him to be a doctor, but I'm terribly afraid he'll turn out to be a prize-fighter or—or something."

A lull. Tonia remembered the advice in the book of etiquette, and rose.

The rooms beyond still bore mute testimony to her humiliation. She summoned Thelma.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]

"This makes a drink that really *cools* you!"

"Ice makes it cold, *but Lemon makes it cooling.* That is the secret," says Chef Rudolf Wartenberg of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco

"TO COOL you off—to quench your thirst—there is nothing so fine as good, old-fashioned fresh lemonade. Its tangy flavor gives real refreshment. It has none of the cloying sweetness of drinks that are cold but fail to *cool.*

Favorite Way to Make

"My favorite recipe? Simplicity itself. Allow the juice of one lemon for each large glass of ade. Add cracked ice and water to fill—and sugar to taste. Slip a slice of lemon over the rim, drop in a maraschino cherry—and you can't improve upon it!

Many Delicious Variations

"But you *can* vary it in countless ways. Mix orange juice, grape juice, gingerale, tea—even the left-over juice of canned fruits (lemon juice 'cuts' the syrup and makes a delicious combination). You can't go wrong as long as you remember this first principle:

"Ice makes it cold, *but lemon makes it cooling!*"

Health Authorities State:

Lemons are an important "protective" food, promoting bodily vigor. They are a good source of vitamin B—an excellent source of vitamin C. They aid digestion by stimulating appetite and help prevent acidosis. By their liberal use you tend to arrest forms of tooth decay and gum troubles caused by lack of protective foods.

Because they add to the joy of eating and the joy of *living*, be liberal in your use of lemons. Those with "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper are California's juiciest and finest.

Recipes—FREE BOOKLETS—Health

Send coupon for these two *free* booklets: "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" tells more than 200 delightful ways to serve lemons and oranges. "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous" has chapters on protective foods, balanced diet, teeth and gums, acidosis, reducing, colds and flu; also tables of normal weight for various heights and ages.

For the real chef's touch—Lemon

Sunkist
CALIFORNIA
Lemons
BUY THEM BY THE DOZEN

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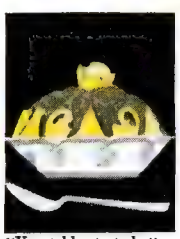
Handy Home Extractors

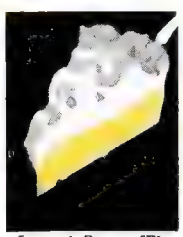
Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor $12.95. Neat, strong. Guaranteed *for home use.* Only two instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. On sale at your dealer's.

Sunkist Juniorette Electric Juice Extractor, only $6.95 with glass and strainer. Beige ivory and nickel finish. Easy-to-clean. At dealers' everywhere.

Sunkist Hand Reamer 35c (Canada 50c). Pink, green or white alabaster glass. At your dealer's.



"Vegetables taste better with a garnish of lemon."



"Lemon is Queen of Pies—and a man's favorite."

"Lemon salad dressings bring out fine flavors."

Sunkist does its part to aid national recovery.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Sec. 507, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ Send FREE, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day."
☐ Send FREE, "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

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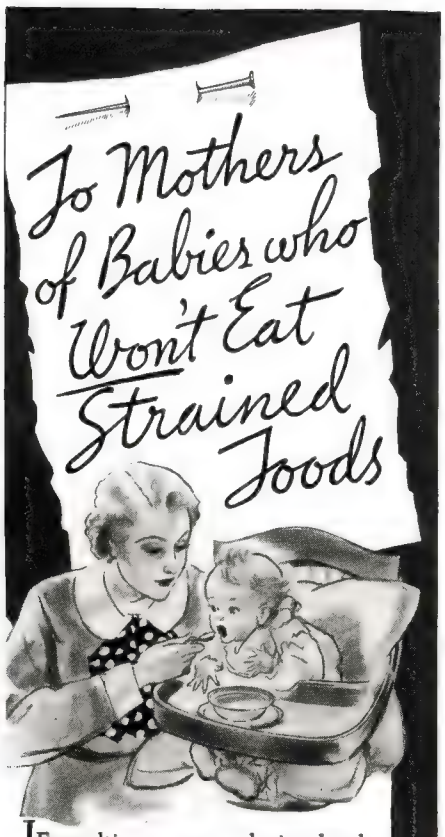
Copr., 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange



IF mealtimes mean a losing battle for you and strained foods vs. baby—here's welcome news! Even the most determined of small rebels will reform when given Stokely's—simply because *Stokely's taste so good!*

Taste them yourself and prove it. Once you know how fresh, true-flavored and really delicious Stokely's are—you'll know why baby takes *these* strained foods eagerly.

This finer flavor is due to four special features which also make them *finer foods for baby:*

1. *They are choice fruits*—and Stokely-grown vegetables packed while crisp and fresh to retain flavor and food value.

2. *They are prepared* by an unique process which retains their natural flavor, vitamins and mineral salts in high degree.

3. *They are* CORRECTLY SEASONED to bring out full deliciousness and avoid the uncertainty of home seasoning.

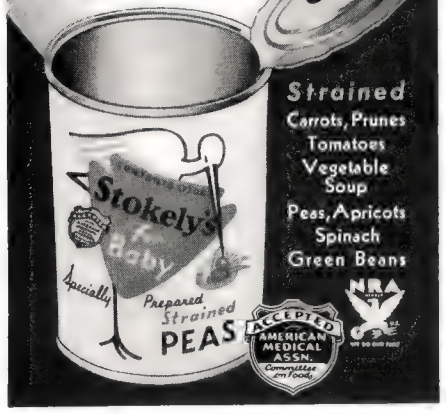
4. *They are* PROTECTED in golden enamel lined cans which *keep* them tempting, true in color and flavor—free from the tiniest spot or discoloration.

Ask Your Doctor—He appreciates the fact that the eight Stokely Strained Foods have been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. He knows that they are fine, safe foods for baby—richer in natural nutrients than most fruits and vegetables prepared at home. Ready to heat and serve—just as your doctor directs—they save *you* hours of time and effort. Write for FREE copy of "Strained Foods for Baby."

For older members of your family try Stokley's Finest Vegetables—28 delicious varieties—specially grown, garden-fresh.

STOKELY BROTHERS & CO., Inc.
2013 S. East Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Stokely's
Specially Prepared Strained Foods for Baby



R. S. V. P.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

"We won't need the extra tables," she said steadily. Then with her guests she went on to the living-room.

Kitty Seabury paused beside the piano, ran her fingers over the keys.

"Please play, won't you?" asked Tonia.

Kitty Seabury seated herself, played a lullaby, a delicate lilting thing with irresistible melody. At Tonia's urging she sang. The three women gave her the compliment of rapt attention.

The telephone rang. "Mrs. Walton? This is Mrs. Horace Mott. My dear, I'm perfectly appalled! Your card was mislaid with some other letters. I didn't find it until today. I'm terribly sorry! You will forgive me, won't you? I should have adored it. So sweet of you to think of me. May I call tomorrow?"

TONIA heard herself murmur words. She knew that Mrs. Eliot Spencer's coupé had been seen before the Walton door; she knew that the smart set in Cottingham moved to the social baton of that impeccable leader. That car today was like a sterling mark on silver. She was made. And yet—

"Don't stop, please!" Mrs. Spencer was begging Kitty Seabury.

The telephone again.

"Mrs. Walton? This is Mrs. Lucien Perry. I've just returned from a busy week in Chicago and I found your card. I'm desolate over it. It would have been glorious to come—but—I'm going to call very soon. We must get together!"

Mrs. Lucien Perry had returned yesterday. Tonia had seen her pass!

Mrs. Spencer said, as Kitty Seabury finished, "Will you sing that lullaby at the church fair next week, Mrs. Seabury? I'm on the committee and it's exactly what I need to balance the program."

"Why—I—if I can do it well enough," came a faltering response.

"You do it beautifully!" The praise was warm. Her eyes met the dark eyes beyond, and something in her gracious smile spelled benediction and understanding—and pity.

"If you'll excuse me," Kitty Seabury said to Tonia, "I think I'll run along. It's nearly five." Tonia went with her to the door.

"I loved your music," she said.

"Thank you for everything." Kitty Seabury clasped her hand and went out with confidence in her step.

And then Mrs. Spencer found that she too must leave. She bade Mrs. Miller a warm farewell and paused at the door with Tonia.

"You're such a little thing. Why, my dear, you're just a child, aren't you? Marie would have been your age if—" She broke off rather sharply. The admirable poise was shaken for a moment. "I came to your luncheon party today because once I was a lonely bride in a strange town, and I remembered. I shall come again, if you ask me, and see your baby and sit with you under the trees in your garden. Because I like you, my dear. You bring back memories. And tell Bill for me, I think he's a very lucky man."

"I got the bargain," Tonia said.

But Mrs. Spencer only smiled. "I gather that you're fond of music. Won't you and your husband have tea with me on Sunday? There's a cellist I'd particularly like you to hear." And before Tonia could recover from her astonishment, "Would you, too," Mrs. Spencer continued, "be good enough to get little Julia Miller's size for me? I'm going to Chicago next week and I might be able to find a flame-colored gown with a blue sash."

The telephone again.

"Hello, Tonia!"

"Bill!" Tears rushed to her eyes, crowded her throat. She fought them back. "Darling!" came clearly. "But you weren't due until Saturday!"

"Oh, got a date for tonight?"

"I have now!"

"Glad?"

"What do you think? Come home!"

"Half an hour," he promised. "Got in on the four-ten, galloped right up here to the office. I've got big news for you, Missus."

"Do you love me, Bill?"

"It's been on the front page for years!" he howled. "Don't you ever read the papers?" He was gone, with his haunting precious laughter.

"I'll be runnin' along now myself," Mrs. Miller was saying as she came into the hall.

Tonia put her hand into the strong padded clasp. "I'm glad you came."

"I'm glad too, bless you. Sure it's the first time in all my years I ever heard of goin' to a party and feelin' as if you'd been to a confessional."

"What do you mean?" begged Tonia, puzzled.

"I mean I feel good in the heart of me, darlin'. I'll be wanderin' along now and thinkin' about you in front of my own fire. May God bless you, Tonia Walton, and them that sat with us at your table today!"

Tonia went out to the terraced lawn that led to the meadow.

She was seeing a cluttered kitchen with a young wife who was Mrs. Eliot Spencer, distracted at the antics of her children. Dishes to wash, floors to clean, beds to make. Mrs. Eliot Spencer! And she was seeing her alone today in that palace on the river.

She was seeing a little sober-eyed child standing on a stool before a sink, washing heavy plates, longing for a mother's love, and beauty, and wholesome play. A child whose soul was filled with music.

She was seeing the mother love that shone in a mother's eyes, thwarted in her dream for Julia yet brave and philosophical and indomitable.

THERE was Bill now, racing down to greet her, to sweep her in his arms.

"Was the trip a success?" she asked through his embrace.

"Must have been more than I thought." Something about his eyes. Something about his voice. "Tonia, Lindley Stevens wants us to drive over to Madison with him and his wife on Sunday. Buttonholed me the minute I struck the office."

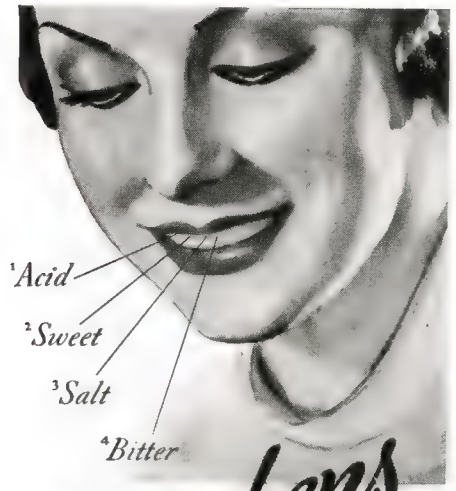
"Oh, Bill! I'm so happy for you!"

"For me?" came the blank echo. "Why, you little fool kid, I'm just a big clown; but you—" gently, with his heart in the words, "you could knock 'em dead, the whole outfit, if you had half a chance. Maybe it hasn't been burning me up that I was holding you back from the kind of times you could have had with a regular educated guy. Say, what are you crying about? Aren't you glad?"

"Let me be proud of you—"

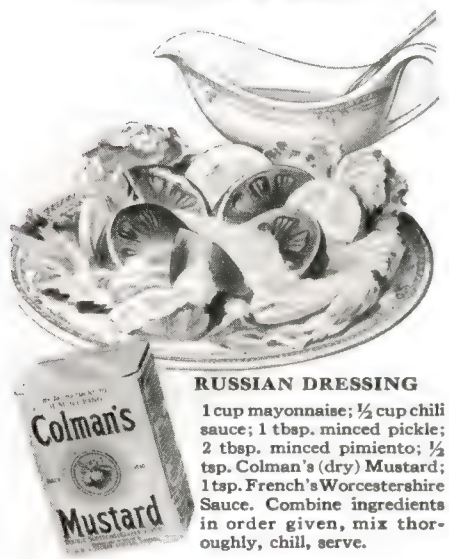
"Aw, Tonia, a big clown like me!"

"Let me be proud of you my way." The rest was lost against his heart.



It wakens the taste nerves!

4 KINDS OF TASTE NERVES
Rouse all 4 with this
Dry Mustard to enjoy every hidden hint of flavor



RUSSIAN DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise; ½ cup chili sauce; 1 tbsp. minced pickle; 2 tbsp. minced pimiento; ½ tsp. Colman's (dry) Mustard; 1 tsp. French's Worcestershire Sauce. Combine ingredients in order given, mix thoroughly, chill, serve.

THE NERVES that taste *sweet* and *salt* things are at the tip of your tongue. At the back you taste *bitter* things. The nerves that taste *acid* things are along the borders.

Great chefs and famous cooking experts use dry mustard for seasoning. They know the zest it adds to a meal . . . the piquancy it lends to a salad dressing. For dry mustard arouses all *four* kinds of taste nerves.

And great chefs use Colman's Dry Mustard because it imparts a rare flavor to foods. It is made from mustard seeds grown in the Lincolnshire fields of England. Only there do mustard seeds develop to the perfection that makes Colman's a matchless seasoning.

FREE RECIPE CARDS . . . for new, delicious recipes, write Atlantis Sales Corp., 3138 Mustard Street, Rochester, New York, Sole Distributors.

Colman's Dry Mustard

How to Make Your Child

Eager To Eat Even Vegetables This Summer

. . . Besides Greatly Increasing His Appetite for Milk

Now—A Remarkable Swiss Food Development, by Actually Creating the Sensation of Hunger, Combats Loss of Appetite in Summer . . . Frequently Adds Weight at the Rate of A Pound A Week While Curbing Nervousness, Too

By actually creating the sensation of hunger, the remarkable food concentrate described on this page frequently doubles the amount of vegetables and milk a child will willingly take each day. And weight is often added at the rate of a pound a week or more. . . . Try it and see for yourself. Note the special offer below.

IF summertime makes a fussy eater of your child—if he tends to lose weight in warm weather—try this newfound way to make "poor eaters" *eat!* A remarkable, scientific development that can make him actually *relish* even vegetables and milk!

This new way does not merely "tempt" the taste—for that alone is too often ineffective. But it *actually creates the sensation of hunger*—makes a child *want* to eat, without coaxing or commanding.

Almost immediately, you'll note a change commencing. Not only will you find your child more eager to eat (even such healthful foods as spinach, carrots and lettuce)—but you'll usually find him willing to drink a far greater amount of milk each day.

A remarkable food concentrate (originally developed in Switzerland and called Ovaltine) should achieve this result for your child. In summer, you simply give it shaken up with cold milk and children love its taste.

Literally Creates Hunger

First: Ovaltine is a rich source of the appetite-producing Vitamin B which is lacking from many every-day foods.

Second: Ovaltine is not only extremely nourishing in itself, but also digests so readily that it gives the stomach a minimum of work to do. Thus acting to lighten the digestive demand on a stomach that's over-taxed or "slow."

Third: It is common knowledge that milk turns to solid curds when taken into the stomach. And some children do not easily digest these milk curds.

However, when Ovaltine is added to milk, it has the power to break up these curds into small granules. Thus increasing digestibility to a marked degree.

Milk is also taken much more readily when mixed with Ovaltine. And children love its delicious taste.

These three features of Ovaltine are important. And specialists will tell you that the child with poor or "slow" digestion is usually the one who won't eat—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

But once appetite is stimulated in a scientific way—and the sensation of hunger is produced—a definite change takes place. The old objection to every-day foods gradually disappears. And even a "vegetable-hunger" is built up naturally day by day.

Thus, Ovaltine importantly aids the growing child by providing and helping him to secure those nourishment factors which play such a vital part in normal development and the maintenance of robust health.

See For Yourself

Not only does Ovaltine make "fussy" children eat, but (when given regularly) it acts to combat nervousness, too. And usually builds up an underweight child at the rate of a pound a week or more.

For the sake of your child, we urge you to try Ovaltine. By doing so you may make this a real health-summer for him.

Notice the almost immediate difference in appetite—in the way he acts at meals. Note, too, the increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength.

Give Ovaltine at breakfast always. At other meals, and between meals, too. Simply mix it with milk—either hot or cold—directions are on the can.

You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or, if you like, send the coupon for a trial supply.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

Free!

ORPHAN ANNIE SHAKE-UP MUG

to shake up

Cold Ovaltine

as a Summer Drink

If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with Ovaltine. Note special offer in coupon.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY—OR FREE SHAKER

THE WANDER CO.,
Dept. 7-W,
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial tin of Ovaltine.

(These offers good in U.S.A. only.)

Special Free Offer
Orphan Annie Shaker

If you are an Ovaltine user now, we will send you an Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. *Send no money.* Just mail this coupon with *all of the thin aluminum seal* you find under the lid of every can of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person) *1059*

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

When You Face the Light

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Designed and Sculptured by EDWIN GEORGI

THE PROBLEM I set myself here was to show you the correct make-up for the summer complexion as it appears under daylight and evening light. The make-up was actually applied to the sculptured head and photographed. A very well-known beauty specialist was consulted and the cosmetics were put on by one of her clever young women. Since this beauty specialist is a firm believer in a necessary affinity between costume colors and make-up, she took into consideration not only the exigencies of lighting but also the effect of adjacent color as it appears here in the backgrounds.

Her recommendations for daytime make-up, as illustrated above, call for a warm sun-kissed face powder applied over an eggshell-tinted foundation. The rouge (applied in minimum) is a rich nasturtium, as is the lipstick which is used liberally, and the nail polish (not illustrated). A [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

Glorious Summer Sunshine—yet CRUEL to Your Face!

Summer days! Smooth white beaches . . . pleasant motor journeys . . rose gardens . . meals *al fresco* . . . your body absorbs the sunshine, but...The invisible fingers of the wind *rob* your skin of its natural beauty oils; the otherwise-gracious rays of the sun *etch* tiny wrinkles and lines. There's *no escape* for your *face*—but there *is lots* of assistance—and Coty here offers you some of the best! For instance: *Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream*—penetrating, quick-melting—it "coaxes-out" deeply imbedded soil. Generous jar—$1. *Coty Tissue Cream*—very rich—it truly compensates your skin for the lubricating natural oils stolen by sun and wind. $1.50. And—the final, irresistible finish—famous *Coty Face Powder*—precisely blended. A dozen tints, to give *your* complexion its *own* perfect tone. *Three new powder boxes,* matching boxes on Coty perfumes, help you instantly find your favorite Powder *odeur!* Ask any good department or drug store!

Coty

*Superbly fine—yet moderately priced—*Coty Creams *give your face true "under-skin" health . . . the perfect prelude to your use of* Coty Face Powder, Coty Lipstick.

GADABOUT

Reports the News About Good Looks

ILLUSTRATORS: THE BALDWINS

NET results of Gadabout's look-see into beach styles: great enthusiasm for the really competent beauty kit which holds enough of the right things. Honors at this writing go to the box above which is covered with washable linen and has in it a bottle of eau de Cologne, a bottle of sunburn protective, a compact, a lipstick, face tissues, comb, mirror, a bathing cap in a space that will hold two packages of cigarettes, and a new and expert lighter. Also ample space for handkerchief, change purse, keys or what have you. Your choice of linen in leafy green or natural.

IF YOU are off vacationing to strange surroundings, without any idea of what kind of bath water will come out of the tap, we suggest that you take along a tin of the water softener illustrated top right-hand corner in its new green and burgundy container. In several sizes, all the way up to twenty ounces, which will pleasure for you at least forty baths. (It takes only half an ounce, they say, to soften the hardest water.)

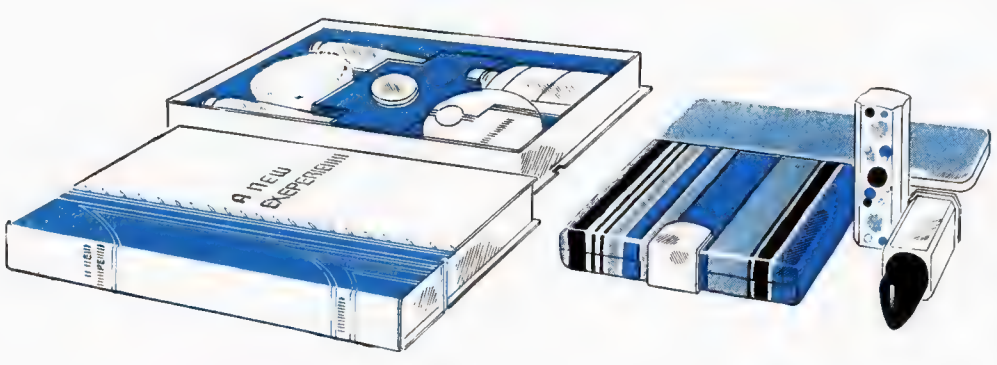
ALONGSIDE the water softener you'll see a quaint little wooden box that looks like a miniature mortar and pestle. It holds a new cream deodorant, a timely aid in the perspiring season. Or if you like your deodorant and anti-perspirant in liquid form, perhaps you will be interested, as we were, in a new bottle of it with an atomizer attachment.

ILLUSTRATED center is a stunning striped linen sifter powder vanity, slightly Mexican in its effect and very smart with summer sports clothes. It comes in stripes featuring the greens, or several reds and yellow, or red, white and blue, or a combination of brown, rust, blue and yellow. An oblong matching cigarette case may also be had.

Also in this group you will see a new pocket comb in hinged enamel case with mirror. This may be had in endless colors and is a real help to those who groom as they go.

The lipstick is one of a group of gay enameled accessories which also includes a loose powder vanity and a comb in a case. In multicolored dots, as illustrated, or in flower prints, stripes or plaids.

The paper-covered book offers a charming introduction to a well-known line of toilet preparations at a very low price. Inside you will find a two weeks' supply of face powder, a velours puff, and trial sizes of cleansing cream, astringent, foundation cream and cream rouge. We feel sure you will be pleased to meet it.



IF WE were giving a prize of the month in repackaging we should be tempted to look no farther than the lower right-hand corner of this page. These fine soaps which are specially formulated for the normal, dry or oily skin have just been repackaged as illustrated. We are showing the soap for the oily skin which is pale green and boxed in cream and bright rose. The dry skin soap is peach in cream and blue, and the soap for the normal skin—a flatter cake—is cream in a cream and emerald-green box.

IF YOUR hands are your head gardener, your nail brush is your best friend at this time of year. And you'll be crazy about the little wooden ball-shaped brush which fits your hand (in two sizes for the masculine or feminine fist).

Also, the nail white pencil which is in every woman's pocketbook, office desk drawer or dressing table has been refurbished. Besides the whitener it now carries an under-the-nail-cleanser point and a rubber tip for pushing back the cuticle gently.

EVERYBODY is talking about the new soapless lather shampoo which is being introduced by a prominent soap manufacturer in hairdressing shops throughout the country. They say it lathers abundantly in the hardest water and is a superb cleanser, leaving the hair radiantly bright and shining. Before long it will also be on sale in the shops so that you can buy it for home shampooing.

IF YOUR lips dry and crack easily you will be an enthusiastic user of the new little lip pomade stick which has just come to our desk. It is sold uncolored or tinted rose. Women who want their lips to look soft and young and natural, use it by itself. It may be used *under* a more brightly colored lip paste, or as a night corrective of dryness, or as a help in removing lipstick.

AND have you heard about the new oatmeal facial treatment? External, we mean, not for breakfast. They have concocted a perfumed powder of oatmeal combined with other ingredients and are serving it to faces as a cleansing agent, face pack, water softener, body rub and in many other useful and beautifying ways. The story is quite as fascinating as a cookbook—which, as far as we are concerned, is fascinating enough.

Are You on Our List?

TO RECEIVE each month without charge the bulletin which tells you all about these new accessories to your good looks? Send us a postcard with your name and address and just write on it *The Good-looking Glass*. We will see that you get each month a copy of this amusing and worth-while bulletin. Address your card to Hazel Rawson Cades, Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion, New York City.

"Gee, but you're beautiful I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple clothes secret helped Nancy win Romance . .

HIS STORY

"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill.

He lost his heart on the spot, but —"It would take a rich man to keep her in clothes," Bill said to himself.

So he didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with

the explanation—"You silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"

HER STORY

"I'm a shark at finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux

for *all* my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap

rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colors, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."

Safe for *anything* that's safe in water alone

NRA

Girls *everywhere* make clothes money go farther this way

Clothes are terribly important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it's foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colors, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we stick to Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on these exquisite tissue-thin flakes for your nice things, too! They dissolve instantly in luke-warm water—contain no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often do, to fade and shrink—do away with the dangerous rubbing you have with even the mildest cake soap.

Frocks, blouses, gloves, precious knitted things—you can Lux them all *again* and *again*, knowing whatever is safe in water alone will come out of Lux like a dream—will look *new* all season long. And thanks to gentle Lux care, your clothes money goes twice as far!

TOO MUCH SUN *dries out* the skin—may permanently damage it, make it *look old*... Don't take chances! Protect your skin from burning ... Restore moisture quickly once sunburn has started.

Relieves Sunburn

restores moisture to sun-dried skin

Applied *before* exposure ...it helps protect your skin from burning

HERE'S more good news about your favorite lotion!

You know how soothed your hands feel after you've put Jergens Lotion on them. How tired, drawn skin relaxes, roughness goes away and the skin becomes smoother, softer.

That's because of the remarkable ability this lotion has of yielding up its moisture to the skin ... Tests show that Jergens goes *into* the skin more quickly and more completely than any other lotion tested.

That explains why it's so deliciously cooling and comforting to sunburned skin. Over-exposure to bright sunlight *dries* the skin. The sun's rays draw moisture out from the inner skin cells ... Painful irritation results.

When you apply this fragrant lotion, the *dried-out* skin gratefully drinks it up—the stinging discomfort of any ordinary sunburn is quickly relieved.

And there's another remarkable thing about the way Jergens is compounded. Specialists find that a film of Jergens Lotion on the skin actually *excludes* the most irritating rays of the sun.

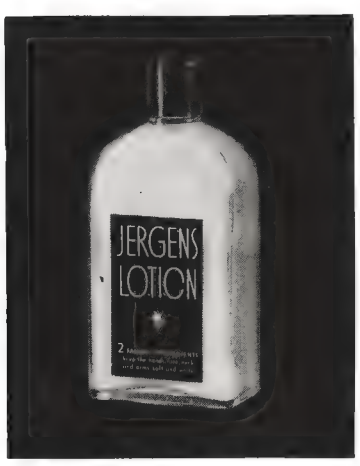
Before and after exposure

So tuck a bottle into your beach kit or the pocket of the car. *Before* and *after* going out into the sun, use it freely on your arms, neck, shoulders —any part of your skin directly exposed. You will love its soothing, comforting coolness—its wonderful protection!

For week-ends and traveling, you may want to get the handy, smaller bottle at the ten-cent store. But for regular use, you'll want the 50¢ bottle. Or even more economical is the large size at $1.00. You can get both at drug stores or department stores.

This Lotion goes *into* Skin Cells

Laboratory experiments show that Jergens quickly releases its moisture to the skin cells, thus effectively relieving sunburn discomfort. Send coupon.



Jergens Lotion

NRA

FREE! . . Trial bottle of Jergens Lotion

The Andrew Jergens Company, 8313 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada, 8313 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.)

Name_____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

When You Face the Light

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

grayish-brown eye paste is used with discretion and the eyelash cosmetic is also brown to harmonize with the generally warm sunny effect of the make-up ensemble.

For evening (see illustration lower right page 74) a very pearly skin effect is created by the make-up foundation. The powder is a pinkish lilac which lights up marvelously under electricity. The rouge and lipstick are of a richer deeper tone with a slight violet cast—also very successful under evening lighting. A silvery blue eye paste is used and a dark blue eyelash cosmetic. If the lady had had hands she could have done right by them by using a violet fingernail polish.

There is of course a whole theory of color and light behind these make-up effects; but I am sure that you do not want to have your brains frazzled as mine have been trying to understand what light takes out or puts into your skin. Practically speaking all you have to do is to experiment with your own face under natural or artificial light to see what happens. A little double-faced pocket mirror is now designed to show you how you really do look under these two different lightings and it's a great revelation and a real face-saver sometimes.

The make-up shown on page 74 is of course for the summer complexion, which ordinarily takes on a little browner and a little rosier tone than at other times of year. Sun-kissed is the popular term, I believe. The cosmetics chosen are all on this warm ruddy tone. They harmonize with the skin and with each other. In other words, they are right. They glow and make the skin look vibrant and young. If you saw them under ordinary artificial light, however, the skin would look muddier and the lips darker and duller. Which is the effect artificial light has on the yellow reds.

THE most successful evening make-up features pinkish tones and reds with a suggestion of violet in them. Under ordinary electricity some of the blue or violet goes out of these shades and they look clear and lovely. The skin is pearly and the lips rightly red.

More make-up is permissible in the evening, not only because the assumption is that the occasion is more decorative and social, but also because you have to use a larger quantity of make-up under artificial light to get your effect. Many women use eye make-up only in the evening. Many women who do not need or care for rouge in the daytime find that they look much better in the evening if they wear a little. And many women who skimp on their make-up foundations in the daytime feel that they are necessary for their dressed-up face.

I cannot say that there seems to be much difference in the use of lipstick by day or evening. The maximum amount seems to prevail at all times. But I do know this: Many smart women use different types of lipstick with their sports clothes and daytime costumes from what they use with their evening frocks. With simple clothes they like a mildly colored lubricating type of stick which makes their lips look shiny and rosy and natural. While in the evening they want to go the limit on indelibility.

To return to the eyes for a moment, I might just say here that there is a great fashion for shining eyes and that many women who do not care to use color on their lids in the daytime do put on a shiny cream which gives a brilliant look to the eyes. Oily preparations for the lashes and brows are also very popular.

OF COURSE I need hardly remind you here that the make-up shown on this lovely sculptured head which Georgi has created is only one typical illustration of what can be done. This young woman fortunately is quite young, and her—can we say "natural"—coloring is as perfect as the artist could make it. Hair, eyes, skin, age, contour of face and choice of costume colors are taken into account by the clever make-up consultant when she tells you and me what to wear on our faces and how to put it on.

The yellow reds, it's my own private opinion, are young and robust colors, and should be handled carefully on the older or more fragile skin. Older women should try to find rouges and lipsticks which are softer and more modulated in tone and they should also wear less per face. Their powder foundation should be of very light weight and their face powders fine and delicate. Everything which is applied to a lined skin shows up far more readily than it would on a smooth young one. So the simple fact which we must face as we grow older is that the more we need cosmetics, the less we can afford to put on. Quality must take the place of quantity in make-up; and the suave and subtle touch must be substituted for the bold poster technique. Which, after all, seems to me quite as logical as that sub-deb clothes should be reserved for sub-debs—and not urged on me when I go to buy a tasty little costume adapted to my years.

I should like most awfully to impress on any of you who may be reading these words that in my opinion make-up is grand. There's nothing like a little powder on the face to give you self-possession, or a little color on the cheeks to make you brave. But make-up is no set formula. It can't be for there are so many different considerations for each individual face. To my mind, however, this only makes the personal make-up problem more fascinating. For as you wield your lipstick well, you may have the satisfaction of knowing *that you are your own best masterpiece.*

Correct Make-up

IS YOUR problem the smart use of make-up? Or the discreet use? Do you want to know what shade of face powder the fashionables are favoring? Or is it your secret sorrow that you have never been able to find a rouge that doesn't show? Let me send you my leaflet "Correct Make-up" which tells you what and how. Just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Hazel Rawson Cades, Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion, New York. Ask for "Correct Make-up."

Friends ARE TOO TIMID TO TELL HER . . .
and she *permits*
a condition DEPLORABLE to everyone

ENTRUST YOUR *Charm* TO NOTHING LESS THAN ODO•RO•NO'S SURE PROTECTION

You'd blush with humiliation...you'd be shamed to tears if you knew how needlessly you offend other people.

And you *do* offend them—you *do* lose friends—when you permit perspiration to go unchecked. For your own underarm odor . . . so unbearable to others...is seldom perceptible to you. Rarely do you know your own offense.

Your underarms may even *seem* dry, but perspiration moisture in the confined armpits quickly forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. Even frequent bathing is never enough. If you care at all what other people think, you'll insist on a deodorant that's trustworthy and sure. You *can* trust Odorono . . . a physician's formula . . . to protect you so completely that your mind is always free of all fear of offending.

ODO•RO•NO is Sure

And by checking, safely and completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains. Actually it saves its cost fifty times a year, and all year long it protects you from loss of respect, loss of friends and social defeat.

Determine to get Odorono today. For quick, convenient use choose Instant Odorono. Use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it faithfully twice a week. Both have the original sanitary applicator. Both come in 35c and 60c sizes.

Millions of women . . . in 61 countries all over the world . . . trust their charm only to Odorono's safe and sure protection. Odorono is sure and certain.

It's approved by Good Housekeeping, and used by doctors and nurses everywhere. Let no one think you undainty . . . be faithful to Odorono.

ODO•RO•NO
Never Fails You

● The Odorono original sanitary applicator is easier and more convenient to use. It's washable, too.

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., INC.
Dept. 7-W4, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator.
(Check the type you wish to try) . . .
☐ Instant Odorono ☐ Odorono Regular

Name .....

Address .....

TO WOMEN . . . IT'S IMPORTANT

Doctors put strong emphasis on this warning: "Make sure that toilet tissue is *soft* before you use it!"

And women understand at once why such advice is especially aimed at them. For they have an *extra* use for toilet tissue. Too intimately personal to be stated openly . . . but far, far too important to be ignored!

With this special need of women in mind—Northern Paper Mills has adopted a special process. A process that results in a tissue that is 100% pure cellulose—*similar to cotton!* So each and every sheet of Northern Tissue is *supremely soft.*

Moreover—Northern Tissue is guaranteed free from any trace of splintery groundwood. It's highly absorbent—as only pure cellulose can be. And for absolute cleanliness, Northern Tissue is sterilized the hospital way—under steam heat.

A tissue so unquestionably safe for women is naturally safest for the children—for the whole family. Order three rolls of Northern Tissue—or Gauze (a companion product) . . . and let their *softness* convince you. Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

NORTHERN TISSUE and GAUZE

Both Northern Tissue and Gauze have been especially designed for women. Northern Tissue is pure white. Gauze is for women who prefer a lighter-weight, cream-colored paper, at a slightly lower cost. Both Northern Tissue and Gauze are linen-ized for even greater softness.

Keeping Posted

ASSEMBLED BY KATHARINE RIGGS

A FINE demonstration of a new cleaner for painted surfaces is going on at the left. Perhaps you think your kitchen walls aren't so dirty as this one—but we dare you to wash a few square feet and see! The cleaner is a flour-like substance which is added to water, sloshed on with a big brush, allowed to set for a few minutes, then rinsed off carefully. The last step is a rub-down with a clean sponge. Professional painters swear by this product (we've heard one of them at it).

SWEEPING off the front walk is a task to cheer anyone's soul on a fine summer morning. Particularly when one's manicure is being protected and one's hands beautified by soft white lambskin gloves cream-treated with lanolin. (Yes, they're approved by the Good Looks department.) The gloves are so nice-looking that you'll be proud to wear them. We suggest them for light gardening and for driving.

WHEN entertaining in-laws at contract, do please make sure that the cards are properly illuminated. Such sad things can happen! There will be no excuse for trumping a partner's ace with the new indirect pin-up wall lamp sketched. It throws no shadows and can't shine in anyone's eyes. The lamp, pleasantly modern in design, is made of aluminum with a translucent bowl that looks like opal glass when lighted.

COOKS who like to work in the grand manner—that is, without too many measuring cups and other impedimenta—will like one feature of a new line of enamelware. This feature is the graduated measure in cups and pints baked into the inside of every saucepan, kettle and double boiler. Nor is this all. Shapes are modern and interesting, bottoms are black for efficient heat absorption, double rims seal in flavor.

WITH one eye on the COMPANION booklet Frocks for Furniture (price 25 cents) the lady at the left is cutting out a new slip cover. The material, you may be surprised to hear, is printed mohair in a charming magnolia pattern on a background of navy blue, turquoise, gold or tobacco brown. Come to think of it, mohair is an ideal slip-cover fabric—it doesn't wrinkle, it sheds dust, it clings to the upholstery beneath instead of shifting around when sat upon.

Further information will be sent for three cents postage. Ask for FL-618 and address Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, New York

Here's The Famous Hygeen Insole that's *stopped* all this

FOR years mothers all over the United States were troubled about the disagreeable perspiration odor which clings to ordinary sneakers. *Then came the Hygeen Insole* and put a stop to all this! For, as enthusiastic reports from thousands of parents prove, this amazing new insole prevents offensive "sneaker smell" from developing!

How does Hygeen Insole "work"? Instead of soaking up perspiration, it permits it to *evaporate quickly*, leaving Hood Canvas Shoes free from offensive odor!

Then there are Hood Shoes—made by the patented Xtrulock process—that are *molded* in one smooth unit. No stitches to break—no seams to chafe feet or wear holes in socks. The scientifically *ventilated** uppers provide tiny air spaces which let cool air shoot right through the canvas. Besides, Hood Shoes are *washable*. No artificial stiffening to wash out and leave the canvas limp!

*Patent Pending.

Xtrulock Shoes give extra wear without extra weight.

This summer be sure your children enjoy these extra comfortable Hood Canvas Shoes. Look inside for the green insole with this mark.

Hygeen Insole

HOOD CANVAS SHOES

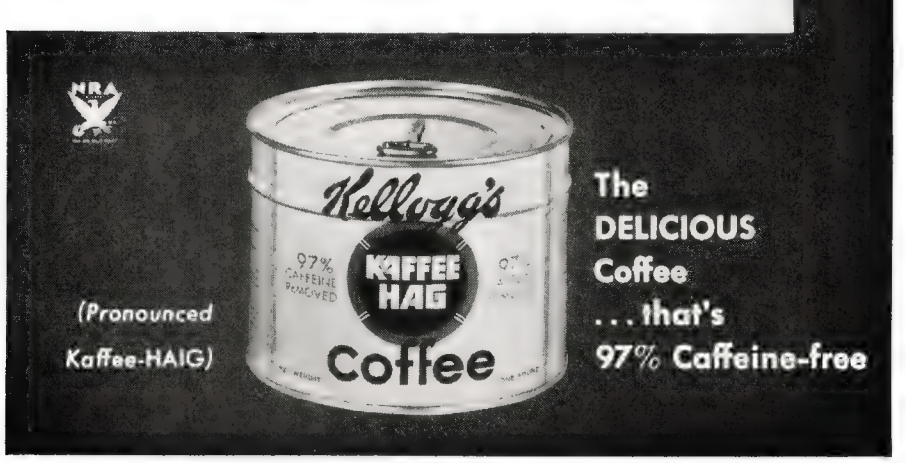
HOOD

Adv. Copyright Hood Rubber Co., Inc., 1934.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC., WATERTOWN, MASS.

Surprising new mellowness comes as improved process extracts bitter caffeine from coffee

Coffee-lovers . . . it's your lucky day! Kellogg chemists were told: "Spend a million if necessary, but take the bitter caffeine out of coffee without disturbing its flavor." They did . . . and what followed? A new Kaffee-Hag Coffee that is *smooth, mellow*. You can cook it *strong* . . . bring out all its full, rich flavor . . . still it won't turn bitter. Try it, coffee-lovers...for its taste and for the good of your nerves and heart. Blend of finest Brazilian and Colombian coffees.



Facing the World

A Tower Room Talk

By Anne Bryan McCall

DEAR ANNE McCALL: I have two children, a boy of six and a little girl of five. I already worry about their future. It fills me with dread to think that in the next twelve or fourteen years they will be facing the world of dangers and temptations, the kind of world I had to face at eighteen. And maybe they will have the same hard time I had, and that would be pretty bad; and maybe they will take to that world as I didn't—I mean maybe they will take to those crude behaviors and like them. I hated the cheap behaviors—the drinking and the petting and all that—yet I craved popularity terribly. I've always craved it. If only there was something to do to guard them against the later years!

Judith M—

DEAR ANNE McCALL: My daughter is a beautiful girl. She is eighteen. I brought her up strictly and I never let her do any of the things that I thought were unladylike. Well, much good all that care of mine did. She does as she likes now and the things she likes, I regret to say, are these cheap and tawdry behaviors.

Matilda G—

As Solomon Said

MY DEAR MRS. M—: The answer to that sentence in your letter, "If only there was something to do to guard them against the later years!" seems to me to be quite simply, "There is." I believe the reason a good many mothers nowadays take the "after-all-what-can-you-do-about-it" attitude is that they do not really see the problem until it is rather late to do much about it. But when anyone begins to think of it early, as you are doing, there seems to me a good deal that can be done—and a good deal of necessity too for doing the right and not the wrong thing.

The main thing after all is to do it early. Solomon said a good many ages ago that as the twig is bent the tree inclines—and a good many people in one way or another have made similar observations ever since; but now we know scientifically and by way of psychology that our later lives are pretty well determined by our childhood years. So we know that if a child is brought up wisely its later years will almost inevitably show wisdom.

Someone will say, "But how about the second letter on this page—the letter of Matilda G—? There is someone who did her best to train her child wisely, and look at the result!"

But fundamental laws are not likely to fail. Generally when we look into it, it is we who have failed. You notice Mrs. G— prepared her daughter for the future by never letting her do things that she (Mrs. G—) thought unladylike. In other words she seems to have had the habit of making her child's decisions for her—and I know of no better way of fitting a child not to know how to make wise decisions of her own than just that. Since she was brought up to depend on somebody else's judgment, not her own, it seems not surprising at all that when she was grown she should continue to follow other people's tastes—in this case the tastes of the pretty crude young set she was thrown with.

The Greatest Safeguard

THERE I believe is the whole heart of the problem of how to bring up children so that they will not be a prey to anybody's and everybody's tastes, but will have from the beginning definite tastes of their own. In other words, the greatest safeguard for the youth of tomorrow is that the child of today should be allowed to develop good taste of its own.

Just how to do this would fill volumes—but the general principle is simple. Let the child learn early that choosing is one of the most important things in life and one of its greatest privileges and then give it the chance to choose what is worth while; what is lovely instead of what is not lovely; what has value instead of what is valueless. A few simple phrases used often will help; such as, "Which do *you* think is the lovelier?" "Which would *you* choose?" And phrases to avoid are such as, "You do that because I tell you to," "Because I say so," "You are going to do this because I want you to."

The Craving for Popularity

ANOTHER thing to beware of if you want your children in their older years to have good taste, is encouraging them to care too much what people think of them. You say that you yourself craved popularity. To like and enjoy popularity—yes; but to crave it so that one is willing to sacrifice one's good taste and ideals to it is precisely the sort of thing that sends so many of our young people to compromising with their own standards rather than not be what they call popular.

The truth seems to be that they simply haven't good or cultivated taste. They are not even able to choose between the kind of popularity that is worth having and the kind that is not. It all comes down at last I believe to the ability to choose wisely; and that ability, like most other things of value in our later lives, begins in our early years.

Note: Anne Bryan McCall is glad to help you solve your human relations problems. To anyone interested she will send a selected list of books on child psychology. Address her in care of the Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Let's Eat Out of Doors

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

ILLUSTRATOR: RAY PROHASKA

THERE is something about food and drink served in the open, combined with a view, that smacks of ambrosia and nectar on Mount Olympus. By this I do not mean the common or garden variety of picnic, but the transference of all the comfort and luxury of indoor eating to some cool and airy retreat out of doors, where one may enjoy the ease of sitting in a chair and putting one's knees under a real table, with the kitchen and the refrigerator still near enough to have the hot dishes hot and the cold drinks cold.

We, in our own family, eat anywhere we want to when the moment arrives. If it happens to be sunny or mosquito-y we lunch on our screened porch which is thickly shaded with vines. If the air is a little chill there is a sheltered corner of the garden with a marble table and comfortable chairs where there is no wind and lots of sun. If the day has been unspeakably hot and sticky, we choose a sunken flagstone terrace shaded by a great tree and overlooking a lovely wooded glade. We carry our trays a little farther, to be sure, but we escape from all that reminds us of hot offices and the routine of housekeeping. Or again we choose the open lawn at the back of the house where we catch the slightest breeze and where the kitchen window sill serves as a convenient pantry shelf. At this point too we hear the radio distinctly, but softened by distance; and if we happen to find Neapolitan serenades or Viennese waltzes on the program, the ensemble is perfect.

In other words, sometimes we go where tables and chairs invite, sometimes we invite the tables and chairs to go along with us.

The outdoor table may be set in as many different ways as the indoor one. Your fine glass and china and silver will be greatly enhanced by the outdoor setting, or modern glass and pottery in enchanting colors may be bought for a song. Colorful linens of every kind, much gayer than those you can use in a conventional dining-room, fit perfectly into a background of greenery and bright flowers, and the many fascinating and practical paper table accessories to be found in the shops need no special pleading. Wire clips may even be had to fit over the edge of the table and hold your covers in place, or little pockets (shaped like flowers or fruit) may be appliquéd to the corners of an open-air tablecloth, into which three or four clean pebbles or other weights are slipped to keep the cloth from blowing up on the table.

Now for a few pertinent details about the food. I make it a rule that no food shall appear until the family or guests have assembled, ready to be served or to carry out their own. Hot dishes are taken from the stove only at the last moment and served in warm covered dishes. Platters with hot-water containers beneath them, and a metal lid which keeps the meat hot until the moment of carving, are ideal for this purpose. Hot biscuits should be wrapped in a napkin and sandwiches or slices of bread should be covered with a damp cloth until brought to the table, so that the air will not dry them up. Cold drinks may be kept cold with ice cubes or thermos [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove *the* one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(*You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard*) **FREE**
LADY ESTHER, 2026 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free, postpaid.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
This offer not good in Canada (4)

Let's Eat Out of Doors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

pitchers. Butter, celery and radishes may be served in bowls of chipped ice. Salads may be arranged beforehand on plates or in a salad bowl and brought forth crisply at the last moment from the icebox. Frozen desserts served on dishes already chilled in the refrigerator will keep cool for some time.

For myself, I plan meals that require a simple table setting and only two or three courses, with each course, hot or cold, depending upon the weather, arranged on a single serving dish or tray. If your family happens to like salads and cheeses and fruits your task is a simpler one than it is if there must always be roast beef and boiled vegetables, but every housekeeper will want to work out her own ideas. I mention a few of our favorites merely because they contain suggestions for simple cooking and ease of service. A screen door, by the way, which may be pushed open with the foot but which will close itself noiselessly by means of a strong spring, and with felt pads along the door casings, will add much to the convenience of serving. Or if the kitchen window is a quicker means of access than the kitchen door, it may be made doubly convenient by wide folding shelves built one inside and one outside of the window sill.

A Continental Breakfast

IF THERE is a French or Italian bakery available, try *café au lait* with *croissants*, or chocolate with *brioches* or any one of the other delectable breakfast rolls. Your centerpiece may be a bowl of tangerines arranged on shiny leaves, or a flat basket lined with grape leaves and filled with several varieties of grapes and purple and white figs. Fruit puts the finishing touch on this kind of breakfast.

If, however, your hard-working husband and your ravenous children want a bigger send-off for the day you may have your electric toaster, waffle iron, egg boiler, or chafing-dish connected with a long-distance plug, and have a comfortable breakfast on the porch with no running back and forth to the kitchen.

Luncheon and Tea

LUNCHEONS in the heat of the day may be extremely simple but deliciously cool and appetizing—such as a cold fruit cocktail or fruit cup, a crisp salad of crunchy cabbage, celery, grated raw carrot and chopped salted peanuts, cold sliced liver-loaf or assorted cold cuts from the delicatessen, iced tea with lemon and mint, and a wine gelatine with thin cookies for dessert. On a cool day a hot meat broth in a tureen, a vegetable casserole with hot corn bread wrapped in a napkin, and a cottage pudding with a hot lemon and raisin sauce, warms the "cockles of the heart" as well as neighboring portions of the anatomy.

Tea is perhaps the easiest meal to serve out of doors. The temperature of the drink may depend somewhat on the temperature of the day, but hot tea is invariably refreshing even on a warm day. Then there is hot coffee, maté—a growing favorite for the tea hour—iced tea with lemon or mint or fruit juice added, iced coffee, iced chocolate with whipped cream, or any one of a dozen delectable cold drinks.

A plate of dainty sandwiches garnished with sprigs of parsley, canapés made of cream cheese with a touch of black currant jelly in the center, small cream puffs stuffed with chicken salad, hot baking-powder biscuit made like small Parker House rolls with grated cheese folded in, or just plain crisp Devonshire toast, cookies, dainty cup cakes, thin slices of fruit cake—any or many of these help to make it a party.

The most marvelous tea I can remember was served me on an English lawn, high on a hilltop overlooking the chimney-pots of Ventnor and the sea beyond. We had hot tea of course, thin slices of bread and butter into which we folded crisp sprigs of watercress, broken sponge cake and enormous strawberries served on the hull on pink Staffordshire plates with a pile of sugar in the center.

The Hearty Meal

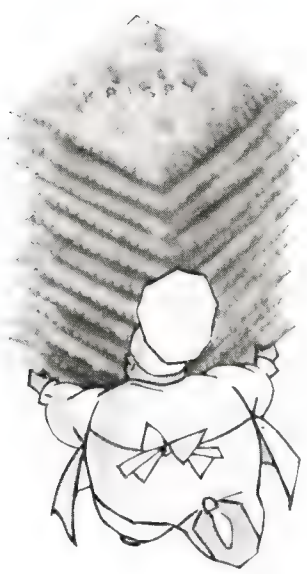
FOR dinner a baked ham, around which sweet potatoes and portions of cauliflower have been browned, served in the deep pottery dish in which it has all been baked, is delicious. (And the ham may be used cold for luncheon the next day.) This meal may be started off with peas and carrot cubes molded in lime jelly served on a lettuce leaf, and finished with a shortcake of hot buttered baking-powder biscuit and crushed strawberries or raspberries topped with whipped cream.

A baked fish stuffed with seasoned mashed potato, arranged on a platter with strips of bacon and broiled half-tomatoes *au gratin* makes a meal in itself. Hors d'oeuvres, canapés, shrimp cocktail, chilled grapefruit baskets filled with fruit cup, hot or jellied soup, start the outdoor dinner off well; and fruit shortcakes, sherbets, whipped gelatine or icebox desserts give it a delicious wind-up.

A real Italian dinner seems particularly fitting for outdoor consumption. Several of the usual courses may be eliminated, but I will suggest them here. A vegetable soup with grated Parmesan cheese, fillet of sole with lemons, a dish of spaghetti or noodles with any one of a dozen sauces, an entrée of asparagus with more grated Parmesan cheese and Italian bread sticks, a main course of crisp lettuce salad with roasted fowl, and a dessert of assorted cheeses on a wooden cheese tray, a great bowl of mixed fruit, and coffee. Having coffee in a different nook in the garden adds to the charm of the outdoor meal.

These are only snapshots, taken at random, of some of the settings and menus we find specially enjoyable. If you choose your food combinations with care and take pains not to have them monotonous, your outdoor meals will be extremely popular with your family and friends. The children will be glad to set the table and carry out the trays just because anything that is different is fun, and if you are giving a party you won't need to worry about its being a success. By the time your guests have learned to manipulate the kitchen window, and roll out the tea wagon without jiggling it, and balance a tray while going through a screen door, they will feel perfectly at home and quite hilarious as well.

...watch how quickly they vanish whenever you serve them!



All through the day, Sunshine Krispy Crackers help busy housewives solve that constant problem of meal-planning! Here are crackers of never-ending uses that make a big hit with the whole family. Why? They're crisper! More flavorful, too! Sunshine Bakers see to that. They bake them by a special process called the Accordion Fold Method. That's why Krispy Crackers are lighter and flakier. As a result, you get more crackers per pound . . . more servings for the family.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers, therefore, give you desired convenience . . . and economy. But the big point is, they give them both to you *without sacrificing quality!*

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE

SAP OF TROPICAL TREE IDEAL FOR

CONSTIPATION

Tested by 15,862 Physicians up to March 12, 1934

Now offered to the General Public

Twenty-three years ago a scientist discovered unusual qualities in the sap of a certain tropical tree. He believed that this natural product would be valuable in the treatment of constipation.

A famous laboratory became interested. Years were spent experimenting, testing, refining. At last, from this basic ingredient, the laboratory perfected a product which, it believed, represented a tremendous advance in the treatment of habitual constipation.

Meets Doctors Demands for Safe but Thorough Evacuant

Samples were sent to doctors all over the United States. Tests were made by 15,862 physicians. Doctors, having fully satisfied themselves as to its merits, began recommending Saráka to their patients. Solely as a result of doctors recommendations over 300,000 people are using Saráka today.

But we believe there is only one way that *you* can satisfy yourself as to the merits of Saráka and that is by trying it. You be the judge . . . try it . . . test it . . . discuss it with your doctor . . . observe the results. And so we make this offer.

You Need Spend Only 10¢ to Convince Yourself

Saráka is now on sale in all drug stores. It comes in two sizes, 75¢ and $1.25. But in order that you may test Saráka before purchasing these larger size packages our laboratory has prepared a number of trial-size packages. *If your doctor hasn't given you one* you may buy one at most druggists for 10¢. If you wish, you may obtain one by mailing the coupon below.

With each sample there is a folder giving interesting information about habitual constipation and how Saráka may be used to help overcome it. Let Saráka help you.

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Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

SCHERING CORPORATION,
Dept. W-7, Bloomfield, N. J.

I'd like to try Saráka. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover postage and mailing of trial package.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

What You Need

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

"Eh? Oh—" He paused. "Maybe," he suggested, "if you dropped a—er—line to the manufacturer you could suggest something—"

"Salt," said Binks wearily. "Otherwise—" she shrugged. "Well, the tests proved that it's the best canned soup there is. I wouldn't know because I lost my taste for it. Just now I think it's the most unappetizing soup in the world."

She paused. Fred and Laura Gerard were ambling toward her. Their faces lighted up with surprise.

"Why, Tyler—when did you arrive? Why didn't you come to the house?"

BINKS' companion got to his feet. "It was hot in town and I couldn't resist the beach the minute I got off the boat—"

He stopped at a brief strangled cry.

"Tyler—not Tyler Howard?"

Fred Gerard made instant amends.

"Oh—I beg your pardon, Binks. May I present Mr. Howard, Mrs.—"

But Binks was gone.

She fled to the swimming platform and Matthew was there, sitting with feet dangling, watching Sylvia swim.

"Binks, darling," he began getting up, "I've been looking for you to give you a swimming lesson. See, I brought down your life-preserver—"

"Matthew, I've ruined everything. Tyler Howard. The m-memorandum."

"What on earth—" said Matthew.

"I said his soup was awful," gasped Binks. "I said he was an old frozen-face. I've ruined everything—"

"Now take it easy and tell me just what happened—"

"Matthew—you'll never forgive me. You'll never love me again. M-maybe you n-never did really. M-maybe you wish you'd m-married—her—"

"For heaven's sake," said Matthew alarmed. "Who?" Then he laughed as he caught her quick glance toward the water. "Her? Sylvia? You must be crazy. I couldn't love anybody in the world of women," he concluded solemnly, "except you."

Binks became pale. "Oh, isn't that awful?" she wailed. "After what I've done to you. I've ruined everything—I even called him names—"

"Who? *Tyler Howard?*" An odd strangled sound coming from the water stopped him. He jerked his head about. They both saw Sylvia with upflung arm, struggling—

"Help—Matt—cramp—"

Matthew turned to Binks wildly.

"Where is it? The memorandum?"

Her hand flew panic-struck to the bosom of her dress.

"I don't know—I don't know—"

Matthew jumped into the water. It was a leap taken more in the manner, thought Binks with a queer forlorn satisfaction, of a man in suicidal despair than of one gone to the rescue of beauty in distress. She saw Matthew bring up alongside. She saw Sylvia's arm close around his neck. Matthew tried at once to loose her grip but she clung, and Binks saw something she knew the poor fighting frantic Matthew did not see. She saw Sylvia smile and close her arm still more closely around his neck.

Just a joke, this was. In another second or so she'd let go.

But Binks decided suddenly not to wait. She had read somewhere that the way to break a drowning person's grip was to strike him—or even her—a smart stunning blow. No one, to be sure, was drowning, yet the ancient theory lured her irresistibly.

Off came her dress and her shoes and stockings. She slipped the inner tube up over her absurd little shorts and dropped without a qualm over the side of the platform. As she fell a nail scratched her but she gave no heed. Evenly, rhythmically, she progressed toward the two in the water. Smartly she brought up a small fist and poked it between the wide astounded eyes of Miss Karnan.

"What are you—ugh—doing—" sputtered Miss Karnan treading water.

"Drowning people—have to—splush!—sock 'em when—glub—they grip—gloop!" said Binks and turned about for the return journey, feeling, despite all the horrors of the day, somehow strong and purged.

"Binks," shouted Matthew following rapidly. "Great heavens—*wait*—you'll sink—deep water—"

"Can't," gasped Binks. "Can't sink. Life belt on—"

"But it's busted," yelled Matthew.

Binks gulped. She swallowed water and felt a sickening anticipation of the sinking of leaden legs. In panic she kicked them; in blind obedience to automatic rhythm her arms moved as arms should move, and her legs—her legs did not sink! She was swimming—swimming, raced Binks' flighty thoughts, when it didn't matter any more . . . she'd spoiled Matthew's chance with Tyler Howard.

AT THE dock Fred and Laura Gerard and Tyler Howard awaited them.

Miss Karnan was the first to land. With no word or backward glance she swept, cold, dripping and outraged, past the others toward the cottage.

Binks, staying waist-deep in water on account of an acute shortage of clothing, did not even see her go.

Matthew turned about. "Binks, for heaven's sake come out of there."

"I c-can't. I haven't anything on—m-much. Anyway I've ruined everything. I—I think I won't come out."

Matthew said, "Nonsense!" and said a word to the others who hastily turned the other way. Binks dressed and met presently the amused eyes of Tyler Howard.

"I picked this up from the beach," he said, "after you rushed away." He held the memorandum in his hand. "Mrs. Farrell," he told Matt, "says our soups are too concentrated. She knows because she has tried them all."

Tyler Howard continued gravely, "I read your memorandum; it's a very thorough job, Mr. Farrell. Come to my office Monday morning—at ten, say?"

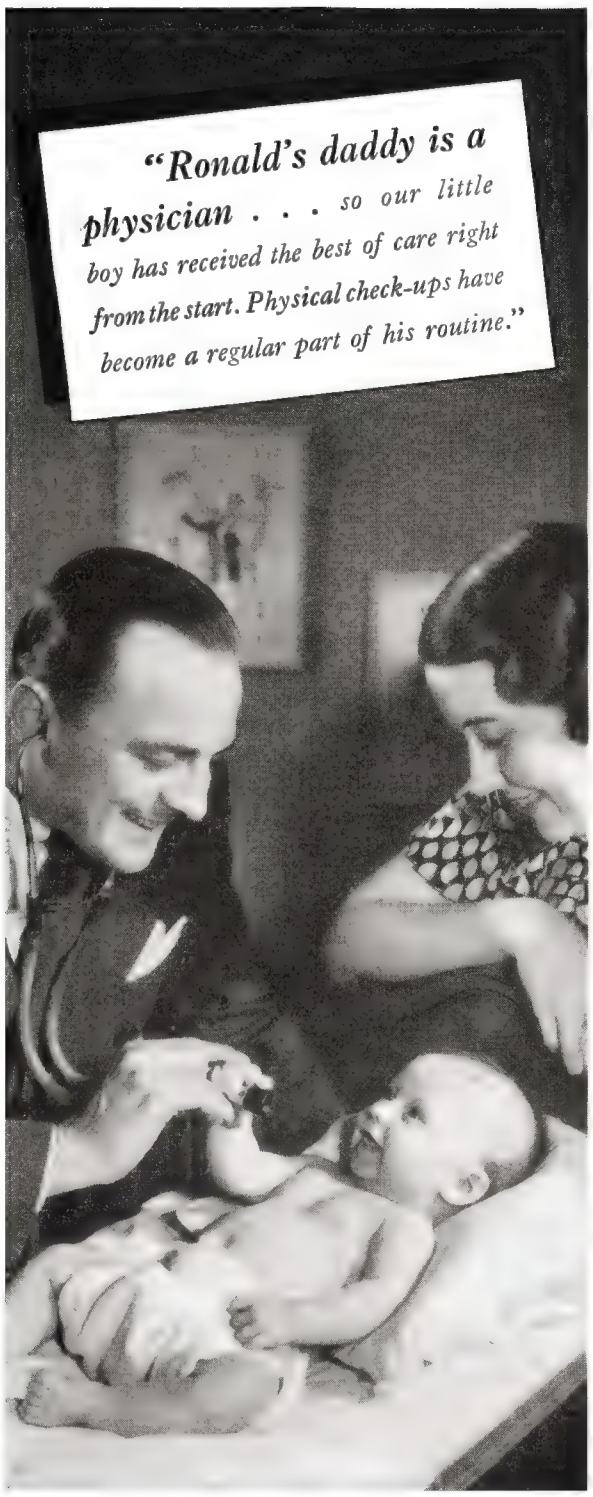
Matt nodded dumbly. His eyes flew to Binks. Something she'd been missing for a long time shone in them.

"I swam, Matt," she burst out wanting to clinch things.

"I saw you. It was marvelous, Binks," said Matthew fervently.

"You know," Mr. Howard told them as they strolled toward the cottage, "I didn't learn to swim until I was quite grown. Couldn't seem to get over a fear of the water. What a person really needs is—"

"Confidence," said Binks thoughtfully.



Danger . . Safety? WHICH FOR YOUR BABY?

The first solid food you choose for him may hold the answer, mother. So be sure you take no chances . . .

His first small cry may still be distinct in your ears. But surprisingly soon, mother, he'll want a more grown-up menu than milk alone.

Baby's first solid food time calls for strictest caution. A mistake in choosing his new nourishment brings dangerous upsets. Dangerous because digestive disturbances are known to be connected with half the infant diseases of the first year!

You want to do the best for your baby—naturally. Then choose the first solid food that has been recommended by more medical men than any other. Start *your* little codger on Cream of Wheat!

This simple cereal is digestibility itself. It puts no more strain on a baby's tiny food-handling apparatus than milk does, scientists find.

In making Cream of Wheat, no harsh parts of the grain are used. Every last nutritious granule is scientifically cleaned and purified.

And when you purchase Cream of Wheat, notice particularly the *triple-sealed* boxes in which it is packed. Neither dust nor germs can penetrate them!

Cream of Wheat is rich in the energy babies need to grow and develop normally. Steadily it builds resistance. Steadily adds those precious ounces, pounds, which every mother watches for.

Trust delicious Cream of Wheat to keep *your* baby thriving, as it has millions of others!

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Free

New authoritative diet guide . . . and sample of Cream of Wheat!

Send for them today! A generous sample box of the high-energy cereal. And a copy of "The Important Business of Feeding Children," giving approved diets for children from infancy through school age. This helpful booklet is the work of nutritional experts. Written in simple, understandable language. Every mother should own it. Mail this coupon today to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. D-83, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Address .....

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CREAM of WHEAT *Costs little more than ½ cent a serving*

Something has happened in Electric Refrigeration!

"But don't you have to tug and pry to get the ice trays out?"

"Of course not...

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

One touch of your finger and a tray of ice cubes comes sliding out gently to your hand! No pulling or prying. No broken finger nails.

As soon as you see a Frigidaire '34 in action you realize there's something new and different in electric refrigeration. For you've never seen a refrigerator like *this* one before!

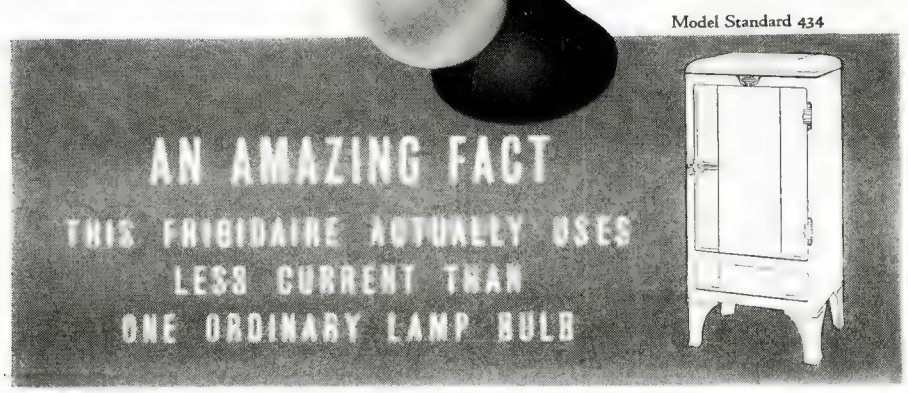
Defrosting is automatic. No staying at home for a whole afternoon to watch your refrigerator defrost.

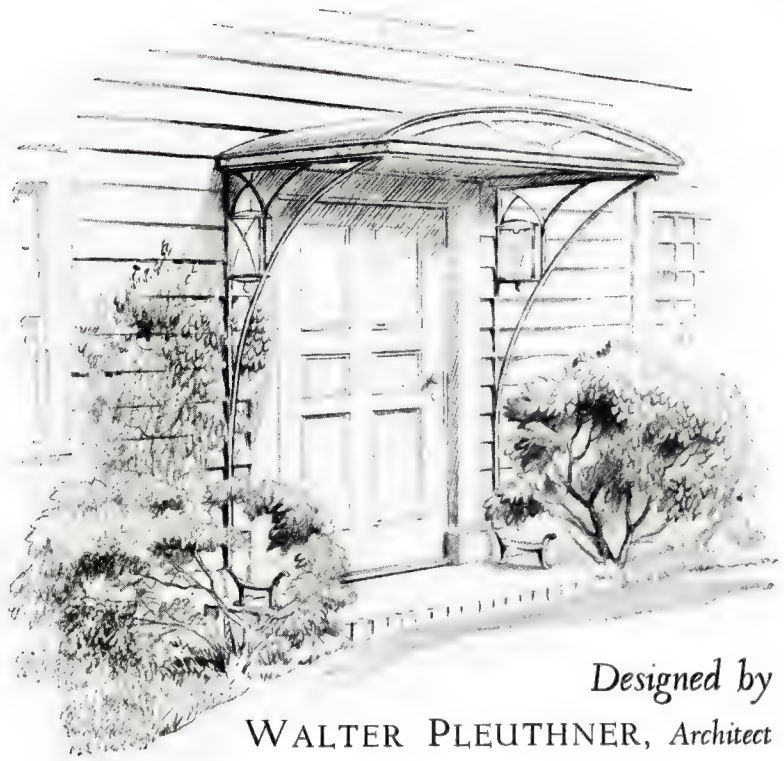
Food compartments are of porcelain—acid-resisting where stains are most likely to occur. No need to worry even if lemon juice is spilled on the gleaming interior surface.

And in many models you'll find adjustable shelves . . . a larger Hydrator . . . greatly increased ice freezing capacity . . . a Sliding Utility Basket for storing eggs and small articles . . . the Frigidaire Servashelf that's such a help in rearranging things.

These are a few features picked from a score . . . no wonder that even the most expensive refrigerators of other years seem old-fashioned now! *See* the Frigidaire '34 at any Frigidaire dealer's and you'll understand why thousands of families are saying, "Ours is a Frigidaire '34."

Model Standard 434





Designed by
WALTER PLEUTHNER, *Architect*

Add a Door Hood

To an uninviting entrance

THE entrance of a house always conveys something of its character. This attention to the doorway goes back to the days when man lived in a cave and hung up animal skins to protect the opening. The wooden door came later and as the owner decorated it and sat before it in his leisure it became a symbol to him of home and protection and it remains that to this day. A need for further shelter from sun and rain brought the projecting covering. The charm that has grown around this is especially exemplified in the early Colonial style throughout the country.

The over-door hood shown above is in this tradition. Besides its decorative quality it has very evident practical uses. It gives protection from the weather to anyone waiting on the doorstep; it affords a direct cover from house door to automobile if the driveway is adjacent; it makes the kitchen entrance seem a little like an entry. The hood projects three feet six inches from the wall and is four feet six inches wide.

The metal hood can be painted in any desired color; the well-braced brackets are sturdy but light and graceful of line. Mailbox and Colonial lantern are pleasant features to include if you so choose.

Perhaps you have been thinking that some aspect of your house seemed bare and you have been wondering how you could relieve that plain look. An ornamental door hood of this sort might be the solution.

July's Four High Spots

THIN fruits from apple and peach trees that have set fruits heavily by removing all those now undersized and all that can possibly touch each other as they advance in size. Use clippers to take off apples. Clip the dead flower heads from lilacs, rhododendrons and azaleas for better bloom next season. Sow seeds of perennials now for next year's bloom. Destroy poison ivy now before it has a chance to go to seed. Often all that is necessary is to chop off the trunk of the vines at or just below the surface of the ground without the risk of tearing them down from their support. Never let anyone work around this plant who is not known to be immune. Results of its poison are sometimes very serious and continue for years.

All on a Summer's Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

Burns manuscripts in the Kingston library and could they make an appointment. A photostat of a title-page somewhat dubiously that of a first edition. Would the librarian of the Kingston copy compare their title-pages and advise of any variations? A library on the west coast writing that they were planning an exhibition of early books on the Spanish explorations south and west and asking if they could include any of the Kingston Florida collection.

Such mail and similar tasks had been a familiar routine in her life for ten years. But only in the past twelve months had she pursued them in these surroundings and she could still feel delight and amazement that for tyranny and occasional censure she had exchanged praise and even a small share of renown.

HER FATHER had been in his youth a casual collector of books. A naturally sharp and fairly idle intelligence had increasingly fastened his attention on his hobby until it became the core of his existence. Stephen Ware had brought back his first acquisitions from his university days to the old square white house in Bangor that was itself a rarity. And there on mounting shelves he had steadily laid his increasing rows of books year after year. He had married, Evelyn had been born, her mother had died, he had lost his health, the world had moved out of one century and into another, but his attention had never wavered from his collection.

Inevitably that collection had become famous. All these years he had steadfastly refused even fabulous offers for this volume or that. So the collection was intact when he finally offered it at auction. Almost as if his life had actually been in his books, as externally it seemed to be, he died a month later. Evelyn, dazed by these events, was left, like Othello, without occupation.

While she was still in school she had begun opening her father's mail and reading him extracts from catalogues. As she grew up she did more of his correspondence and under his tutelage gradually made expert arrangements and annotated lists. Without knowing it she became herself an expert.

But if she was not aware of this, others were and when Mr. Kingston's buyer and librarian left him after years of ministration (to accept quite appropriately a diplomatic post) that great man bethought himself of Ware's daughter. It was his letter that shook Evelyn out of her lethargy and his plan that she accepted. With no more than a look around she had the furniture shrouded, the shutters drawn and the heavy doors locked and went off to New York and the first freedom she had ever known.

Something gay and light-hearted that had survived her years with an ill-tempered and crotchety old man came bubbling up to the surface now. Everything pleased her, seemed indeed to exist expressly to give her pleasure—James, Mr. Kingston, these newer richer gaudier book rooms with their newer richer gaudier bindings, the tiny apartment that looked on a great river, the clothes in the shop windows and the people on the streets, the colored postman who bowed when she met him in the hall—it was all for her and she was endlessly glad of it.

So when late afternoon came she locked up the treasures she had removed from their grilles, washed her face and painted her lips and went off to meet Mr. Brandigo, as joyful as a child on a picnic. Like the lady in the song she had promised to meet him in the park. It seemed as if James always insisted on meeting her somewhere if she wanted him to call for her; and would call for her if it was her idea to meet outside. Well, thought Evelyn, I suppose men are like that; he's just as bossy, in his way, as Father was.

Young Brandigo beamed when she arrived. Whenever he waited for Evelyn it seemed impossible that she would ever come, or that he had ever seen her, or that they had ever by some divine chance met, in a city so encrusted with other and unimportant millions. It seemed so totally unlikely that out of an old but indifferent tie to Tom Ware he should have eventually met this flower, incredibly his cousin, Evelyn.

"You've got a new hat on! You look as pretty as a picture."

Evelyn beamed in turn and they strolled along the edges of the sheep meadow. Late afternoon sun gilded the close-cropped grass and the narrow stretches of the park took on a glory of spaciousness and fair extent.

But alas, "picture" reminded James of his aunt and he told Evelyn the episode of the fireside print and the wildwood lady. His audience smiled with him and chuckled at all the respectabilities thus gently mocked. Then she said:

"But of course it's not true. Your aunt can't know much about the things she buys, James. She's all mixed up somehow. The artist she meant never painted babies and Mary Cassatt never had any connection with Monet. She's just like all these people who buy things without any real knowledge."

JAMES looked indignant. "Look here," he said firmly, "do you know who my aunt is?"

Miss Ware looked at him coolly. "Very likely not," she observed with an edge.

James blushed. "I didn't mean that the way it sounds. Only, you know she lived in France when she was a girl and studied painting with one of those birds."

"Oh," said Evelyn eager and pleased again. "She paints? How wonderful! Fancy being able to look at something lovely and then put it down in all its colors and shapes."

"N-no, she doesn't really paint. She just studied." James hesitated. "She wants to see you. She's going to write you a note."

"You gave her my address?"

"Yes—I wanted her to know you."

"James Brandigo, what did you tell her? Did you tell her I was lonely? You know I'm not. You know I think it's wonderful to do what I want and heavenly not knowing too many people. I haven't half time enough to do what I want to do—without someone coming around to be kind to me."

She looked wild, the New Englander's passion against being patronized rising like a banner.

James, unconsciously tactful, made

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. It has been used by thousands of women for hair *on the face* as well as on the arms, legs and underarms. So simple. So quick. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . No prickly stubble later on . . . No dark shadow under the skin. That is why so many screen stars and noted Beauty Specialists recommend *ZIP*. Each treatment further checks the growth.

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SPECIALIST

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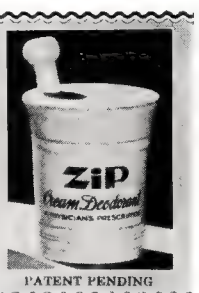

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ALL you need is boiling water and White Rit—then simply *swish* the color out of your dress!—leave the fabric as white as when it left the loom—dissolve spots and stains at the same time—and make re-tinting or dyeing easier because *all* the old color is removed and even the lightest shade "takes" easily.

White Rit affects only the dye, not the cloth—leaves the material soft and pliable as new—never harsh, brittle or rotted. It is harmless as boiling water. Millions of women now use White Rit in the laundry for the *family washing*—to make white goods *really white*, to take out mildew, grass or fruit stains, ink spots or rust marks. White Rit is the *original* color remover that cannot be successfully imitated because it is protected by 5 separate patents. *Insist* on White Rit.

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YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK" WITH WHITE RIT

Harmless as Boiling Water

All on a Summer's Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

the perfect answer. "I thought it would be nice for her," he said, "and for me. She brought me up pretty much; we lived in her house when I was a child and my mother was young and gay and Aunt Jenny was the one who planned things for us and got us to the circus and gave us candles for our birthday cakes."

Evelyn melted again, "James, you are sweet," and inconsequently, "I wish that merry-go-round was bigger. I love to ride them. Only these horses are too small."

"We could go to Coney Island," said James.

EVELYN looked pleased, then stern. "You don't want to; you're just saying that to please me."

James smiled. "That doesn't seem so unreasonable. And I do want to—at least I want to be with you and if—"

"But I wouldn't want to go to the law courts with you and I wouldn't pretend I did."

James felt a little confused. "If it comes to that, I'm not fascinated by those moldy old books you mull over all day, but I can't see that's got anything to do with merry-go-rounds."

"Maybe not," she said doubtfully, "but I don't think it's right, trying to please people all the time."

"You please me all the time," said James firmly. "What does your New England conscience make of that?"

Evelyn's earnestness vanished in a chuckle on the soft contagious warm note that would have melted a harder heart than Mr. Brandigo's.

"Oh, well, if you don't try—"

And they both laughed. At nothing, at late spring bursting around them in city dress, at riders going by on horseback and younger riders going by on scooters, at wisteria thick over arbors and baby carriages crowding pigeons beneath them.

The late long light lasted them out their walk; as it grew dark they ate in a restaurant already agreeably familiar, idly found a Mickey Mouse for a pleasant quarter-hour and then walked back to Evelyn's apartment. Elements as simple as could be found; but out of them they made content, content such as Mr. Brandigo—with his tempestuous marriage and subsequent disaster, his dogged and difficult return to an interrupted profession—and such as Miss Ware—with her severe taskmaster and her own delicate version of her father's pride—had never touched before.

Before Evelyn's apartment house they paused. She yawned childishly. "I feel all full of air and sleep," she said comfortably. James, sensing the right moment, brought up the unfinished business of his Aunt Jenny and Evelyn promised sweetly to go to see her.

BUT AS things turned out it was two months before the meeting came about. James followed up Evelyn's promise too sharply which led her to say crossly, "I do wish you wouldn't hound me so." Whereat James replied firmly, "You said you'd go, and I told Aunt Jenny you would, and you'll have to." All that this produced was an argument which came out as such conversations usually come out—with nothing settled. Only, in the interval Mrs. Taylor had gone back to the country.

When Mrs. Taylor came to town again early in August James, walking more delicately, contrived to win Evelyn to action, Evelyn feeling a little shy and a little stern as she arrived was nevertheless fascinated by Mrs. Taylor's apartment. Lofty ceilings, long corridors and huge rooms took it back to an earlier day; bulky covers of Holland linen concealed furniture behind the floor-length folds and pictures and mirrors were swathed inches deep in tarlatan. At the windows tall shutters steeped the rooms in gloom.

Mrs. Taylor appeared and interrupted Evelyn's fascinated absorption. She had a quick glance oddly like James' own but with an added sharpness. She had too a quick light voice that Evelyn liked at once. It was plain that her impulse was to like her first look at Evelyn. Evelyn found in her that rarest of the sympathies, a woman of another day who can live in this, the worldly person whose worldliness has added only to the head without taking from the heart.

SO PRESENTLY Mrs. Taylor, having covered a good deal of ground, was saying, "What do you and James do to amuse yourselves, to forget it's hot, to pass the time, to—" She waved her hands, still plump and pretty and expressive.

"Oh, we go and look at the rivers and the people and Sunday nights we go to the Stadium concerts—"

Mrs. Taylor nodded. "Always something up that way for lovers. I don't know what it is about uptown but when I was a girl we used to go up to the speedway Sunday mornings—in the winter though—and watch the horses. They would go at a good clip. I always liked it better than any racing I ever saw afterward. The first cutter race always brought the winner a magnum of champagne from the old roadhouse on Jerome Avenue where they ended. I don't suppose there are any prizes at your Stadium."

Evelyn shook her head. "Except that it's pretty beautiful. With cars going by very quietly mostly so that you're only conscious of their small lights. It's all lights. Stars and matches where people are smoking and red tail-lights on cars. Oh, it's lovely. And James and I have such a good time."

"So I gather from James," said his aunt; and then briskly, "Have you made up your minds yet to get married?"

This question which might have been cruel or impertinent or superficial was none of these and Evelyn gave it the dignity of a considered reply.

"I don't know exactly why we don't," she said slowly. "I do think James is a dear, and I love being with him, and the way he looks and talks and smiles, and I'd really rather be with him than with anyone—"

Mrs. Taylor smiled. "It sounds authentic so far."

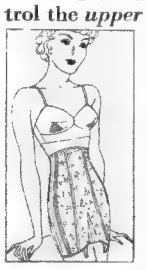
Evelyn's gravity broke into the soft laugh that was so unexpected from her earnestness.

"It's just that he's so bossy," she added then, gravely, looking at Mrs. Taylor very straight and rather wistfully. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]

Maiden Form's

"HOLD-TITE"
REG. APP. FOR
The Shoulder Straps Cannot Slip

This smart Maiden Form brassiere is called "Hold-Tite" because its breast sections control the *upper* as well as the *lower* curves of the bust — and because its straps are so constructed they *cannot* slip off the shoulders.



Left: "Full-Fashion" (it fits like a stocking) brassiere, with a diaphragm band — one of *five* "Full-Fashion" styles. Shown with one of Maiden Form's clever "High-Waist" girdles.

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NEW LIQUID DEODORANT

No separate applicator. Simply touch the sponge-topped bottle to your armpits.

WHAT a grand improvement! A clear white liquid to stop perspiration, approved by Good Housekeeping . . . in a bottle that cannot spill or splash.

Women tell us it is the fastest-drying liquid deodorant they've ever used. Gentle on the skin, too.

See How Easy it is to Keep Armpits Dry and Odorless

You just lift the Perstop bottle and draw its little sponge top over the armpits. Precisely the right amount of safe, harmless Perstop covers the underarms after the use of this new splash-proof and drip-proof, built-in applicator.

Nothing more to do! You set your Perstop bottle back on the boudoir table and forget it for 1 to 5 days.

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Every woman who perspires freely should use a safe LIQUID deodorant to keep frocks free from ugly perspiration stains. ONLY a liquid can keep the armpits perfectly moisture-proof as well as odor-proof. And only Perstop has the patented sponge-applicator bottle.

If you do not agree that Perstop is the PERFECT liquid deodorant, return the partly used bottle and have your money refunded!

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Perstop

THE EASY WAY TO STOP PERSPIRATION

All on a Summer's Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

Mrs. Taylor tried to think of James as masterful. She failed. "In what way, my dear?"

"In every way, it seems to me," said Evelyn mournfully. "We were talking about places to live—just talking, you know, not about us—and he said the only place he really would like to live would be in the country in a white house with green shutters. He was so firm about it too. So I didn't say anything. But you know, Mrs. Taylor, I've lived all my life in a white house with green shutters. And I like the city. I like the people and being left alone and the look of a city and the feeling of being part of a great city. So you see—"

"Hm-m," said Mrs. Taylor, "I don't know that I'd be so downhearted. Perhaps James' tastes aren't so fixed as you think."

EVELYN continued her mournful recital: "And then he's not only always so decided about things but he decides things right away. I like to think things over awhile and make my mind up afterward."

Mrs. Taylor again marveled at James the decisive. Still, perhaps he was like that.

"And another thing," went on the soft insistent monologue, "I don't believe he likes my job and I love it. I couldn't bear to stop what I'm doing."

"Oh, I think you're wrong about that," said Mrs. Taylor welcoming an opportunity for opposing one obstacle. "I think James is very proud of your work. He told me, bragging, you knew all about Mary Cassatt," and she twinkled companionably at her guest.

Evelyn, remembering her strictures to James on this point, blushed. But Mrs. Taylor did not notice, for she went on with considerable eagerness, "That's more than James does, I must say. I repeated to him some scandal of the past the other day, attributing it to that blameless lady and he took it all as truth and news. I laughed to myself when I realized afterward what I'd done. But the poor boy won't ever know the difference."

Evelyn forbore to tell her of her own attempts to disillusion James.

With the skill of sincere good will that nothing can simulate Mrs. Taylor, returning from her own excursion, led the talk further into the differences that seemed to remain unresolved between this otherwise congenial pair and presently an odd fish rose to her bait.

"James is always trying to please me," said Evelyn speaking with more violence, "and I hate that."

"I think it's rather nice to be pleased," said Mrs. Taylor mildly.

"I do too," Evelyn agreed, "to be *pleased*, but I don't like anyone—anyone you really care about I mean—trying to please. Don't you see, people should be themselves and then if they please, all right. But—"

"You feel James isn't himself? Of course I'm his aunt, almost his foster-mother, but I do think he's singularly unaffected."

"It isn't that," said Evelyn, unoffended, and seemed to give up trying to explain what it was. Mrs. Taylor felt baffled.

But presently Evelyn, easy in a childlike awareness of complete and uncriticizing attention, disclosed the shadows of her hesitations.

"You know, I think the reason I like being in Mr. Kingston's library so much is like Mary's lamb—they seem to like me to be there, and to think the work I do is, well, is fairly good. It's no different really—except there's more of it to do—from what I used to do in my father's library. But he never gave any sign of liking it except by not scolding when I didn't make a mistake.

"He was quite old, you know, and he'd been an invalid for years and been used to having everything done for him and everything done to please him.

"My mother's whole life must have been spent in pleasing him, but he never acted as if she did. And my father always decided everything, even about me. He traveled a great deal before they married but afterward he never went away from Bangor, even before he became ill. Then of course he couldn't go anywhere, not even upstairs. He had a bedroom on the ground floor and he went all around the downstairs rooms and out into the garden in his wheel-chair."

Evelyn stopped and blushed again. This time Mrs. Taylor saw it and approved. A pretty trick most of these modern young girls have forgotten, she said to herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Taylor, how dreadful of me to talk so much and all about myself."

"Just what I liked to hear, my dear," said Mrs. Taylor comfortingly. "It doesn't sound like a gay life for a young girl."

"It wasn't bad. It sounds worse to hear about than it was to live in. I had lots of cousins and I used to go to camps in summer when I was in school and then later to England to stay with some friends of Father's whom he used to visit before I was born. They were a large family too, like the Wares. It's just that it was very strict and severe at home and here it's all so different. Sometimes I think it can't be true. Sometimes I am looking at a book I have looked at before and I'll think I'm back in Father's library and I'll feel all still and stiff. And then the telephone will ring and it will be James. Saying he's coming to take me to see his Aunt Jenny," she ended on a note of mischief and with that melting of soberness into fun that Mrs. Taylor found very endearing.

His Aunt Jenny got up from her Holland-linen chair. "Well, my dear child, if James can break evil spells, you might do worse than take him on," she said lightly. "It's a gift, in a husband."

MRS. TAYLOR never seemed to do anything about the confidences the young people had severally made her, though before she went back to the country for the rest of the summer she asked them to dinner and the three found no difficulty in passing a merry evening together. But perhaps in the sunniness of Aunt Jenny's common sense their doubts had insensibly dissolved. Or perhaps the best purpose of any oracle is that those who consult it must perforce clear their own minds in explaining their difficulties.

At any rate, on another August day, Evelyn found herself at the latter end of an afternoon again surveying herself in the mirror. It had been a bad day in the Kingston library; hot and airless, and there had been an extraordinary number of telephone calls which had demanded patience and skill.

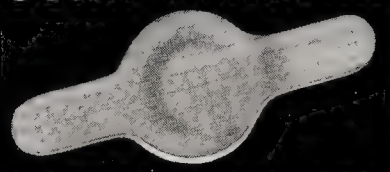
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

STOPS PAIN—REMOVES

CORN

a new and better

CORN PLASTER



JOHNSON & JOHNSON

DRYBAK

• Here's the latest—and a better—corn plaster, with exclusive features that increase its comfort and efficiency. Drybak was professionally designed to fit snugly without bulging; to *stay put;* to stop pain and remove a corn effectively.

IT'S WATERPROOF

• Drybak is *streamlined*—it has no square corners, no overlapping edges, no excessive bulk. It is more quickly and accurately applied. It does not creep. Drybak is *waterproof*. You can bathe without changing plasters. Its sun-tan color is less conspicuous—does not soil—and stays neat.

• Drybak's smooth surface will not chafe or stick to the stocking. Costs less than old-fashioned, creepy, bulky plasters. In boxes of 12, with 8 individual medicated centers, 25c. Buy Drybak at your druggist's.

DOESN'T STICK TO STOCKING

ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS

DRYBAK

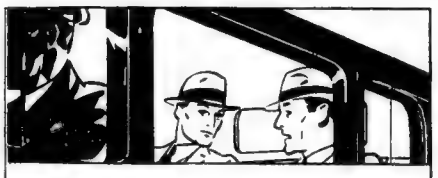
CORN PLASTERS

Johnson & Johnson

RADIO ANN
She Gets Her Man

VOICE FROM RADIO: You are listening to Ann Mansett, the dream singer.
Phil: I could fall for that girl just from hearing her sing.
Ralph: Why, I know Ann. Come along, I'll introduce you.

Ann: How do you do! I'm always glad to meet any friend of Ralph's.
Phil: I had no idea Ralph knew you.



Phil: What a disappointment! Ann's a beautiful girl but what a terrible complexion!
Ralph: Ann used to have a lovely skin!

Ann: Doctor, you've helped thousands with your broadcasts. What *can* I do to clear up my skin?
Doctor: The true cause of your trouble is a bad intestinal condition. Yeast Foam Tablets will do wonders for you.

Ralph: I just saw Ann Mansett! What a change! She's completely cleared up that awful skin!
Phil: 'Nuff said, Ralph. I'm phoning her tonight.

Ann announces her engagement to her friends at the studio.
Doctor *to himself:* There's another romance I must credit to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Why don't you see what Yeast Foam Tablets will do for you? At any druggist's!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE
NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY *WHC-7*
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

All on a Summer's Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

Nevertheless her spirits rose when James came for her and after an early dinner in an air-cooled restaurant they went to the park. To their uncritical eyes people strolling in thin bright summer clothes seemed delightful and they added themselves to their number with pleasure. The clear light was still in the sky when they settled themselves on a bench near one of the refreshment stands. Evelyn looked with her usual satisfaction at the varied customers of the stand and James looked at Evelyn.

THEY TALKED of the agreeable items of their day; they sat in companionable silence and watched the passers-by. They were aware of that trivial and yet vivid happiness that sometimes comes of a passing moment when existence seems at once peaceful and lively, and they smiled at each other contentedly. James, not given to literary allusions, was struck with Evelyn's look of a kind of undisturbed innocence, "child of the pure unclouded brow," he thought, vaguely conscious of having read it somewhere and suddenly thinking it apt to her beyond anyone he had ever seen. He thought of his life with Louisa and how little she had ever suggested any such ideas to anyone who looked at her and then his train of thought led him further. What was there of the past in this girl and this moment? What nonsense to think that with her he need ever consider such expediencies as being master of his household. Here in this hot and sultry park with her was more peace than any house deep in the most lush country, could bring.

Evelyn feeling his glance upon her turned toward him and smiled. As she did so she was conscious of a warm rush of feeling. Dear James, why did she resist his ideas and argue with him so? It was not the white paint and the green shutters that had made the house at Bangor a prison but the uneasy spirit that inhabited it. With James no house, however far from human habitation it might lie, however it might repeat remembered patterns of unhappy things, would ever be anything but a place to be happy in. Her mother had tried to please her father because she feared his tempers and his arbitrary ways; James had the aim of a child who wants others to have a good time because he is having one.

She leaned forward and uttered her discovery.

"James, I'd love a house in the country," she said softly, but James who never interrupted had spoken simultaneously, "Evelyn darling, can't we get married this very summer and live here where we found each other?"

They laughed.

AS IT was James' plan that they finally adopted, it was to a city address that Mrs. Taylor a few weeks later dispatched a package. "The check I sent you," she wrote, "was just one of those auntly gifts but this is for fun."

It was the tinted etching, the lovely Mary Cassatt that James and Evelyn agreed—for reasons not altogether plain—had marked the turning point in their lives, the thing that really brought them together.

Mickey Mouse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

wearing a set of antlers, but the artist did not dare to tamper with the feelings of his public. The tragic note was quickly silenced. The dog opened an eye to reassure the audience as Mickey rushed into a close-up and cried, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

When Charlie Chaplins became too common in Kansas City Disney took a partner and appeared on amateur nights in a singing and patter act. At fifteen years, he got a job as peanut butcher on trains running out of Kansas City. Later in that year, 1917, the family moved to Chicago where Walt attended high school for a year.

IN CHICAGO an acute conflict developed between his ambition to be an actor and his ambition to be an artist. He did illustrations for the high school magazine and studied cartooning at night at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts; at the same time he and a friend worked up an imitation of Weber and Fields and sought unsuccessfully to go on the amateur stage. He also tried to break into two other fields of public entertainment. He sent for all kinds of books on magic and sleight-of-hand but could not find the time for practice in these arts. He paid the first installment on a small cinema outfit and planned to produce pictures written and acted by juveniles for juveniles, but he could not raise the money to buy films or to pay the second installment on the camera, which was repossessed by the company.

In the summer of 1918, Walt, then sixteen years old, needed a job and applied for a position as letter carrier. He said that he was seventeen years old. His conscience would not let him lie by more than one year, and he was rejected as being too young. He went home, put on his father's clothes, deepened his voice, hardened his conscience and reapplied for the position, saying he was eighteen years old. This time he was hired. He was rejected on account of his youth at army and navy recruiting stations and at a Canadian enlistment office, but in September, 1918, he joined the Red Cross as a chauffeur. He arrived in France after the armistice but served for a year as chauffeur for Red Cross officials.

Returning from France he worked as a commercial artist in Kansas City, drawing illustrations for advertisements in farm journals . . . pictures of happy cows eating patent salt blocks, of triumphant hens hatching out dollars after eating patent hen foods, and oil wells spouting seas of money.

It was pure accident that started Disney at work on animated drawings. By answering an advertisement in a newspaper he got a position with the Kansas City Slide Company, which formerly made stereopticon slides and had recently been making advertising cartoons for motion picture projections. Disney's first animated cartoon pictured a steamboat propelled by a series of nervous twitches. Human figures were activated at that time like stop-go signals. Paper arms and legs

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

10 Seconds AND S.O.S makes a dirty aluminum pan shine like new

S.O.S.—the magic scouring pad—*micro*-cleans* greasiest, blackest, smoked-up and burnt cooking utensils. It's different—*so* easy to use. All in one—soap's in the pad. You merely wet the edge—then rub. Use for everything. Aluminumware of all kinds; pots and pans; skillets; roasters; casseroles; Pyrex. Wonderful for stoves; oven doors; broiler-grids; drip pans. Over 40 daily uses in *your* home. Inexpensive, too. No powder—no extra soap—no waste. One S. O. S. pad frequently lasts a week. Now in new 4-pad package. (8-pad size, too.) Get S. O. S. today from your grocer. Try half of the package at our risk. If not satisfied, return balance and all your money will be refunded.

The S. O. S. Company, 6201 W. 65th St., Chicago. Also S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada. Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

**Micro*-clean means *microscopically* clean

S.O.S
Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
MAGIC SCOURING PADS
All in one . . . soap's in the pad
WET EDGE ONLY . . . THEN RUB

TRY A POROUS PLASTER!

More than five million people have found relief from backaches, chest congestion and pains in legs, arms, sides or shoulders . . . simply by applying an Allcock's Porous Plaster. The warm, stimulating effect eases pain instantly. Insist on genuine Allcock's . . . the kind that's easy to apply and stays on longer. 25c. All druggists.

ALLCOCK'S *the original* **POROUS PLASTER**

A-CORN SALVE

REMOVES CORNS

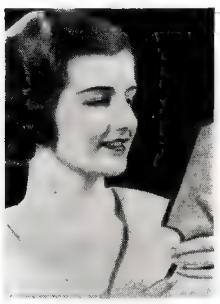
Not a "1 minute wonder" but if you want your corns *safely* removed after 2 or 3 nightly applications you can depend on good old Acorn Salve. Say "Acorn Salve" to your druggist, follow the simple directions on the package and your corn is gone. Other corn remedies may cost more, promise more, but can do no more.

Clean WHITE SHOES WITH SHINOLA

10¢

liquid, tube or cake

Enjoy Skin Comfort From Head to Foot



Relieve Complexion Blemishes

Allay Bodily Skin Irritations

WHAT is more aggravating and distracting than a mean pimple, a patch of itching rash or roughness, or a bit of chafing, in some spot where contact with your clothing creates a nagging discomfort? But it doesn't have to be endured, for Resinol Ointment and Soap give amazing relief from such conditions.

Perhaps you have considered the Resinol treatment for complexion faults only, because it so successfully helps to clear up clogged facial pores, blackheads and pimples, and to make ugly complexions clearer, smoother, lovelier. Yet it does even more—it soothes and promotes healing of skin irritation anywhere on the body.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Have them on hand for quick treatment of every-day skin ills or hurts.

Would you like a free sample of each? Write Resinol, Dept. 7-J, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
Ointment

Mickey Mouse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

were pinned to a paper torso. The figure was photographed in one attitude, the arms and legs were then moved, the second photograph taken and so on, the animation being very jittery. Walt induced his company to get away from the Mexican jumping bean effect by drawing a fresh cartoon for each photograph.

DISNEY was only nineteen years old when he made his first independent production, but the haphazard experiences and enthusiasms of his early years had furnished him with an ideal equipment for his life work. He owed very little to schooling. His impressions were all first hand; he had never peered at life through the spectacles of books. Recently, when Disney was discussing his rules for keeping Mickey Mouse true to his own character and for avoiding any violations of the laws of nature as they exist in Cartoonland, an interviewer said, "That's a paraphrase of Hamlet's advice to the players." Disney said that he had never seen or read Hamlet, but that he had had a vague idea that it was a part ham actors liked to play. He had never heard of holding the mirror up to nature. Disney is as free as Al Smith from the taint of book-learning; no man could be clearer of the curse of sophistication.

Disney's first independent effort was an animated weekly saga of the news events of Kansas City. This ran for six months. Its success inspired him to attempt Little Red Riding-hood. He worked on it for six months, using his father's garage as a studio. Goldilocks, The Town Musicians of Bremen and then children's tales followed. Walt, who had just come of age, then formed a corporation, hired a staff of artists and started to work on a large scale; but his distributing agency went into bankruptcy and failed to pay him for his films. This gave him his first introduction to business trouble, which has since become an old friend. The crash in Kansas City made him decide to go to Hollywood. To get the money for the trip he wrote a song film for a theater organist and made motion pictures of the offspring of his friends.

He arrived in Hollywood in August, 1923, with one suit of clothes, very ancient and greatly patched. Walt and his brother Roy, who furnished capital of two hundred and fifty dollars, set up a studio in Hollywood. They lived for months on a starvation diet with the sheriff at their heels. Finally an eastern film distributor became interested in him and Walt started his series called Alice in Cartoonland which was a combination of a flesh-and-blood heroine with a supporting company of pen-and-ink characters, the photographs of the girl being superimposed on the photographs of the cartoons. After making sixty Alice films Disney started to produce Oswald the Rabbit. Oswald was a great success and Disney ventured to ask a higher price for his work. The distributor's reply was to raid Disney's staff and start making his own Oswalds.

This was the first of three raids which have been made on Disney's studio. Many film producers had the theory that Walt Disney was not particularly important to his cartoons. Their idea was that to duplicate Disney's success it was only necessary to capture some of his able workers. This theory has not justified itself. Disney has survived three almost complete changes in the personnel of his organization and his pictures have steadily increased in popular favor.

Disney was in New York when he had the trouble over Oswald the Rabbit. He then decided to make a new series and distribute it through some other company. The idea of Mickey Mouse was forced on him by process of elimination because the cat, dog, rabbit and other feasible animals were already cartoon heroes. Disney also had a sentimental attachment to mice because of the friendship which had sprung up between him and a mouse which used to drop around and play on his desk in the advertising office in Kansas City. It occurred to Disney that if he used a mouse hero he had a magnificent made-to-order villain in the cat, with unlimited possibilities of dramatic conflict. Of course Mickey is a mouse in name only; he is a biped that wears shoes and has a human soul. Walt, with the help of his wife, the former Lillian Bounds, wrote the first Mickey scenario on the train from New York to Hollywood. For a long time Mickey was closely guarded against the kidnapers in which Hollywood abounded; any new brain child was then likely to be abducted from its rightful parents. It was considered dangerous to let the mouse idea become known even at the studio, and the first Mickey picture was made in a garage used by Walt and his brother.

AS THE new cartoon character was coming into existence, Al Jolson was revolutionizing motion pictures by the success of his singing in The Jazz Singer. Walt decided to gamble with the new medium and took his picture, which was entitled Steamboat Willie, to New York to be fitted up with music and sound effects.

The synchronization of Steamboat Willie was one of the major ordeals of Disney's life. The art of matching noise to action was then in great confusion. Effects came before causes, thunder preceded lightning, dull thuds resounded before objects fell. A musical director was engaged who had had experience in recording music for feature films, but this experience was a hindrance rather than a help. He knew how to set the pace for his musicians in an ordinary screen play, but the action in Steamboat Willie was so rapid that the orchestra had played only half of the musical accompaniment before the film was finished.

Disney got a metronome for the guidance of the musicians, but the director scorned to use it. "What am I here for?" he demanded. "Am I a machine?" Again the orchestra tried to keep its music abreast the high speed action of Steamboat Willie. It was like a group of nervous amateurs shooting at quail; the musicians blazed away too early and too late. This wild performance was repeated again and again. The weather was hot, the musical director was fat and he melted away in his effort to get the sound and action on speaking terms. Finally Disney induced him to let the orchestra keep time by watching a film on which a bounding ball acted as a metronome. Even then the musicians were distracted by watching Steamboat Willie and finally they were turned with their backs to the picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

WHEN YOU'RE IN A *hurry*

When the rule is rush, as it is these days — that's when you're most thankful for Mum. For you can use Mum in a hurry!

It takes no more than half a minute to give your underarms all-day protection from ugly perspiration odor with this dainty deodorant cream.

Smooth in a bit under each arm—and that's all. Slip right into your dress.

For Mum is harmless to clothing. Indeed, if you forget to use it while dressing, you can use it afterwards just as well.

Mum is cooling and soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And think of this! Many women keep a jar of Mum in the kitchen to remove stubborn odors, such as onion or fish, from their hands.

You can be absolutely sure Mum never fails in its work of preventing disagreeable perspiration odor. And it does this without preventing the perspiration itself.

Use Mum on sanitary napkins, too. Thousands of women depend on it for protection from this source of unpleasantness. All toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Only half a minute to use Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"We couldn't have taken this wonderful trip

..IF OUR FEET HURT US!"

"We had a thrilling time, hiking and riding through beautiful country!"

• "Of course we got tired, but our feet were good to us—because we have always been good to them. The moment a corn appears, we put on Blue-Jay, and that's the end of Mister Corn!"

Be kind to your feet. Use Blue-Jay, the scientific corn remover. It is gentle, safe, mild—yet sure. The pain stops instantly, corn is gone in 3 days.

Blue-Jay, invented by a famous chemist, is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. *25c at all druggists.*

This Safe, Scientific Method

1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3. After three days remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.
B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
C is adhesive strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

New Blue-Jay Radio Program! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tues. and Fri. afternoon NBC.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

Free Booklet—"For Better Feet"—contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2300 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. (*Pasting this coupon on a government post card will save postage.*) WC-7

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....

© The Kendall Company

Mickey Mouse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

The results at last were pretty satisfactory. Disney found it necessary, however, to spend a whole night clipping out bits of film here and there in order to bring the music and noises into their true relation to the action.

Mickey Mouse made his début in Steamboat Willie at the Colony Theatre on September 28, 1928, and was an enormous success. The audience went wild when he played a xylophone solo on a cow's teeth and gave a concert with a set of dishpans. There was a great variety of sound effects all pretty well timed. Disney's next picture was The Skeleton's Dance, his first Silly Symphony. This was rejected by many motion picture exhibitors as being gruesome, but audiences loved the jolly skeletons as they loved the jaunty mouse. After breaking all precedent by playing an encore at Roxy's, The Skeleton's Dance became a cartoon classic. After five years it is still playing and has earned more money than any other "short," unless the lead has recently been taken by Three Little Pigs.

When making the first Mickey Mouse pictures Disney threw in all the wild gags he could think of. Later, however, Mickey began to assume a definite personality, and Disney would reject good comedy ideas, saying, "Mickey isn't like that." Today the mouse has matured, as Mr. Pickwick did, from a madly farcical comic to a being with a consistent though dizzy psychology. Disney will not for example permit what he calls "camera puns" in connection with his celebrated creation. A rival used this gag: a lady character in an animated cartoon presses a handkerchief to her mouth and her lips are printed on the handkerchief in lipstick; the impression of the lips then delivers a monologue. This was a "camera pun" which was highly rewarded with laughter, but such devices are held to be unworthy of the dignity of Mickey Mouse. He is not permitted to be cruel or arrogant except in his dealings with villains. If he is vainglorious one moment he is deflated in the next. Extreme vigilance is exercised to keep him from becoming a smart Alec. Too much whimsey and fantasy are objectionable. In Disney's own words there should be "just enough exaggeration to take the characters out of the real and into the imaginary; it must be natural to be effective."

ONE OF Mickey's comparative failures was as a violinist. He fiddled divinely, but he fiddled too much to suit the audience. Since then it has been a rule that Mickey must never be allowed to be arty. The hands of Mickey Mouse and the rest of his physique are the work of other artists, but the voice is the voice of Disney. Walt started squeaking out the Mickey Mouse dialogues in the early days and has stuck to it for a good reason: if an actor or announcer were hired to speak Mickey's lines, the man might be hired away and it would disturb fans to have Mickey's voice change from time to time.

There are seventy-five artists employed at the Disney studios, most of them working on animated cartoons. A few others turn out comic strips and designs for Mickey Mouse novelties. Nearly fifteen thousand separate drawings are made for each film. The backgrounds are drawn separately and remain on paper. Mickey and the other animated characters are drawn on sheets seven by nine inches and then traced on celluloid. The celluloid is superimposed on the paper backgrounds and then photographed. After one picture is taken, the celluloid drawing is removed, a new celluloid action picture is superimposed on the background and the camera clicks again. When Technicolor is used, the color is painted on thousands of drawings and transferred to film by the color cameras.

EVEN AFTER the success of Steamboat Willie and The Skeleton's Dance the Disneys had a difficult time. It was a slow process to equip theaters with talking picture apparatus. Many exhibitors doubted whether a mouse had the stuff of which popular heroes are made, but audiences never objected to Mickey on that account. For some reason or other the mouse, though unfavorably regarded in real life, has been kindly treated in art and letters from the time of Æsop to that of Robert Burns and later. Even after Mickey had been established as a world character, the Disneys were still working their way through perilous financial shoals. Only four years ago Walt and Roy sold their jointly owned automobile to meet their payroll and for six months thereafter they walked to work. Their claim is that the value of the animated cartoon has never been adequately recognized. When it was reported a few months ago that the profits of the Three Little Pigs had passed the million-dollar mark, the Disneys examined their books and reported that the profits from that record-breaking film were then less than four thousand dollars. It will have a long run here and abroad and they estimate that its net earnings will eventually be about forty-five thousand dollars. Technicolor has recently proved an important factor in winning recognition for the Silly Symphonies. Walt and his brother have been afraid of what they call "commercializing the business." Both of them have turned deaf ears to promoters who have approached them with dazzling schemes for selling stock, refinancing and expanding, but the idea of having Mickey Mouse bossed by Wall Street is horrifying to the Disneys.

Because of the prejudice of the theater chains against paying handsome sums for short films, Walt is eager to make a long feature in animated color cartoons. Fan mail runs strongly in favor of a full-length Alice in Wonderland in this medium. Others think The Wizard of Oz is made to order for the animated cartoon. James Thurber has demanded in stern accents that Disney, putting aside business and excuses, proceed to make the Odyssey.

The difficulties in handling the animated cartoon increase geometrically with the length of the film, and the experiments suggested would all be heavy gambles. Walt Disney is convinced that tragedy and triangles and other heavy stuff cannot be conveyed by his medium. The ability of the animator to express varieties of emotion has, however, increased enormously in the last three or four years. Disney is eager to attempt an ambitious opus in the comic adventure field. He believes that the animated cartoon is only at the beginning of its career.

A TRUE STORY

By A TEACHER

whose discovery ten years ago, has made a great difference in his boy's life

INTELLIGENCE is a pretty good thing to have in this world, and a good many people who use it find it makes their lives much easier. One fine example is Mr. George F. L. Bryant, a well-known school teacher, of 24 Elm Street, Fairfield, Maine. Mr. Bryant writes us that ten years ago he had what the doctor said was colitis. Being a school teacher he was not getting the proper amount of exercise, and he tried various kinds of medicines, which relieved him for a time, but nothing gave him permanent results until he discovered Nujol.

"I have tried several other brands," writes Mr. Bryant, "but there is nothing I have found equal to Nujol in effectiveness. The density of it appears to be just right, and Nujol has no unpleasant taste. It is the only thing my youngster of thirteen will take. He has used Nujol since he was three years old. He is strong, and well—and I think Nujol has a great deal to do with his excellent health.

"Fact is, the whole family uses Nujol. When we go on a camping trip our appetites are enormous, and then is the time when Nujol becomes the most important thing in our medicine chest.

"You can publish this letter and this picture of me if you want to, if you think it may do somebody else some good."

Indeed we do think it may do somebody else some good. This ten-year record of father and son certainly proves that Nujol is harmless used over a long period of years, and that it can't do you anything but good! Like most worthwhile discoveries, this is so simple it seems too good to be true.

Follow Mr. Bryant's example. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it to be regular as clockwork. Nujol now comes in two forms, plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get Nujol at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. M-14, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

[Advertisement]

"I am the sole support of a large family.. (OF FLEAS)"

TO kill the fleas on your dog, wash him with SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA SOAP or use SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA POWDER. They kill fleas, lice and ticks. Sold by druggists and pet supply dealers everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book « »

Learn how to care for your dog, how to tell what ails him, how to treat his diseases. We urge you to write for your *free* copy of the famous SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK. Fifty-eight pages. Illustrated. Contains a "Symptom Chart" that diagnoses dog ailments at a glance. It may save your dog's life. Get it at once.

Our own veterinarian will advise you without cost about your dog's health.

Write fully.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
2760 W. Broad St.
Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

TOOTHACHE
Stop it at once with old, reliable

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

All drug stores or by mail, 25c. C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit, Mich.

"A Swell Affair"

ACHING FEET
Rheumatic-like Leg Pains?

If your feet tire and ache; if you have rheumatic-like foot or leg pains, callouses on the soles or pains in the heel—it is almost a foregone conclusion that you have weak or fallen arches. You'll get relief at once with Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazers. They remove muscular strain which causes the pain and restore your arches to normal, after which they no longer need be worn. Made under Orthopedic supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Sold and expertly fitted at leading Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. $3.50 pair. Other Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports $2 to $10 a pair.

For booklet on causes, symptoms and treatment of Weak Arches and other foot troubles, write Dr. Scholl's, 130 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's
FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES
AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

Miss Piper Passes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

And even as she spoke the car slowed down, then stopped quite dead in the middle of what was later (much later) found to be an abandoned road leading to an abandoned quarry.

WHEN SHE returned to the Hall in a taxi at one-thirty in the morning, sitting next to the driver for the sake of company, Miss Piper was greeted by an agitated host and hostess. "Really, Miss Piper—" Mrs. Mandeville began.

But Miss Piper, thumping her reassuringly on the shoulder, said, "There, there, Charlotte! Cheer up! The car's somewhere near a place called Higgleston, but the farmer said he'd notify the nearest garage in the morning, so they'll soon get it back to you. It isn't wrecked; just seems to have been tampered with, or something. Would you mind paying Herbert? I'm cleaned out. You ought to go to Higgleston sometime, Charlotte. Charming country. Quite unspoiled. It's so heartening, isn't it, in this civilized age to come on a primitive patch, miles from anywhere?"

The next morning Miss Piper came into breakfast and assiduously read the paper from porridge to marmalade. Especially did she read the left-hand side of the second page:

"Last night at the Ambassador Hermione Nettle's place in Treasure Trove was taken by a hitherto unknown actress, Rosalie Ross. Young Miss Ross, after a somewhat nervous start before an audience frankly disappointed by the absence of the star, soon got into her stride and gave an extraordinarily vivacious and competent performance. Outstandingly successful was her singing of 'Will you, won't you' which she was called upon to repeat three times."

And later on in the morning Cyril received from town a special-delivery letter which was promptly relayed to Mr. Mandeville, then to Mrs. Mandeville, and after some hesitation, to Miss Piper—prowling about interestedly on the outskirts of the group.

Dear Cyril:

I have been thinking everything over and have decided that it would be a mistake for us to get married. We live such different kinds of lives and I don't think I should ever be able to fit into yours. I mean although I've got to work so terribly hard and never know if I'm going to get anywhere anyway, I guess I'd feel pretty flat if I didn't do anything. So let's say good-by. I think it was lovely of you to ask me to marry you, and I'll always remember it. My best wishes.

ROSALIE.

Miss Piper said, "Well, well." Then she went pelting upstairs to her own room; and an hour or so afterward she came pelting down again into their midst followed by Hunter with all her bags.

"Just time to make the next train," she shouted cheerily. "Good-by, Charlotte! Good-by, John!" She embraced them all vigorously; then tore out to the car, where the dogs were waiting in melancholy silence, their tails between their legs.

Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville hurried after her. "But, Miss Piper—"

"Good-by, good-by," Miss Piper shouted from the front seat. "Don't get into any more pickles. Good-by, old boy! Good-by, old girl! Cheer up! I'll come back again soon!"

Then Hunter started the car and off she went leaving behind in the autumn sunshine a small motionless group of moping dogs.

A Recipe for Swimming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

surface and driving the swimmer forward. He should repeat this kicking practice at intervals until step 14.

Step 9. STANDING UP AFTER FRONT FLOAT. There are four distinct parts to getting to the feet after a front float: 1. Make the body into a ball by drawing the knees to the chest. 2. Pull downward with the hands, rolling the body to a squatting position. 3. Put the feet on the pool bottom. 4. Raise the head. If the knees are not drawn up first or if the head is not kept down until the last, there will be difficulty. The pupil floats holding the rail, then goes through the four steps in order, without taking his hands from the rail.

Step 10. RELEASE RAIL BEFORE STANDING UP. The pupil floats holding the rail, then releases the rail and goes through the four parts of getting to his feet. It is now he reaps the benefit of practice in gripping the water.

Step 11. PUSH AND FLOAT TO THE RAIL. The pupil stands in waist-deep water facing the pool wall and about four feet from it. He bends forward, takes a breath, puts his face in the water, reaches for the rail and falls forward. His hands reach the rail almost before his feet leave the bottom. He then stands five feet from the rail at the start; soon he will be starting ten or fifteen feet out.

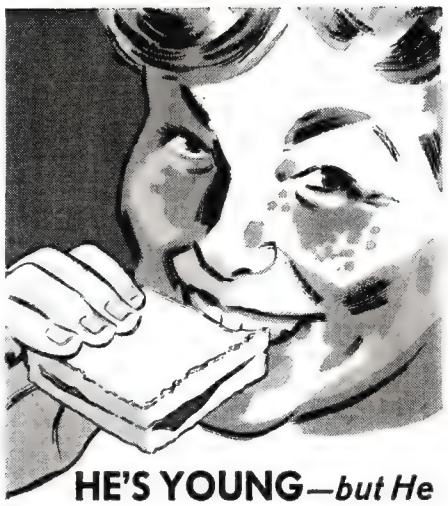
Step 12. STAND UP BEFORE REACHING RAIL. The pupil pushes toward the rail as in step 11, but gets to his feet before he reaches it. If he feels unable to stand up in open water he can simply float to the rail and get up there. If he does have trouble he should practice further on step 10.

Step 13. FRONT PUSH-OFF. The pupil stands in waist-deep water about eighteen inches from the pool wall with his back to it. He stands on his right foot and places the sole of his left foot against the pool wall behind his right knee. He then bends forward, takes a breath, puts his face in the water, reaches his hands out in front and pushes with his left leg. He should not kick the wall, but give it a quick firm push. He goes into the front-float position and after a little practice will be able to coast fifteen or twenty feet before standing up.

Step 14. PUSH-OFF AND KICK. The pupil does a front push-off, then starts the crawl kick he has been practicing. The kicking should increase his coasting distance by ten or fifteen feet. Of course he must not coast into deep water.

Step 15. KICK AND LEFT ARM-STROKE. The pupil does step 14, then, after his kicking is well started, pulls his left arm, elbow straight, directly below

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



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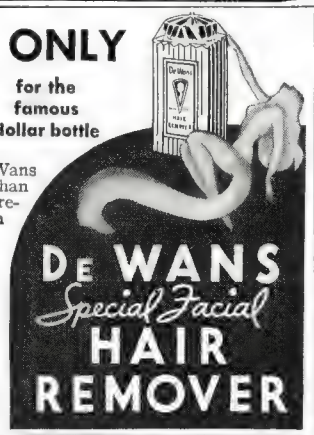

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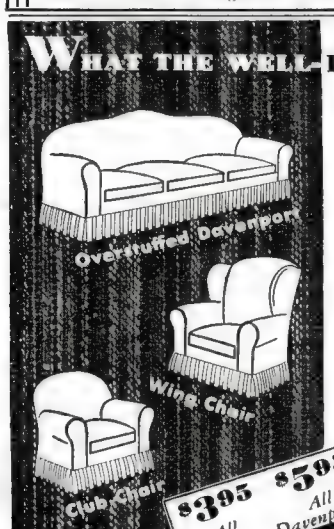

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A Recipe for Swimming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

him and back until it reaches his left hip. Then he continues kicking with his right arm in the front-float position and his left by his side.

It is very important that he start kicking before he takes the stroke and that he continue kicking after he takes it. If the kick doesn't become automatic now he will forget it later when he has more to think about, and that is bad. A crawl swimmer never drowns without first letting his feet sink. He does not go under water in a prone position; his feet sink, he raises his arms instinctively toward the light and their weight forces his body under water. Therefore the pupil must practice the kick until it is automatic, which will mean that he can never be drowned until he is either unconscious or too exhausted to kick.

Step 16. Kick and Both Arms. The pupil kicks, pulls with his left arm as in step 15, then immediately pulls with his right arm, at the same time swinging his left arm above the water back to the front-float position. Then he continues kicking with his left arm in the float position and his right arm by his side. He must kick before, during and after the strokes.

Step 17. Kick, One Arm and Exhale. The pupil does step 15. As he makes the last half of his arm-pull, he exhales vigorously through his nose. He takes only one arm-pull, and he doesn't inhale until he stands up.

Step 18. Kick, Both Arms and Breathe. The pupil does step 17. Then he continues by taking a right arm-pull as in step 16 and as his left hand leaves the water by his hip he rolls his head to the left until he is looking over his left shoulder. In this position he inhales through his mouth. As his left hand reënters the water he turns his face back toward the bottom and holds his breath until his left arm-pull is half finished, when he again exhales. Thus he continues. He must not raise his head to the front in inhaling; he must merely turn it and look over his left shoulder. He must not inhale through his nose, for a few drops of water will clog his nose whereas he can inhale through his mouth even if it's half full of water.

NOW THE pupil is able to swim crawl; he's probably pretty clumsy at it, but he knows it well enough so that he will improve with practice.

He should not try swimming in deep water—particularly not without the presence of a competent life guard—until he knows a little more about handling himself in the water. Here's a safety hint: If any accident should occur, if the pupil should get out of his depth, remember that the surest way of helping him is by throwing something buoyant—a life-preserver, a board, an air-cushion, or even a wooden chair—rather than by trying to swim and rescue him. Unless you're a truly expert swimmer, don't try to make a swimming rescue if any other kind can be made. But there won't be any emergency.

The pupil can either be left to play and swim in shallow water until he unconsciously acquires some degree of skill or he can be taught it. What he needs to know before he tries swimming in deep water is how to stop and rest; so far he knows how to swim, but if he became tired or panicky he wouldn't know what to do. When he has absorbed the substance of the following five steps he will be able to stop and rest any time he wants to.

Step 19. Back Float. The pupil sits down in water that is knee-deep. He lays his arms straight out on either side like the top of a T, lets his head drop back, fills his lungs and slowly straightens his body. He will come to a horizontal position at the surface. If his feet do not float, he can raise them and keep them up by doing the crawl kick gently. He tilts his head back so that his nose and mouth will be highest; not all his head can be kept above water, and these are the important parts. If he tries to hold his entire head high, instead of merely tilting the top of it back and down, he will only succeed in forcing his entire face under water. He must simply relax and let the water hold him.

Step 20. Standing Up After Back Float. The action of getting to the feet after a back float is this: 1. Drop the hips; sit down in the water. 2. Scoop back and down with the hands, bringing the body to a true sitting position. 3. Stand up. The pupil floats on his back in waist-deep water close to the pool wall, then gets to his feet in the manner already described. If he is unable to do it, he can take hold of the pool rail and help himself. When he has got up successfully several times near the wall, he tries it in the middle of the pool.

THE MOST natural way to try to float is by lowering the hips and raising the head: it can't be done that way. Conversely, the most natural way to try to stand up after floating is by lowering the feet and raising the hips and torso: it won't work. To float, keep hips and chin high; to stand up, sit down.

Step 21. Rolling from Crawl to Back Float. The pupil is swimming. When he wants to stop and rest, he merely continues a breathing-roll until he is on his back. He looks over his left shoulder as in inhaling, drops his right shoulder completely under his left, and rolls onto his back. Once there, he can rest as long as he likes.

Step 22. Rolling from Back Float to Swimming Position. The pupil is floating on his back and wants to start swimming. First he turns his left hand palm-down and his right palm-up. Next he starts kicking, so his feet won't sink. Last, he pushes down with his left hand and pulls up with his right; his left shoulder rolls over his right, and he is in swimming position. He must be sure to start his kick *before* he rolls, so that his feet won't sink.

Step 23. Swim, Float, Swim. The pupil pushes off from the pool wall, swims a few strokes, rolls over and floats on his back, rolls again into swimming position and swims on.

Now your pupil is ready for deep water. There must absolutely be a competent life guard at hand the first time he goes out of his depth; the guard will not only guard him but will give him encouragement and keep him from panic.

Through your efforts, now, there is one more person in the world who knows how to exercise and play in water; one person who has added a new and useful and fascinating achievement to his list.

Good for him! Good for you!

Maiden Voyage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

lot more to these dances than dancing."

"I'll bet there is!" Dr. Vanderwall agreed. "Ruth, she's grand!" he said delightedly of Tony, who laughed and flushed in a girl's pleasure at the immediate conquest. "Now what can we do to celebrate? I'll tell you what. I'll cut the scientist and you cut whatever you're doing tonight, and let's all go somewhere and dance?"

"I couldn't, not Thursday," Tony said shaking her head.

"You seem to be a little inaccessible, Miss Taft. You don't seem to appreciate the fact that I've come into your life. Don't you feel my nearness?"

"I can't say that I do—yet."

"Behave yourself, Joe," said Ruth, not quite pleased despite her indulgent tone and smile. "I never heard you so foolish!"

"The bad news for Miss Taft is that I'm here for three years."

"Three years!"

"Yep. Hochenheimer Foundation. Flora and fauna. I'm to have a lab down at Carmel-by-the-Sea, wherever that is!"

"Oh, it's a lovely place!" Tony said enthusiastically. "My sister lives at Monterey—at least," Tony amended it, flushing and laughing, "she has since yesterday."

"Since yesterday! What is this, a joke?"

"No, seriously. She was married yesterday."

"You Taft girls seem to be going fast," said Joe.

"You must forgive him, Tony; he's quite crazy today!" Ruth apologized.

"No, I'm not, Aunt Ruth. But I'm excited. A week ago I was plugging away in Philadelphia as if nothing was ever going to happen in the world. Talmage was going to California—the old fellow had been planning for it for two years. The day before he was to leave what does his aunt in Jenkintown do but die and leave him and his mother a pot of money. Brauer sent for me and I climbed on a train and I haven't got my breath yet! This city—" young Dr. Vanderwall went on enthusiastically, "I'm mad about it! The hills, the bay, ships, Chinese streets, mountains; I never saw anything like it in my life!"

TONY LIKED him; it was impossible not to like him; she was amazed to have Larry praise him quite extravagantly as he and she walked to the newspaper office together. For Larry had got to his feet and had said, "So do I," when Tony had said that she had to go back to the office. She had been thinking all night that she would never see him again; that she never could look him in the face again, and now here they were walking along together in the most casual way imaginable. Again her heart was singing.

"Joe?" said Larry. "He's an extraordinary person. He's a freak."

"He doesn't seem exactly a freak."

"I tell you he is. He did phenomenal things in college. He took all the honors there were, went to Oxford, wrote a paper that excited the German botanists; he went over there and lectured to 'em in German."

"He couldn't. He doesn't look more than twenty-two with that round face and yellow hair!"

"He's nearly as old as I am. Three or four years younger. He's a darned important person. He'll be in charge of the Hochenheimer offices here. Everybody thinks he's a ball of fire."

"You can hardly believe it, he's so giddy," Tony murmured as they entered the big newspaper building. Her mind was not on her words; she caught suddenly at Larry's arm. "Larry," she began a little thickly. "About yesterday—"

His quick intelligent look met hers. He did not speak.

"I'm terribly sorry I—I'm terribly sorry," Tony stumbled on. She stood close beside him in the dark downstairs hallway. "Larry, I've despised myself ever since—" she faltered. I would have given anything, anything in this world not to have done that, not to have said that!"

"Then suppose we consider it as not having been said, not having been done, Tony?" the man suggested simply after a little pause.

"If you could," she stammered, the rich color rushing into her pale face.

"ALL RIGHT then, it didn't happen!" he said. And Tony went on up to the city office in a very vertigo of joy, as happy today as she had been wretched yesterday. Two or three times, while she was plowing gallantly through the scattered notes and pages that would somehow frame themselves into the sprightly social page of Madame La Duchesse next Sunday, she stopped and put her elbows on the desk and her face into her hands for sheer ecstasy.

She had no trouble getting her Sunday photographs now; it was all hack work. Now and then she had to stay very late for one cause or another, stay after most of the men had drifted away at midnight, until Frank Fitch's office was dark and only two or three of the city room reporters remained, and faithful Ingersoll was at the Associated Press desk, and drunken Goldberg was the night editor. Tony always found this experience thrilling; it was a wonderful thing to be a part of the old paper and have one's share in putting it "to bed."

In and out of the big hotels, meeting ministers and ambassadors on their way to and from the Orient, and writers and actresses and film folk; in and out of the city hall, getting to know the mayor, meeting the governor, known to the presidents of the clubs, Miss Taft went her tireless and busy way. All June was busy with commencement exercises and the latter half of December was filled with Yuletide cheer. Youngsters were coming home from eastern schools; every club had a dinner or a tree. Tony, violets on her shoulder, her cheeks rosy in the cold air, played her own part in all their lives.

"You're so sure of yourself!" Brenda said admiringly. "You're different. I hardly know you, Tony."

"You're never sure of yourself in the newspaper game, Bendy. Anyone may be out, and anyone may be in, at a moment's notice."

"You don't have to worry!" Brenda said in fond pride. She stood with her back to the microscopic sink she had just reduced to immaculate cleanness, and smiled at her sister.

A bankers' convention was meeting at Del Monte which is near Monterey,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

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Maiden Voyage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

and Tony had been sent down to cover the feminine interest of the occasion. She and Brenda could be together for long quiet hours during the three days for the busy times for Tony were in the late afternoon and evening, when the bankers came in from meetings or golf, and social activities began.

Brenda's small domain was one of the least expensive apartments in the house, which was cheap enough inside. But Tony somehow found the little Atwater home touching and charming.

For one thing Brenda loved every inch of it with an almost solemn devotion. Her idolatry of Alvin included everything that concerned him; quite simply and without apology she put his lightest wish above all other considerations and obligations. Aunt Meg was not to come down and visit them because "my dear, he says old ladies get him nervous." Brenda was not going to a hospital in July. "Oh, it just costs money, and you have to have nurses, and their meals, and I can get some good old Mexican woman in and do it without the slightest trouble here. Alvin worries so about money and I don't want this baby of mine to begin by burdening him."

"We'll all adore it!" Tony said and Brenda, smiling at her with a face already a little drawn and pale, said, "Ah, I love you for saying that, Tony."

IN THESE days Tony felt much older than Brenda. Her life moved in wider channels than the peaceful ones that Brenda knew now; the cheerful buying of half a pound of butter, half a dozen eggs, the thrifty hoarding of the cut lemon, the cut onion. Brenda's evenings were spent talking with Alvin, listening to the radio, working out the crossword puzzle in the evening paper.

The elder sister's complete absorption in her new role made Tony feel oddly lonely. She had no part in Brenda's life now, much as they loved each other, much as they loved to be together. Brenda was only a background for Alvin, and Alvin felt for his handsome successful young sister-in-law only the rather nervous liking of a busy and worried young doctor toward the person closest, after himself, to his wife. Tony was smartly dressed, successful; perhaps Alvin Atwater was a little more conscious of Brenda's tiredness and paleness, the flatness of Brenda's purse, the inevitability of dishwashing and bedmaking for Brenda, when Tony was by.

On a hot February day, the last of the convention, they took their lunch down to the shore of Pebble Beach and lay talking on a warm strip of sand that lay between the rocks.

"You go up tonight, Tony? Ah, it's been so delicious having you, even for this long," Brenda said. "You've done me—I can't tell you how much good! I knew you would! And tell Cliff, and tell darling Aunt Meg—"

She was full of messages for them all. But Tony knew that she and Alvin only asked of them, just now, to be let alone. They had lost Bendy for a while; they were all eclipsed by the figure of Alvin. But she would come back.

"Oh, my dear, we forgot to look up Doctor Vanderwall at Carmel!" she exclaimed suddenly.

"We could do it this afternoon," Brenda said, stricken.

"We could not. This is too nice!" But after a moment Tony reconsidered it. "Perhaps I should," she said reluctantly. "Ruth is sure to feel hurt."

They had had their lunch now and the little basket that had held eggs and cookies and lettuce sandwiches was empty. The sun was beating down steadily; there was shelter, down here in this little ingle of beach, and a sense of security and protection.

Brenda said on a long yawn: "Let's do it; let's be decent. We can go home by way of Carmel and look him up."

"All right." Tony dropped her head on her arms again.

"Does he like you?"

"Madly. If we find him at home you'll see."

"Well," Brenda protested laughing, pleased with the idea, "he probably doesn't display it in company."

"Oh, but that's just what he does."

"Has he asked you?"

Brenda asked it a little self-consciously and Tony, looking up, laughed with a suddenly flushed face.

"Repeatedly. In company and out. Always."

"And you don't like him?"

"I admire him enormously. I think he's splendid. He's tall and fair and full of fun—he's nice."

"Not reliable?"

"As to reliable—he's young," Tony said. "But he's going to be one of our Best Known Americans—with capitals, Bendy; he has money, too. After he'd sent me enough violets and orchids to sink the *Bremen*, I asked Ruth. He's rich. At least to our way of thinking he is."

"Does he know you're down here?"

"I'm not sure. He goes skimming about hunting rock parasites, I believe it is. He sent me a frightful English magazine with an article in it about the parasites of Kennebunkport or something—"

BRENDA was silent a long while. Then she said simply, "You're not happy, are you, Tony?"

"I ought to be," Tony temporized. "I try to be. Sometimes when I look back on the old days," she said, "and remember how young we were, and how poor we were, and yet how we used to laugh and carry on and sing—It seems so contrary; it's just life, I suppose," she added as Brenda, watching her intently, did not speak.

"Tony, may I ask you something?"

"Ask away, Bendy."

"Is it Barney?"

For a minute Tony stared at her sister in amazement; then her color came rushing back and she burst into laughter.

"Barney Kerr! Good heavens!"

"Well, Cliff said he heard he was going to be married."

"And so he is, and the girl hates me as the siren who wrecked his life and broke his heart," Tony said amusedly, looking very handsome in her thin white frock, with a white hat on her dark hair and her skin all the browner by contrast. "She'll spoil the life out of him. And she has money, and that's what his mother wanted. He'll be all right!"

"Then if it isn't Barney, who is it? It isn't this doctor," Brenda mused.

Tony was silent for a space, lying

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Maiden Voyage

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facing her sister with her elbows planted in the sand, and her chin in her palms.

"Is it who I think it is, Tony?" Brenda said very low.

"I guess so."

Brenda was silent for a while. Then she said:

"Does he know?"

"Yep," Tony answered briefly.

"Tony, *she* doesn't know!"

"Oh, of course not, of course not," Tony said impatiently. "There's nothing to know, anyway. I broke down—the night you were married, it happened to be, and blubbered out something, I don't know what, and a day or two later he said we would act as if it had never been—and that's all there is to it!"

"You mean," Brenda began, troubled, "that he pretended—tried to pretend that there was nothing to it, that you must just forget it?"

"What else, in heaven's name, could he intimate?" Tony's tone was one of lifeless patience.

BRENDA was silent; watching and pondering.

"I think you're being a tremendous sport."

"I'm trying to be. *Noblesse oblige* something, I suppose," Tony said in a bored voice. "No girl has a right to like a married man, and if she does, the sooner she gets out the better."

"You don't go to their house any more?"

"Now and then. But I don't often see him there."

"But then—" Brenda began with an eloquent spread of her hands. "What's going to happen?"

"Nothing," Tony answered briefly. She got up and took the basket and walked toward the car. Brenda followed her; spoke again timidly.

"Does it—it must!—get easier?"

"No," Tony said. "It'll never get easier. I'll never get over it."

They drove for a while in silence.

"Where you going, Bendy?"

"Well, aren't we going down to see Doctor Vanderwall's place?"

"Oh, I forgot. Isn't it pretty late?"

Before Brenda could answer the question they caught sight of him.

There he was in the busy little straggling main street of Carmel; his big arms full of bundles from the grocery, his round fair face shining with pleasure in the full light of the descending sun. Brenda saw him tumble his purchases into his own parked car and come up to Tony's side of the car and rest his folded arms there as he talked. What he was thinking was in his blue eyes: that all the world was just this one slender girl with a white hat on dark hair and a brown hand lying close to his.

"Tony!" he said. "Ye gods, what luck!"

Brenda, glancing sidewise at her sister, saw that Tony was looking her loveliest; her dark blue eyes close to his own.

"Where are you gals going?" Joe demanded. "Have you time to come down and see the place?"

"I thought you told me that it was all in a mess, Joe, and you wanted us to get the whole overwhelming effect at the housewarming?"

"Ah, well, I did—ah, well, I do," he said laughing confusedly. They were talking alone now for some woman had come up on the driver's side of the car to talk to Brenda. "I'm talking to you, Tony," Joe said wonderingly. "It's you—in the flesh!"

"Is that so exciting?" Tony lowered her lashes; her lips crinkling. "I have to go back tonight. I'm really on my way now."

"Let me—no, I can't," Joe said, remembering. "I'm taking poor Allen—the fellow who has the place next to mine, you know—to the hospital tonight. They're having a devil of a time—two kids, and he's got this bone rot or whatever it is, and I promised I'd go over and get him after dinner and take him to Watsonville. She's got a brother who's a doctor there."

"Joe, you're good. You're always doing such kind things!"

"When are you going to do one—just a little one?"

"There you go."

"I know. I said I wouldn't, didn't I? But think of it, Tony. You and me, shopping here, and then driving home with chops and asparagus and honey for your biscuits?"

"I do think of it, Joe," Tony said very low. After a moment she went on. "Suppose some splendid woman, worth three of me, loved you, Joe? Would you leave me for her?"

The blood rushed up under his fair skin.

"I couldn't."

"Well then—" And now the blue eyes were raised; they looked full into his own. "Well then," said Tony.

"Well then, I suppose so," he said after a moment, shrugging. When Brenda turned around they were both laughing and Tony was saying of Joe's oceanside farm: "It must be simply disgusting!"

But afterward when she was saying good-by in Brenda's little apartment she was serious again. Brenda had shyly detained her, a thin hand on Tony's shoulder, and had asked: "Do you—do you imagine he's unhappy too, Tony?"

"Larry," Tony had said rather than asked. "I don't know." Tony rested her head against Brenda's temple like a tired child. "I love you, Bendy," she said. "You're sweet. Don't think I'm a fool, thinking it's smart to fall in love with the boss. I hate it. I didn't want it to be this way."

"There must be some way out!" Brenda said desperately.

"There isn't any way out, Bendy darling."

TONY KISSED her and left her there. Getting into the car, entering once more upon the life that was so especially her own—the life of newspaper gossip and newspaper work—Tony felt in a wistful sort of fashion that she had never loved Brenda quite as much as she loved her now, or been so alienated from her.

It was eleven o'clock at night when she and the other reporters reached the city; they went wearily into the city office to report their task done. Then Tony went home to find her aunt alert and interested, and managed to report the major details regarding Brenda and Brenda's husband and Brenda's home before collapsing exhaustedly between the clean straight sheets and snapping off the light.

And then again as darkness and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

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Maiden Voyage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

peace and rest shut down upon her the slow pictures of memory began to revolve: Larry in his office, Larry coming down to the city room for a busy moment; Larry deep in conversation with men in the elevator; Ruth's drawing-room with the wood fire and the teacups and the scent of toast, and Larry coming rosy and cold to the doorway to say, "No, no, thanks! I'm going to have a shower and change before dinner."

He always said that now when he found Tony there, or made some other excuse not to join her and Ruth. And for that reason Tony went as seldom as she could, went to Ruth's house only when Ruth's invitations were so pressing that to decline them might have been to arouse suspicion.

Once quite unexpectedly Ruth said: "Tony, you like Larry?"

"I adore him," Tony said simply with a laugh and a flush.

"You two don't see each other as much as you did."

"He's my boss now, Ruth. He's the biggest man in the office—Danielson's gone and Arnoldson's sick half the time. I can't get gay with Larry any more."

"Oh, if that's the reason." Ruth was satisfied. Anything that aggrandized her Larry was understandable to her.

BUT SHE had a quarrel with Tony nevertheless. With much archness and much kindly and even slightly condescending pleasure Ruth had accepted the situation between Tony and her nephew Joe Vanderwall. Joe was of the same lineage as herself, he was brilliant, successful, lovable, and he had means. All these things were extremely important to Ruth to whom Tony was still naturally merely the clever and fascinating reporter to whom Mother had given her first handsome coat, and the tale of whose family's delightful makeshifts and emergencies had opened to the heiress an unexplored section of life.

BUT IF Joe liked Tony, and Joe made no secret of the fact that he did, then Ruth was enchanted with the idea that she and Larry would presently have this younger couple like a little sister and brother to oversee and advise and help. Her first astounded criticism of Tony had come when the changed attitude of the other three had revealed to her the unwelcome truth that somehow things were not going right between Tony and Joe.

"I think she has a good cheek, I really do!" Ruth said in amazement to Larry. "Tony surprises me. She appears to be the type that just naturally doesn't fall in love."

"She gets a great kick out of her work," Larry, scraping his chin with a bony brown hand after shaving, answered mildly.

"Work nonsense! Where'll her work get her in a few more years? There's no real future for a girl in newspaper work and she certainly isn't going on into writing. She says herself she has no imagination."

"She has lots of imagination."

"Do you think so, Larry?"

"Oh, yes. She hasn't got it into line, that's all. I wish to heaven I had her imagination," Larry said. "She puts something into life. I don't know what it is—glamour—something."

"Well, I think she's a dear, and I think she's most amusing sometimes,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

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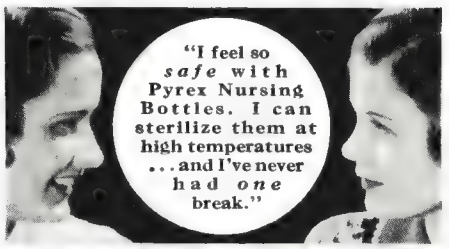

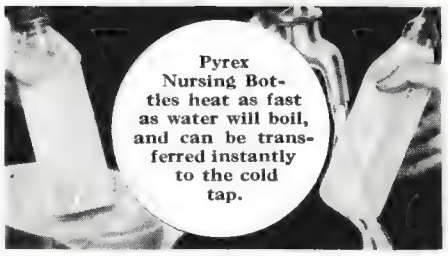

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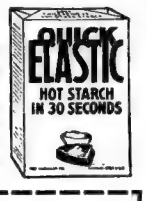

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Maiden Voyage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

although perhaps she rather overdoes it and makes things funny at the expense of the truth," Ruth was beginning guardedly, when Larry cut in healthily:

"That's the thing exactly. She adds glamour. That's all I meant by saying she has imagination. Now you, Ruth, if you tell me a thing today it's just as you told it ten years ago. Tony never tells a thing twice alike."

"I'm afraid perhaps I call that truth," Ruth suggested with a prim little cough. "And I'm afraid that I'm old-fashioned enough to think it's important."

LARRY had heard this tone before, had been in this little predicament before. Tying his tie, looking at his wife through the high mirror of his chest of drawers, he said:

"She hasn't got sense enough to see what a chance she has with Joe. He's so big he can afford to act like a fool now and then, and Tony's just dumb enough to think that means he *is* a fool."

"She is dumb in some ways," Ruth said affectionately in a mollified voice. And then curiously: "Larry, do you think it could be someone else?"

"You mean with Tony?"

"Yes; down in the office, I mean. Do you suppose that there's someone else?"

"Ha!" Larry said in the tone of one thinking.

"I'll bet you there is. For one thing, she acts like a girl in love."

"I don't know who it could be," Larry said arranging a handkerchief in his breast pocket. "Come out and watch me have my breakfast."

"I'm going to have some too," Ruth said putting her feet out of the luxurious nest of satin comforters and lace pillows from which she had been watching him.

That same day at three o'clock in the afternoon Tony's desk telephone rang in all the other din of the city office, and Tony, answering it, heard Larry's voice.

"Tony? I'm glad I caught you. Could you come upstairs for a minute?"

The stars and Catherine-wheels of opalescent light had settled a little, but her voice was uneven as she said: "Coming." She went out into the hallway and took the next elevator up. She went into Larry's own sanctum, magnificent now in leather chairs and soft gray-brown eucalyptus walls.

"Hello," Larry said from his chair. "Sit down."

TONY LOOKED at him expectantly. They were alone.

"There'll be a buzz about this downstairs," Larry said looking at a penciled note on his desk. "I thought I'd rather tell you. When did you see Bess Cutter last?"

"She was in a couple of days ago," Tony said, paling at some quality in his tone. "She was having sinus trouble and she felt kind of rotten," Tony went on speaking the less elegantly because she was uneasy and in earnest. "Why?"

"She killed herself about an hour ago. O'Brien telephoned me. She had a photograph of Frank Fitch in her hands."

"Oh, heavens!" Tony whispered staring at him, very white. "Killed herself?"

"Poison. They rushed her to the Emergency, but they say she was gone when the police got there."

"It makes me feel a little—sick," Tony said holding on to the arms of her chair with gripped fingers.

"We're faking a Chicago trip for Fitch," Larry presently observed dryly. The girl's look came back to his instantly. "I guess she knew what she was doing, Tony. Fitch wasn't the first man who had ever come into her life, poor thing!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry for her! She'd given up her apartment and she missed it so! She was living with some friend out on the Panhandle. I don't think they got along very well. She told me she and Mabel had a scrap about a brassière or something—"

And suddenly as Larry laughed she was laughing and crying at once. Confused and ashamed she stood up, wiping her eyes, turning her back to him, and Larry came around the desk and braced her with his arm for a few dizzying seconds.

"I didn't want you to hear it downstairs in the office."

"I know. And I'm so grateful to you!" Tony stammered. She straightened up and was free of his touch and put out her hand to his. "Thanks so much, Larry; it's knocked me breathless for a minute," she apologized. "But I'm all right now. I'll get out into the air and be fine!"

Fresh, sweet, her soft dark hair tumbled in curves and rings about her face, her long dark lashes wet above the raised blue eyes, and the big white collar and plain dark frock, the slim silk-clad legs and square-toed shoes all somehow expressing Tony, and no one but Tony, she stood close to him for a moment and he felt the nervous pressure of her fingers on his wrist. Then she was gone and the splendid office was quiet and empty again.

"I'M FROM the Call. May I talk to you for five minutes, Miss Wallister?"

"Well, surely." The high school superintendent had been eating a box lunch at her desk. Outside her small office lay the empty classrooms, their littered desks deserted in the warm spring day. She glanced at the clock.

"I'll only keep you a minute; I know this is your chance to get out into the air," Tony said smiling. "But there was a queer little bit of business that came up and I wanted to ask you about it. You're assistant superintendent of the Oakland schools, aren't you, Miss Wallister?"

"I am."

"Mr. Kern Opps is the superintendent, isn't he?"

"Well, yes." Miss Wallister was beginning to be a little uneasy and Tony felt sorry for her.

"Is his brother-in-law Oliver Benedict, of the Oakland Sun?"

"You could ask Mr. Opps," Miss Wallister, definitely disturbed now, said guardedly.

"I don't have to. I know it. Let me tell you what all this is about, Miss Wallister," Tony said frankly, "and then you'll know what I'm after. Some time ago Shafts' department store, the biggest in Oakland, took away its advertising from us, the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

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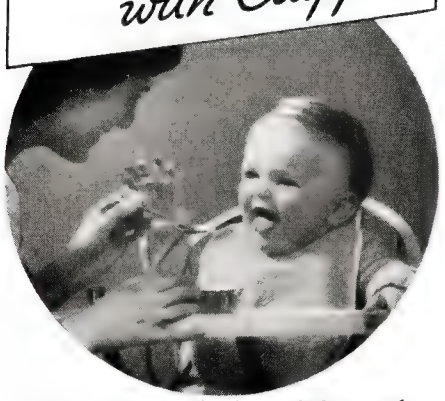

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Would You Believe I'm Past 60?

Look at My Picture . . . Then Do As I Do

Edna Wallace Hopper . . . Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl . . . Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

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Edna Wallace Hopper

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug store or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

Maiden Voyage

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Call in San Francisco, because it said it got much better response from advertising in the Oakland Sun. Now that worried us and we sent a man over here to Oakland to investigate, and this is what he found out: Shafts' had put a special advertisement in all the papers, inviting all high school students to write in to the high school equipment department, and join a club called 'The Undergrads.' They had Saturday hikes and contests; I don't know what they didn't have. The boys camped, and the girls made cakes, all that sort of thing. Do you happen to have noticed it?"

"I don't know that I did," said Miss Wallister, "and I think you had better talk to Mr. Opps himself; my time is so limited and I don't quite know what you're driving at."

"Just a moment more, Miss Wallister, please. Someone from the office has talked to Mr. Opps and he has admitted that some weeks ago—"

"I don't know what he admitted and I don't care. If you'll excuse me—"

"No, now wait just a moment," Tony said in a persuasive sensible tone. "He's not done anything wrong! And you haven't anything to do with it anyway."

"I certainly haven't anything to do with it," Miss Wallister agreed with red cheeks and a rising voice, "for I neither know nor care what you're talking about!"

"WELL, THEN, will you just let me talk one moment more?" Tony asked simply. "I don't think you understand yet why I came over here to talk to you. The point is this: did you have all your teachers give out postal cards to the students in the various classes and have them, as a part of their business course, write in to Shafts' and ask for information about the Undergrad club?"

"I don't know whether I did or not," Miss Wallister answered with a snap. "If I did, I see no reason why I shouldn't!"

"There is no reason why you shouldn't do that," Tony admitted. "It was telling them to say that they saw the advertisement in the Sun that—well, that interested us. Naturally the Shafts people thought that the Sun was getting forty responses to the ad to every other paper's one—"

"I don't know anything about it," Miss Wallister said.

"Funny, Mr. Opps does," Tony said musingly. "Now listen, don't get angry at me, Miss Wallister," she added disarmingly. "I'm a working woman like yourself. They give me certain assignments on my paper and I have to follow them up. I don't know anything about this story and I don't care anything, except to do my end honestly. All I know is that Mr. Fitch, our managing editor, called me into his office this morning and told me that he had been suspicious of the means by which the Shafts advertising had been handled over here, and that Mr. Opps—" Tony glanced at a note in her hand; "Mr. Kern Opps," she said, "had admitted that he had used the schools to further the interests of his brother-in-law's paper. Now probably you had no responsibility in the matter at all—you were merely acting under his orders—"

"If I did that or anything else," Miss Wallister said with angry promptness, "you may be very sure it was acting under orders!"

"I should suppose so," Tony conceded. "When was this?" she asked, adept now at closing the net. But the shrill harassed anxious assistant superintendent was too quick for her.

"I don't remember the incident at all and I'd advise you to talk to Mr. Opps."

"SOMEONE else in the office talked to him," Tony explained patiently; "he admitted it and said that he was quite within his rights. Maybe he was, I don't know. The point is that you are his assistant, and we want to know whether or not you feel that that was a perfectly justifiable thing to do."

"I don't think it matters what I feel."

"It would in this way, Miss Wallister. Honestly," Tony said smiling, "I am merely making this suggestion: if this got Mr. Opps into trouble—and it might—with the Board of Education, it might be a good thing for you to have put yourself on record as disapproving of it."

"I won't put myself on record at all."

Tony glanced at her notes.

"This is all I have," she said. "'Kern Opps admits use of stamped postcards supplied by the Sun in classrooms; says he was entirely justified.' Opps may not be any too secure in his seat when this comes out. You're his subordinate and naturally you did what he told you to do. But I should think—"

She hesitated, looking at the other woman sympathetically. In the silence Miss Wallister, without removing her eyes from the other woman's face, mechanically reached for the telephone, presently returned it to its hook.

"Mr. Opps is out," she said turning back to Tony. "You were going to say—"

"Well, I was merely going to say that in your place I'd tell the simple truth," Tony said. "You can't get into trouble telling the simple truth. 'Mr. Opps did this—I did that.' You don't have to worry about it, because it's true.

"Otherwise," she went on, "otherwise I report that you didn't do it, and the other report is that Mr. Opps acknowledges that he did do it, and you'll have a buzz of reporters here asking you how it happens that you forgot the whole thing entirely, and probably several children delighted to get their names into the paper by saying that they remember filling out the postcards and being instructed to say that they saw the advertisement in the Sun."

MISS WALLISTER was sitting facing Tony; her narrowed eyes speculative behind their glasses, her face red. Presently without removing her gaze she leaned slightly toward the left and opened the lower drawer of her desk. From it she took a postal card and tossed it to Tony.

"There!" she said. "I'd rather have spoken to him about it first, but since he's given you the whole thing, I'm not going to lie about it. Mr. Opps and I have always been friends, but I thought at the time he was taking a chance and you can say that I

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was acting under his directions. I could have reported it to the board of course; it didn't seem to me important. The children are having business courses and we encourage them to consult the newspapers for advertisements and rates and everything else. Our boys keep a regular stock and bond board going, and the girls take turns week and week about acting as stenographers."

"I think that's a splendid idea," Tony murmured, her hand trembling as she put the precious postal card securely in her bag. "I wonder if the other high schools have practical courses like that."

"I don't believe they do." The assistant superintendent aired her views quite eloquently. Tony hated to remember afterward that Miss Wallister offered her a caramel from a limp bag before she went away.

SHE WENT into the office at six o'clock to meet a sour greeting from the city editor.

"Get anything on the Oakland affair?" he asked.

"Yep."

"No; did you?" Greeny was impressed. "Better go right in; here, I'll go with you."

When they were in Mr. Fitch's office Greeny said: "Miss Taft is on that Oakland school superintendent story."

"Get anything on it?" Frank Fitch asked harshly.

"I got it," Tony said simply, experiencing the most thrilling sensation the newspaper reporter ever knows.

"She talk?"

"Miss Wallister? Yes. She talked. There's one of the postal cards," Tony said displaying it. A simple enough card printed in ink script with the words: "I am a student in the Oakland high school. Having seen your advertisement in the Sun I am very much interested in the Undergrad Club, and would be glad to learn the conditions of membership."

"Where'd you get this?"

"She gave it to me. That's Opps' handwriting; that was the model."

Mr. Fitch held it in his hands for a few seconds, considering it. Then he said, "Wait here a minute."

Greeny sat down and Tony went to the window and looked out. She was thrilling with triumph. Presently the managing editor came back and with him Mr. Arnoldson and a young man introduced as "Mr. Philliber." The last was a notary public.

"You say you got the Opps story?" Mr. Arnoldson said. Tony quaked with happy pride and awe.

"No, sir. I only got his assistant, Miss Wallister, to talk."

"Admit it?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Ha!" said Arnoldson with a glance at the others. "You're going to tell us only the simple truth, Miss—Miss Taft," he said, pushing a chair toward her, "and so you needn't have the slightest uneasiness at Mr. Philliber's taking it down. Just be careful, that's all, and be sure of what you say. You have no objection to having it witnessed afterward?"

"None whatsoever," Tony said, feeling excited and important. She talked carefully, not exaggerating. The surrender of the postal card finished the story and the notary indifferently asked her if she would swear to it. Tony had done this before. "To my share of it," she agreed.

"Well done, Miss Taft," Mr. Arnoldson said then, going away. Mr. Fitch echoed the praise and by this Tony knew that they were extraordinarily exhilarated.

"Who got Opps' story?" Tony asked, turning toward the city office between Greeny and Mr. Fitch.

"That's the interesting part of it, Miss Taft," Frank Fitch exulted. "No one has talked to Opps yet. But we'll get his story now fast enough, without any trouble! She's squealed, and that'll bring him right into line."

Tony stopped short and the men stopped with her.

"You mean he hadn't talked?"

"Nope. We thought it was best to handle it this way," Fitch said complacently. "I sent a man over to talk real estate with Opps this morning at half-past eleven. Opps has some interest in a development called Paradise Oaks over there. This fellow suggested that he drive out with Opps to see the place; that's why he wasn't in his office when you were talking to his assistant."

"Oh, but I lied to her," Tony began in a hard voice.

"You got your story, and that's all the Call expects of you," Frank Fitch said smoothly. "Thank you!" He closed his door.

She and Greeny were out in the city room now. Tony looked at the man voicelessly for a long minute.

"Don't you care!" said Greeny, made a little uneasy by her manner. "You thought you were telling her the truth."

"She'll lose her job," Tony said breathing hard.

"Oh no, she won't!"

"Greeny," the girl demanded, "is that fair?"

"Aw, shucks, what's the diff?" Greeny pleaded. "That's the way Fitch has got where he is, and he's the smartest man in the business. There's nobody can run a story to earth the way Frank can. Opps had no business to do it and if he gets hell for it it's coming to him!"

TONY WENT to her desk and sat down. She felt sick. Indifferently she tried to bring her mind to her social notes; it was no use. She had been absorbed in her assignment all afternoon; she had carried out her commission with energy and enthusiasm and success. Now it was all ashes. She had run down his story for Fitch, whom she despised, and in doing so had injured, perhaps ruined, a harmless nervous hard-working woman of forty, who had believed in her and listened to her and taken her advice—and even, as Tony writhed to remember, had offered her little mashed caramels in a paper bag!

Tony sat brooding; quite suddenly taking the telephone she asked for Mr. Bellamy's office; she must talk to him about it.

Mr. Bellamy was in Los Angeles and would not be back until tomorrow. A dullness, a blankness seemed to follow the announcement; Tony sat awhile with her head in her hands.

Fitch had got her into this; Frank Fitch, whose morals were the scandal of the office, had suavely deceived her into deceiving this other woman!

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Made soft and absorbent by a special process . . . . Scott Tissues assure gentle, immaculate cleansing.

PLEASE be careful, Mother—about the toilet tissue used in your home. Make sure it is very absorbent, soft and non-irritating—like Scot-Tissue or Waldorf.

These "soft-weve" tissues are soothing and comfortable even to the most sensitive skin. Crumple a sheet between your fingers. It feels as soft as fine linen.

The special "soft-weve" process has given Scott Tissues a remarkably absorbent texture, too. They dry the skin thoroughly—cleanse *immaculately.*

If some one in your household needs particularly careful treatment—"soft-weve" Scott Tissues not only assure comfort, but are a real protection against irritation.

In fact—your entire family will appreciate the softness and absorbency of these two health tissues at *all* times. Don't be careless about this bathroom essential. It really costs no more to buy these famous brands. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

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Scott Paper Company makes only *two* brands of toilet tissue. Remember these names when you buy—and accept no substitute:—

SCOTTISSUE—the soft, 1000-sheet, white roll. **WALDORF—the popular-priced, cream-colored roll.**

Scott Tissues *Soft as Old Linen*

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Antoinette Taft, who had always prided herself upon being honorable—fine. No, she couldn't bear it.

She seized a piece of paper and slipped it into her typewriter.

"Dear Mr. Greenwood," typed Tony, her breath coming hard, "herewith I tender you my resignation from the staff of the Call. I want to thank you for all your kindness to me and to assure you that no assignment you ever gave me would have made me feel this step necessary. I will come in later and say good-by to you and the boys, but tonight I am too much upset by the disgraceful part I played in today's assignment to be able to do anything except go home."

SHE LEANED over to Van Florence's desk and slipped the note to him.

"Give that to Greeny, will you, please?" she said unsteadily. "I'm going home."

"Sure," Van answered not looking up. Tony went to the pegs where her hat and coat hung, and took off her inky and rumpled smock. It was good-by to the smock and the dirty washbasins and the unspeakable roller towels; good-by to the blue cigarette smoke and the clatter of typewriters and the rumble of men's voices; to the clicking machines on the A. P. desk, the press boys coming in sweaty and grimed with trailers of galley proof, and the rustle-rustle-rustle of all the newspapers in all the world. Was she acting like a fool? No, Cliff and adorable consoling blundering old Brucie and Aunt Meg were very sure that she was not a fool.

Having heard the whole story, they applauded her as she ate her late supper; they told her that she had been trapped into an intolerable position and that she had acted like a girl of courage and honor to withdraw.

"The funny thing about a job is," Tony mused, "that when you're in, you feel so secure. And when you're out and job-hunting, you feel like a beggar again!"

"It's true," Cliff smiled over his cigarette. "But Greenwood'll send for you tomorrow. They won't let you go like that. What does Mr. Bellamy think of this sort of thing? Did he know they'd tricked you into it?"

"Larry's in Los Angeles. No, he wouldn't know about that. It was just one of Frank Fitch's bright ideas."

"You'll see, Tony. Greenwood will send for you tomorrow."

"I'll not go to see him," Tony declared. But she knew in her heart that she would. She was already devoured with fear, regret, homesickness. It didn't matter what Greenwood did, or Fitch did—she wanted her job.

The next day passed in dreamy unreality. There was no word from the Call. Tony went downtown to the newspaper's business office and asked, hoping that the answer would be in the negative, for her pay envelope. It was there; a whole week's pay, and no comment, no letter. Going upstairs with a fast-beating heart at four o'clock Tony found Greeny at his desk, extremely regretful but apparently willing to accept her resignation. She said good-by to him and to such men as were there, left messages; the whole thing was miserably unsatisfying.

Out in Market Street again Tony considered going to the other newspapers; there seemed to be nothing else to do. In both places she had brief unsatisfactory conversations with superior and uninterested city editors; there were no vacancies. She walked home somewhat depressed. The city was full of men and women who had held newspaper jobs and who had lost them.

The next day she washed her hair and put her bureau in order, and typed Brenda a long letter about the whole thing. Then she and Aunt Meggy walked over to Aunt Sally's, and Tony spent an hour with poor Violet. She left Aunt Meggy there for dinner and went home to find that Clifford was dining with his girl's family for the first time, a great occasion for Cliff. Tony decided upon Bruce's favorite frankfurters and spoon bread for dinner and sent the little brother to the delicatessen store while she sat shelling lima beans and admiring Cliff in evening dress.

"I want to tip you off," he said tying his white tie. "It's going to be Mary Rose Bly. Fixed it up Sunday."

"Clifford Taft—oh, I am glad!" Tony exulted, getting up to kiss him. "You would pick a girl with money."

"She hasn't got so much money." Cliff smiled at himself in the glass; life was going well with him, with all the Tafts. "We're sitting pretty!"

"If only I get a job pretty soon," Tony thought anxiously. "When you're out of a job it seems as if there weren't any in all the world."

She and Bruce had a quiet dinner.

AFTERWARD he went to bed early; Tony thought she would put out the lamps and sit and look out at the roofs and at Twin Peaks washed in moonshine, and wait for Aunt Meg to come home.

The bell rang sharply; the hall bell.

Tony went to the door. Larry Bellamy stood there with his hair disordered and his dark eyes anxiously narrowed on her own.

"Tony!" he said. "I want to see you. May I come in?"

"Come in," she said, her heart rising on a great bound of joy and hope.

Larry flung aside his cap and coat and sat down, drawing his chair close to hers as he did so, catching both her hands in his big cold ones.

"Tony, what's all this about? I'm just in. Ruth and I flew up by airplane this afternoon. Down at the office they're all upset over this. Greeny was tearing his hair and Fitch feels terribly. What happened? My dear, my dear, you can't run out on us like that!"

It was heaven, after these endless lonely days, to have him here beside her, brown and eager and affectionate, to realize that she had made her mark as a newspaper woman after all.

He listened to the whole story attentively as she poured it out, taking it step by step, making point after point. Tony grew more excited as she told it, and when she came to the caramels there were tears in her eyes.

"Larry, was that fair? Was that decent? To let me drag her into it, poor thing; she was fighting every step of the way, and then to tell me that I'd made her betray her boss?"

"No, it was rotten," Larry said briefly as she paused.

"And then that smug pig of a

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These are the Patriotic Twins; they hold ice cream. Directions for making them together with other ideas for Fourth of July parties, menus and outdoor games will be sent for 3 cents postage. Ask for FL-619.

Companion Service Club

New Desserts to Freeze—in your automatic refrigerator 25 cents
Gypsy Meals—outdoor cookery and picnic food 15 cents
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When You Entertain—dressed-up luncheons, buffet suppers 15 cents
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PLEASE REMIT BY STAMPS, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER; DO NOT SEND CASH

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Fitch!" Tony stormed on bitterly. "How dares he—how dares he involve me in his dirty newspaper tricks!"

"I agree with you," said Larry. "But you can't give up your job on his account. That would be to honor him too much. Tony, don't be a fool about this," Larry pleaded. "You've got a good job and a good chance with us. Fitch may be out any day; nobody else knows that, so keep it under your hat. Now, you cool down and I'll straighten it all out. Greenwood is mad with excitement over the whole thing; he had that Muzzy birdbrain struggling with the Sunday page today. Everything was in a mess. Be a sport, Tony; don't throw us all down just because—"

TONY HAD walked to the window. She was thrilled beyond all her wildest dreams by Larry's consternation at the mere idea that she could resign. But whenever the memory of Fitch revived her pride rose again.

"It's my honor, Larry!" she said.

He was standing at the window beside her and as she raised her heavy brooding eyes they met his, close at her shoulder, with a flash of blue.

"I've never seen you like this, Tony," Larry said gently.

"I'm not often like this."

"Come back, Tony," he said. There was a silence.

"Oh, I want to come back, Larry!" she confessed on a long sigh without turning her head. For a minute they stood looking out together at the jumbled blur of red and gold lights that were the city.

Then suddenly Larry's arms were about her and Tony's heart leaped as if it would burst its bounds; the familiar room was rocking dizzily; all thought was gone and all reason. There were only the swimming madness of her senses, and the touch of him, the sound of his voice low and quick and incoherent in her ear.

"I'm human, you know," Larry said, breathless. "I'm—I'm human. My beautiful girl—my beautiful, beautiful Tony!"

Drinking deep of the wine too strong for human souls and hearts to bear, Tony rested her cheek against his, locked her slender arm about his neck, and murmured only his name, over and over again: "Larry, Larry, Larry."

Presently she said:

"When did you know?"

"I've always known. Since you were a Portuguese peasant and I was Benedict Arnold. Before that!"

"And you knew how I felt?"

"I suspected, I suppose."

"You didn't have to suspect; I went blubbering up to your office and practically made you offers of marriage. Bendy's wedding day, remember?"

"Remember? My God, what do you think I'm made of? Every minute of that talk we had was like fire—"

There was a long silence of complete ecstasy; they murmured again, and again his lips were hard against hers.

"Larry."

"Tony."

"Where do we go from here?"

He did not answer. She felt his lips against her hair.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN AUGUST]

Greatest of all Kotex inventions

★THE 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

1 sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.

2 holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.

KOTEX scientists, with the help of a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women, have created in the 1934 Wondersoft Kotex . . . the *perfect* sanitary pad. The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to relieve troublesome chafing, yet *the center of the pad is left free* to perform its important work instantly, without hindrance. It holds its shape. There is no discomfort from twisting and turning. And every vital Kotex feature prized by women is retained.

Third exclusive Kotex patent

★ Three times in two years Kotex improvements earned U. S. Patent protection. ***First***—rounded, tapered ends that make protection non-detectable. ***Second***—the famous Equalizer, that controls lengthwise absorption and increases efficiency. Now the ***third*** and greatest improvement—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. *In addition* the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex.

A new package for your protection

The Wondersoft Kotex package is *new* in shape, color and design. It no longer looks like a box of sanitary napkins. Ask for Wondersoft Kotex in Regular or Super (extra thickness) at your dealer's today. Both are priced alike—at the new low standard price of 20c . . . Obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

★ 3 exclusive Kotex features that positively cannot be copied because all three are protected by U. S. Patents. You will be disappointed if you accept something "just as good."

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

"Dear Editor"

TO THIS PAGE READERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE COMMENTS UPON THE MAGAZINE

The Child Labor Amendment

Dear Editor: Several weeks ago I wrote to the COMPANION asking how you reconciled employing my eleven-year-old son as one of your salesmen with your advocacy of the Child Labor Amendment. The letter has not been answered. I am opposed to giving Congress the right to legislate for children up to eighteen years of age. Moreover it does my son no harm to sell your magazines. In fact I think it is good for him. (However, I would favor the amendment if the age limit were *fourteen* not *eighteen.*) The great minds of the country have realized the pernicious character of this amendment. It isn't necessary to repeat them here. What I am interested in knowing is what you plan to do?

I presume that you will continue to use the boys but give them certificates instead of money. That is what will undoubtedly happen in hundreds of cases. In factories and shops children will still be employed but they will not be paid.

Please let me hear from you. I don't credit you with being big enough to print this letter because it would necessitate a change of policy on your part.

I am a lecturer on the Constitution, in fact I studied for a Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University in Government and I have obtained my facts against the amendment from the Congressional Record.

If you ignore this second letter it will be necessary for me to draw my own conclusions. MRS. F. A. B., *New York.*

* * *

And the Editor's Answer

Dear Mrs. B——: I am very much interested in the point you bring up in this letter. The COMPANION for many years has been advocating the adoption of a Federal Child Labor Amendment for the reason that this seems to be the only way to protect children from employment in factories, mines and other undesirable places of employment.

I realize that there is a possibility that Congress might pass a stupid law going much further than it should go. Certainly no sensible person can object to young boys earning extra money selling newspapers and magazines at times when it does not interfere with their school work. This is not my interpretation of the term "child labor" and I have very little fear that Congress will pass a law going much further than the law which it actually did pass and which was declared unconstitutional.

As you know, two federal laws in succession were passed by Congress establishing certain national minimum standards for the employment of children, applying specifically to employment in mills, factories, manufacturing establishments, canneries, workshops, mines and quarries. The first of these two laws was declared to be unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court on June third, 1918. An attempt was then made to get around it by imposing a so-called child labor tax, but in 1922 the Supreme Court declared that this also was unconstitutional.

The proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution is merely an enabling act which will permit Congress to pass restrictive legislation and in sponsoring this enabling amendment I have felt that it was safe to assume that Congress would pass a law similar to the one that was passed in 1916 and held unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. I cannot believe that public opinion would permit Congress to pass a law regulating the employment of children and young people much further than the law that I have already referred to.

I trust this answers your question but if it does not please do not hesitate to write me again. THE EDITOR.

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Wild Profanity and Savage Greed

Dear Editor: What a COMPANION this April issue is for your dear public! From beginning to end there is not one thing for the story-reader. Beginning with Kathleen Norris' wild profanity, through the brutality of the Gentle Bloodhound—nothing. Just what can Rebecca West's delineation of a weak and spineless family benefit the young person who is seeking for ideals through his reading matter?

Bright with Peril is as preposterous as it is endless and leaves the reader with a feeling of being stained from having read it. Chinese Half Hour may be true but certainly is unnecessary. A Fair Return—savage greed and animal selfishness.

Have we no longer any writers capable of producing fine literature? Or have our writers no longer any fine examples of upright characters to put into their books?

Anne Bryan McCall's Puppets or Personalities goes far to redeem the rest; why can't we have more of such fine things?

MRS. J. R., *Illinois.*

The Sun Never Sets on Good Looks

Dear Editor: For some time I have been intending to write my appreciation of Miss Cades' newsy little monthly letter.

To one more or less stranded far from the shops of New York this information is an especial boon and I look forward to its receipt with great interest. Many items were added to my gift list and the evident pleasure of the recipients has more than proved the value of your suggestions. G. R., *Shanghai, China.*

"Dear Editor"

THE EDITOR DOES NOT NECESSARILY ENDORSE THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED

Six-acre Herb Garden

Dear Editor: A little over nine years ago we bought a deserted six-acre ranch here in hopes of benefiting my husband's health. After four years of heart-breaking struggle he left us and for five years the children and I have carried on as best we could—not very successfully but it was home and a healthy happy life in God's great out-of-doors learning some wonderful lessons.

The place was simply covered with wild sage, sumac, honey-bush and hoarhound—we've burned tons and tons of it and still can't eliminate it; the wild Mexican herb oragano grows wild all over the hills here also. Then I have some big beds of mint, lavender and rosemary; also have several clumps of marjoram, anise seed which is a regular pest and some of the cultivated sage as well as mustard and parsley and dill. We put all these in because we wanted them for our own use as we are away out in the country and at present have no car. I don't know just how to go about marketing such things if there is a market nor do I know much about their use, so you see what a host of possibilities your article Herbs of the Field seemed to present. I wish to buy the booklet on the use of herbs in cooking; also may I have the leaflet on herbs and herb culture and any other information which you can give me? It will be greatly appreciated.

MRS. F. W. G., *California.*

A Whack for Our Defense

Dear Editor: When someone slanders and falsely accuses a loved member of your family, what do you do? Well, that is what I did when I read L. Z. U. from California in your April issue. Mrs. D. C. from Florida got quite a different feeling, one of pity that anyone in this enlightened day could be so infantile in her perceptions.

Talk of relegating the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to the "scrap heap with other shoddy discards."

I am past sixty but I would love a good whack at this person verbally or otherwise—the last preferred.

MRS. G. C., *Georgia.*

Chronic Point-missers

Dear Editor: By this time you are probably swamped with letters on Rebecca West's Salt of the Earth—I can just imagine the different reactions!

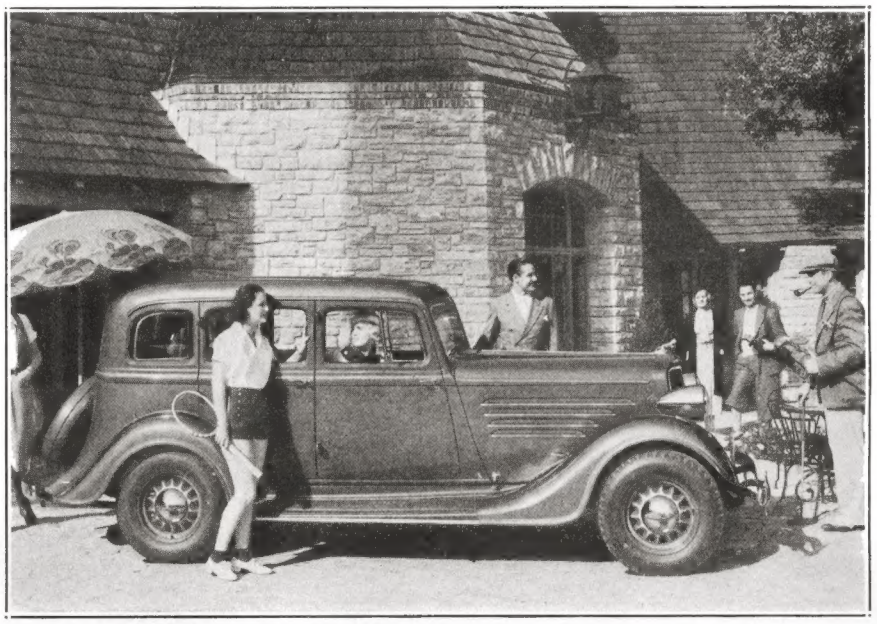
Some of them—the type who chronically miss the point of anything, from a sermon to a joke—probably shake their heads over "the example you are setting to young people in making a martyr of a murderer." This, in face of the quotation at the beginning of the last installment. In fact, they no doubt agree with Alice's viewpoint.

But I hope enough others of us will be properly and permanently impressed by the typical example of Alice's attitude, and honestly answer the question, "Am I an 'Alice'?" Anyway, for my part, I'm able to understand certain things in my relations to others that I didn't before, and I owe and hereby express to Rebecca West my heartfelt thanks.

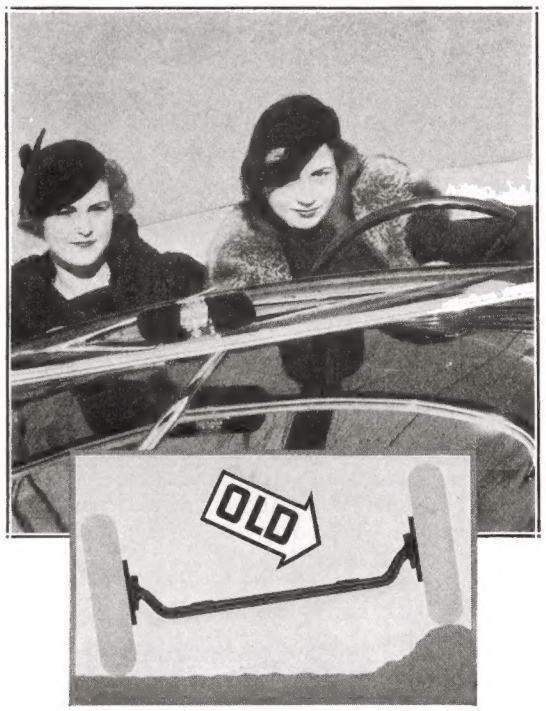
M. A. B., *Connecticut.*

LET THESE NOTED WOMEN TELL YOU ABOUT THE NEW DODGE!

"DODGE '7-POINT' VENTILATION provides fresh air, free from drafts," says Mrs. James Lyon Hall, charming and ardent equestrienne, prominent in Baltimore social activities. "The fact that the windshield can be opened so easily is a great factor for summer comfort." With Dodge "7-Point" Ventilation it is possible for every passenger to adjust ventilation to suit himself. You enjoy complete comfort—winter or summer.

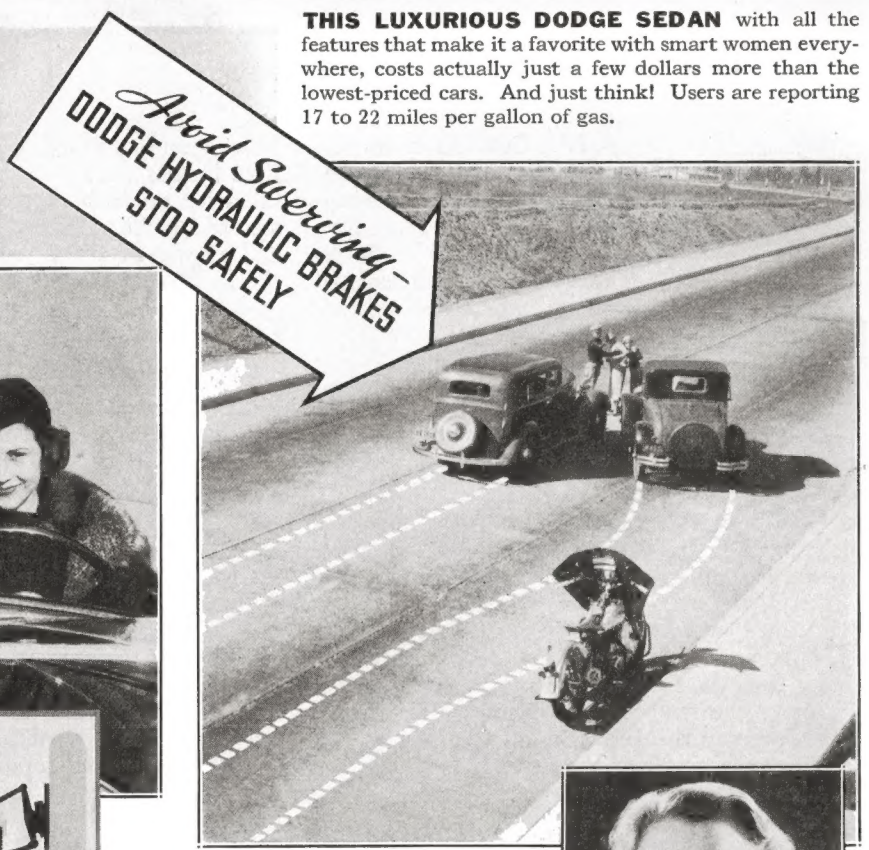


THIS LUXURIOUS DODGE SEDAN with all the features that make it a favorite with smart women everywhere, costs actually just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars. And just think! Users are reporting 17 to 22 miles per gallon of gas.



"LEVELIZED" RIDING shown by Dorothy DeMilhau, of New York, and Polly Lieper, of Philadelphia. Rough roads don't toss you about as they used to, before Dodge developed "Floating-Cushion" Wheels. The picture at the right shows you how the car stays level going over bumps. Wheels seem to step over bumps and ruts. This feature, plus patented Floating Power engine mountings and Cross-Steering, assures a smooth, restful ride at every speed—even for back seat passengers—ends driving fatigue.

New, bigger Dodge. 7 models, $690 to $920. List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan



"SHOW-DOWN" PLAN

—makes car buying amazingly simple

Any Dodge dealer will show you how you can make your own comparisons of the new cars. The "Show-Down" Plan takes all the guess-work out of car buying. And ask the dealer for a copy of the FREE "Show-Down" score card. No technical language. Simple as A-B-C.

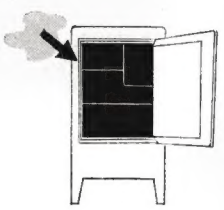
"HYDRAULIC BRAKES quick and sure," says Mimi Elaine Richardson, one of the season's most lovely debutantes. "They come to a smooth, safe stop—always."

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

THE BACK OF THE BOOK

MARTHA COBB PEABODY, DIRECTOR

To discover—and prove out—new ideas that contribute to the gracious art of everyday living, is the business of all the departments in The Back of the Book



IF I COULD turn back the years I'd be about eighteen again and bury myself, along with Daughter, in the Back of the Book. The articles all sound so cool and relaxing these sizzling July days that I don't blame her for letting the rest of the family wait their turn—they're probably used to it anyway.

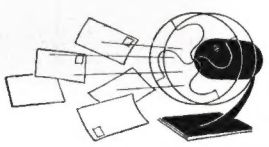
But I do wish she'd hurry up and let Mother have a look at that article by Althea Lepper on the hows and whys of defrosting on page 30. "Let's follow a breath of air into your refrigerator," says Miss Lepper. I'm all for it. She talks about a frost blanket which raises the temperature of your refrigerator instead of lowering it. That didn't sound sensible to me at first glance—with the memory of last winter still fresh in my mind. Then the thicker the frost on the windows the colder the temperature outside. But when I really began to think over what the explanation meant, the principle of the thing became as clear as an ice cube.

Miss Lepper told me that in her years of work in household engineering she has come in contact personally and through questionnaires with nearly fifty thousand women interested in problems of modern refrigeration.

"And nine out of ten of them wanted to know *why* about defrosting," she remarked, "so I wrote this article." She wrote it and when you read it you can hold your own in any company. Because no one can tell you in a superior tone that the thicker the frost is the colder things must be inside. You'll know better.

But you can't do better than to serve any company or any family with some of the blackberry jam cake Mrs. Nichols gives as the Recipe of the Month on page 49. It sounds good and it is good—for I've tried it—spicy and rich and moist. As homely and comforting as a hammock under the lilac bushes on a hot day. Try it with glasses filled for an inch or two with sweet juice from stewed blackberries and filled up with lemonade and a sprig of mint. You'll feel like dusting off the banjo and singing My Old Kentucky Home.

GOOD food rather goes to my head that way. Perhaps that's why reading Let's Eat Out of Doors by Mrs. Curtis, on page 83, made me feel young and gay and ready for just such a meal. You're certain that the Curtises, with their lovely informal way of eating out of doors, will always "serve the hot things hot and the cold things cold." The home where the story originated is in the hills of Summit, New Jersey. I went over to see Mrs. Curtis and as I came to the house I fell desperately in love at first sight. It was friendly and white, and there was a white picket fence and a welcoming arched gateway where the roses tumbled this way and that. Even a white Persian cat who went before us like an undulating ostrich plume. I stood under the big oak tree where a bright blue table is always ready for open-air meals. And Mrs. Curtis showed me their favorite eating place—on the edge of a deep ravine where wild orange lilies cover the steep bank.



"There's always a breeze here," she said, "on the hottest day."

Then we strolled around to the front of the house and I sat on a stone bench sheltered by lilac and forsythia bushes and wished I could stay there for tea.

But I had to leave because of an appointment with Gaynor Maddox who writes so delightfully about jams on page 48. He lives in an apartment at the upper end of New York and he and Mrs. Maddox were as cordial and kindly to me as Mrs. Curtis had been. We talked about almost everything in the world—books and people and poetry and food and travel; child training and religion—and jam. For, in the philosophy of Mr. Maddox, food is not merely to sustain life—it is life. It touches closely every subject we touched upon and is an essential part of nearly every emotional experience of living.

I went for this interview with a sharp pencil—which I never took out—and a new note pad—which I never opened. For who could remember to be methodical and businesslike when listening to someone who talks with the stimulating zest of an ocean breeze?

BUT I do want to remember to pass on to you this charming description about the callers at the pool in the COMPANION garden—the one from which the pool on page 32 was copied and which Father and Brother in the illustration are just itching to build.

"Once a squirrel came and drank at its brim as I sat quite near under a tree," Miss Tabor wrote us. "No more than a bird would take, but much more thrilling because I had never seen it done before. Dragon flies swing and dip above it and now and then a green frog visits for several days; and all day long in fine weather the honey bees crowd here and there. They walk daintily just at the water's edge and sip greedily. They seem to require much water and never give any signs of being unfriendly."

Second only to a pool is the cooling effect of a breezy fan letter. Now I love such letters any time of year but in summer they particularly help. Read this and see if it doesn't inspire you to action in spite of the temperature:

"Before I grate another onion or roll another crust I must heartily thank you and, through you, the author, for the article Meat Pies for Sale in the April issue of the COMPANION.

"My eye fell on this article the evening of my husband's last day's work with the C.W.A.—the only work he has had for two years. I read and reread. It sounded good. I know a dozen women who are trying to sell cake, candies or what not; but meat pies—substantial real food—now that is something different!

"I tried my first batch the very next morning and after a little experimenting produced a result that satisfied me. Now to see if they would sell. They did! They do!

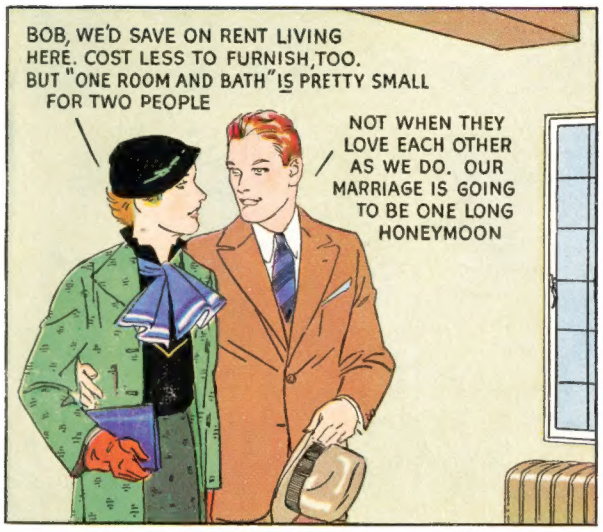
"To make a long story short, we are now feeding meat pies to the big bad wolf and he is becoming a gentle family pet!

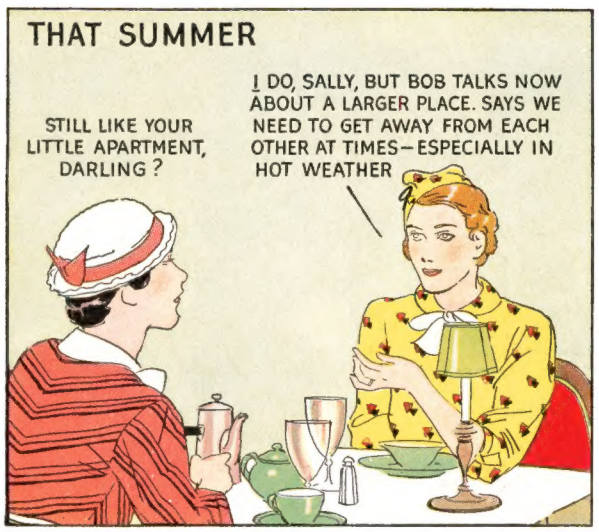
"In my case, I find retailing direct to my housewife customers the best system. Also, in this climate (Georgia) fresh pork is taboo in summer so I use beef with a very small proportion of salt pork for flavor. But these are minor details. The idea is the big thing. And for it I say again to you and to the author, Thank you!"

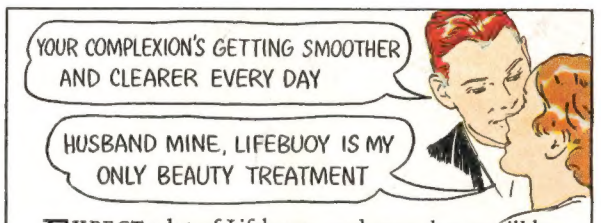
And we say, "Thank you, Gentle Reader, for taking time out of a busy day to write us!"

Dorothy Blake

LOVE IN A ONE-ROOM APARTMENT







EXPECT a lot of Lifebuoy—and even then you'll be surprised! For its deep-cleansing lather purifies both face and body pores. Makes dull, cloudy skin glow with radiant loveliness. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*)—the unforgivable fault so common these hot, perspiry days.

In hard or soft water, hot or cold—Lifebuoy gives quantities of soft, luxurious lather. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy does more!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

KEEP COOL ON WASHDAY—*HERE'S HOW!*

SAY goodbye to steaming kitchens... to back-breaking scrubbing—use Rinso. Its creamy suds *soak* out dirt—save scrubbing, boiling. *Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer.* You'll save lots of money. Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Makes dishwashing easy. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Mother starts the day right!

There goes Father, ready to plough through his morning's work feeling like a million dollars. There go the children, red cheeked, full of health and energy, happy, carefree—on top of the world.

Who is responsible for this fortunate family on its way to *do real things?* . . . Just Mother.

Mother who knew that the *right breakfast* was half the battle! Mother who took the trouble to find out what food would give them the most nourishment, what would be easiest for them to digest these hot days, what would build their bodies and give them energy and health to meet the day's work.

So Mother started the day right for them with delicious, crisp, nut-brown Shredded Wheat and milk, with fruit on the side, and everybody's happy.

So easy and so *right!* Why not try it tomorrow morning?

Please be sure to get the package with the picture of Niagara Falls and the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal.

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

GOOD FOR YOU BECAUSE

1. Shredded Wheat brings you all the *healthful qualities* of whole wheat: bran to keep you regular; mineral salts to build bone; proteins to build tissue; Vitamin B for growth and resistance to disease; carbohydrates for energy.

2. Shredded Wheat is *so nourishing* that *one* Shredded Wheat Biscuit gives you the same amount of nourishment as you get in a whole bowl of home-cooked hot cereal (8 rounded tablespoonfuls).

3. Shredded Wheat is *easy to digest*—never lies heavy on your stomach. Every Shredded Wheat Biscuit has been double cooked—steamed and baked.

4. Shredded Wheat *tastes good!* It keeps its chewy crispness no matter how much you drench it with milk or cream.

5. Shredded Wheat *saves trouble* and it *saves money.* Comes in handy attractive biscuit form ready to serve. No mess!

Eat SHREDDED WHEAT *for breakfast*

IT KEEPS YOU GOING TILL LUNCH